Good Housekeeping

JANUARY 1929

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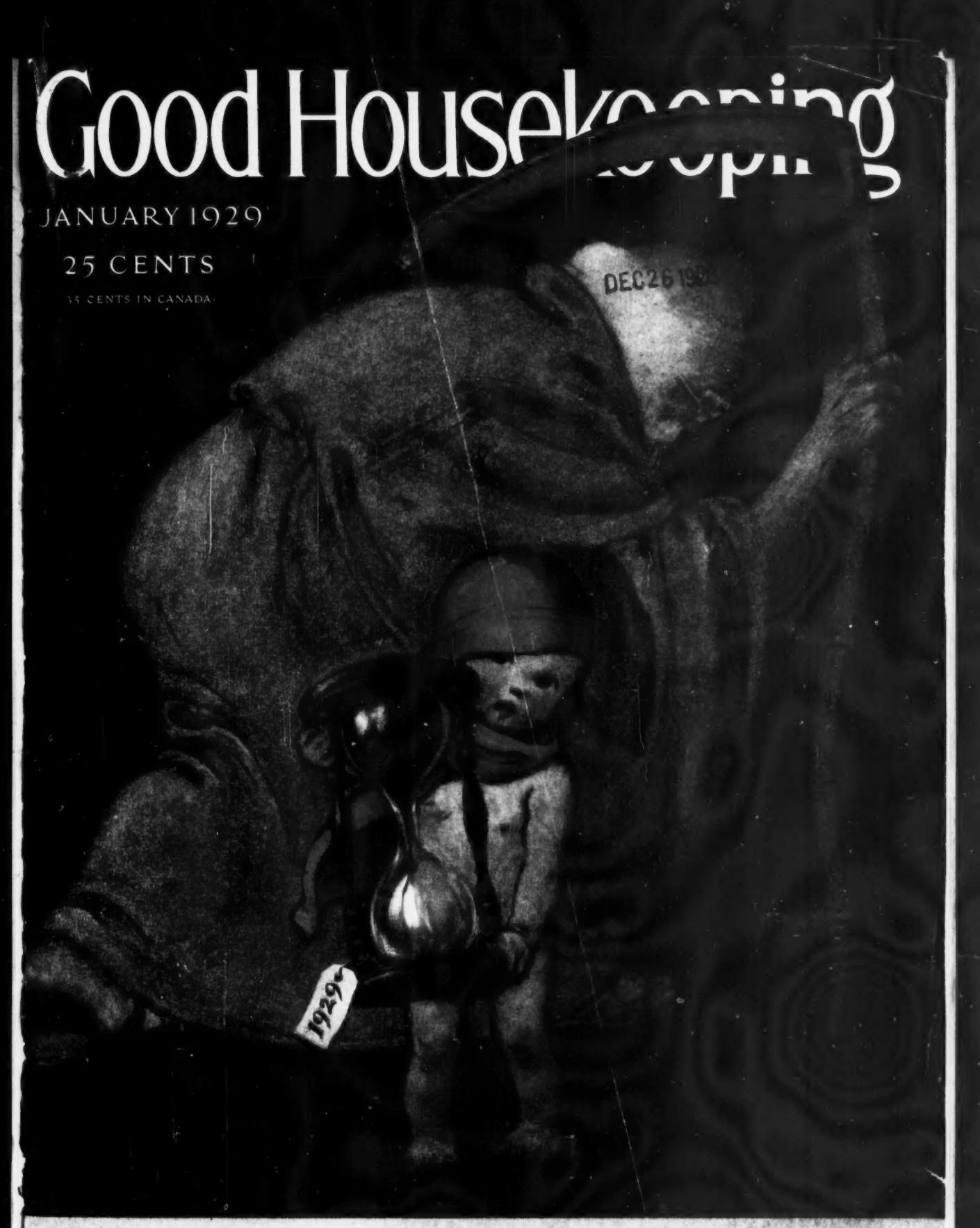

"THE GOLDEN TRAIL" *by Emma-Lindsay Squier*

Owen Johnson - Rebecca Hooper Eastman - Achmed Abdullah

Frances Parkinson Keyes - Frederick L. Collins - Ruth Suckow

THE VITAL BREATH OF COLOR

Painted for Mohawk by Willy Pogany.

THERE is a charming legend which relates how, when Time was young, Aeolus, god of winds, blew upon the rainbow and colored all the world. Just so the skilful colorists of Mohawk take the wools destined for Mohawk looms and with their brilliant dyes work their tonal wonders, preparing a breath of living color for your home.

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¶ Billy Wanted a New Radio, ¶ I Wanted a New Victrola—

So We Compromised

So there we were

THE movie caption-writers would say: "So we compromised and got the Victrola." But this is a case where both husband and wife got what they wanted. Billy had been complaining of our old radio set. He said it squawked and stuttered and I don't know what all he *didn't* say about it. Winding up with: "It's a boloney!" (Billy *would* say that.)

I felt that our old talking-machine was equally *passé!* Goodness knows, we had had *that* since the first Liberty Loan! I wanted one of the new Orthophonic Victrolas. And I wanted it very much. So there we were. We didn't feel that we could afford both a radio and a Victrola. What to do? What to do?

Came the dawn. Light burst upon Billy, first of all. "Say," he said, as though he had just mastered a problem in contract-bridge, "The Victrola Shoppe down the street is showing combination Victrolas and radios—both in the one cabinet. I saw them in the window this afternoon. Why isn't *that* the ticket?"

¶ *Came the dawn. Light burst upon Billy, first of all*

I said, "Let's go down this evening and find out." We did. They had several beautiful models. The radios were electrically operated—you didn't have to bother with batteries—and all nicely enclosed in the best-looking cabinets I ever saw. They had an antenna-plate (I think they call it) which serves as an aerial for nearby stations.

The tone of both Victrola and radio was marvelous. I mean, it was really *breath-taking* in its realism. Billy tried all the little thingamajigs, like a kid with a new toy. We were both pleased beyond words. Of course, we bought. It was delivered the very next day. And maybe we don't enjoy it! Really, we never spent money to better advantage. We have no "entertaining problem" now.

Model Nine-fifty-four. Victor Automatic Electrola Radiola. List price, $1350, with tubes.

There are times when you want to hear programs from the air, and others when only the music from Victor Records seems to satisfy. Get them both from the one cabinet. The new Victrola Radiola combinations leave nothing to be desired. See them at your Victor dealer's. Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey, U. S. A.

The New Orthophonic

Victrola

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January
Vol. LXXXVIII

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BEGINS in the February GOOD HOUSEKEEPING—a delightful story of youth and romance. A girl brought up in the solitude of the North Woods, knowing cities only as strange places where sidewalks cover the good brown earth and lampposts stand in shining rows instead of trees, is forced, by the terms of her father's will, to learn to live her life in New York. What she thought of it all—the people she met, the experiences that came to her, the mistakes she made, the love she found—all are told in

"The Incredible Year"

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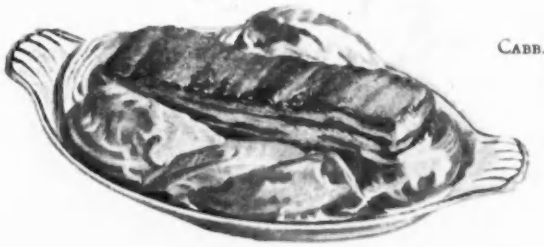

CABBAGE AND STAR BACON. *See page* 10 *of "Slices of Real Flavor."*

STAR BACON AND MACARONI. *See page* 10 *of "Slices of Real Flavor."*

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In using advertisements see page 6

PEACE

YESTERDAY, as we write, was Armistice Day. As you read, the Birthday of Christ is near. These days should be considered together, for on them, as no other time during the year, the world is thinking in unison: of the hope of ending war, of the surety of the spreading of the gospel of peace.

Two types of men spoke yesterday, and the very skies were full of their exhortations. "It must not be again! O God, it must not be again! The dead themselves forbid it!" was the burden of the pleas uttered by the vast majority of the speakers. But the air carried this warning, too: "It will be again, unless we are ready. We must prepare for war; there is no other way to end it. We must keep faith with the living."

And both were right. It must not be again, but it will be again if some nation thinks it can make war pay. The lessons war teaches—that even victory is defeat, that indemnities never repay, that disease, distress, and death ride under the most victorious banners—these lessons are all easily forgotten. War will never end merely because it is brutal.

We must seek a more compelling motive, find a more cogent reason. Some would see the motive in the growth of brotherly love; others would find the reason in an increase of battlements. Experience sides with the latter: no nation has yet loved another too much to fight with it, but many a nation has refrained from calling out its legions because another could muster more men-at-arms. Self-interest still rules supreme, and prudence, more often than right, has a place at the council table.

How, then, can the nations be made to furl their battle-flags forevermore? We wish we knew. There is no single cure for war—none, that is, that all the nations will accept. And yet there is not one that does not know that war never pays and will pay less, and cost more, as science perfects the possibility of murdering a city in a night. Contemplating that fact of the future, how can one refrain from crying, "It must not be again"?

And as it must not, so it need not. The Christmastide tells us that. He whose birth we celebrate was quick to resent wrong, slow to offend. The manhood of the Christ would have taken him into the world's struggle against blatant autocracy, but it would have kept him from being the aggressor. Might not following him bring the world to peace?

May it be for the world a Happy New Year!

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR

"In The Beginning–"

By
Violet Alleyn Storey

Illustrated by C. G. Gaul

Long, long ago, upon a New Year's Eve,
My great-grandfather held me close and read
Aloud those opening verses from Saint John.
"In the beginning was the Word—" he said;
And then he told me that the Word meant God,
And suddenly I thought of shining things
Like fireflies flickering through the elms at night:
Past silence then, I heard the rush of wings!

"In the beginning was the Word—" His eyes
Looked into mine; he held my little hand.
"A New Year comes tonight," he smiled, "but first
This old year goes. Child, do you understand?
And, in this old year's going, there is God.
And in that New Year's coming, God will be!"
Always, upon a New Year's Eve, his voice
Drifts down my dreams and reads Saint John to me!

Henry Morgan looked up scowling as Felipe came to a pause before the
from Panama." Morgan's cold blue eyes ran the length of the tall

The GOLDEN

Legends of The Lands That Knew no

The CITY of

Illustrated by

IN THE ancient city of Panama the feeling of gold is in the air. It shimmers in the sunset glow, pricking into ecstatic glory the outspread arms of many crosses upon the domes of old cathedrals; it flings a shower of jeweled sparks into the waiting lap of the bay, and tips with dazzling, saffron light each swelling wave that marks the golden trail of the Southern Sea.

Gold—gold—in story, in song, in snatches of old legends. As you wander through the incredibly narrow streets with their overhanging balconies and painted doorways and iron-barred windows, you need but put a question to have your fill of wonderful tales.

"But yes, Señorita, it is said that here, beneath our very feet, is a secret tunnel dug deep, deep into the ground, leading from the Monastery to the Church of the Golden Altar. And out in Old Panama, Señorita—the city that was destroyed by that man of terror, Enrico Morgan, there are tunnels—from the Bishop's Palace to the Cathedral of San Francisco—underneath the ruins of the prison—everywhere! For what purpose were they constructed, Señorita? But surely for one only; the City of Panama was rich, very rich. There was much gold, and jewels, and silver. They say that great boats came from the southern land of Peru so heavily loaded

table. "What is this—a prisoner?" "No, your worship, a messenger youth with the plumed hat and the purple garments of a hidalgo

TRAIL

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

Conqueror Until the Spaniards Came

Golden DOOM

James E. Allen

with precious things taken from the Inca people that they sat low in the water like turtles, and even the great white sails could move them but slowly. It is clear, is it not, that such a rich city would have many enemies? And that all this treasure was in constant danger? For this, then, the tunnels and the secret passages underground, Señorita. So that in case of alarm the jewels and the treasures of the Church and the people could be hidden. No one has ever discovered the entire secret of their construction, of how long they are, and where they led. Not even that man of blood, Enrico Morgan. For they say, Señorita, that after he had sacked and fired the city he conquered, he got but little plunder, so well had the things of value been hidden. And his men had only a small pile to be divided between them for all their hardships. That was the vengeance of the dead, Señorita, who died guarding the secrets of the subterranean passages!"

Thus even the newer city of Panama has its countless tales of hidden treasure. But it is in the old city, Panama Vieja, where only green-shrouded ruins remain to mark the place of pride and indescribable wealth, that one feels close to the barbaric splendor of a bygone day; close to terrible, dramatic happenings in an epoch of blood and significance; close to the tragic last days of the City of Golden Doom.

Here in the gutted church of San Francisco, where the thick walls have fallen outward, and where only the ruined chancel remains, its curving walls hung with liana vines and brushed by the leaves of a great ceiba tree, one may still see the imprint of the massive altar of gold. It was more than an altar—it lined the entire sanctuary from floor to ceiling. Its heavy railing was of silver inlaid with pearl. A dazzling background for white-robed saints and the reflected glitter of many candle flames sprouting from golden candelabra. A perfect, priceless thing. Yet Morgan, that man of blood and terror, did not discover it. For when he stormed the doomed city the sacred treasure was hidden by a coating of whitewash, hastily applied by the terrified priests. Today it stands revealed in new Panama, as golden, as beautiful, as dazzling as upon that awful day when worshipers knelt before it praying desperately to all the saints in heaven, and priests with trembling hands blotted out its yellow luster with lime; when from afar came the sounds of battle—the fierce bellowing of wild bulls—the cries of wounded men shrieking out that the invaders were upon them, and the crackling of torches merging with the roar of sucking flames.

Close beside the church, near a massive ruin that was once a prison with dark, underground cells, is an excavation where men are even now digging feverishly. How much treasure still remains hidden, one can only guess. Much has already been found, and surely there is more, much more.

Beyond the fringe of coconut palms that line the white beach, across the blue expanse of water, one may dimly see Taboga, the little island where the buccaneer leader went with his loot and his wretched captives to fight, and carouse, and divide the spoils. All these places are part and parcel of the story of Panama's glory and downfall: the story of Don Felipe de Darien, he who was the only son of Golden Cap, King of the Darien Indians; the story of Doña Luisita, who loved him; and of the arrogant, foolish, and tardily courageous Don Juan Perez de Guzman, the Presidente of Panama City.

The story commences three centuries ago, when the city of Panama was already a hundred years old, and the capital of Spain's flourishing power upon the southern seas. "Castilla del Oro"—they called the province Castille, the Golden! And nobly did the jeweled city of Panama wear her queenly crown of glory. To Panama came the great caravels laden down with Inca treasure; jewels and gold and silver, and tapestries of woven feathers. Overland, from the ports of the Indies, came spices and woven stuffs, and rare birds of bewildering plumage. All the magnificent grandeur of Spain was transplanted here, superimposed upon a conquered Indian civilization like an edifice of haughty marble reared upon a trembling but nonresistant bog.

On three sides of the massively built city lay the ocean. On the fourth, a broad savanna of flat, marshy land where cattle roamed and where Spanish outposts were always stationed. For beyond the savanna lay the jungle. Deep, mysterious, menacing, a refuge for those wild Indian tribes who had resisted the power of Spain and who had fled before the overwhelming argument of weapons unknown to them, only to skulk like hungry, dangerous dogs, awaiting an opportunity to be revenged for their many wrongs.

Now, in those days of Panama's grandeur, came Don Juan Perez de Guzman as Governor of Castilla del Oro and Presidente of the city. A man of high and ancient lineage was Don Juan Perez, but there is no record of mighty deeds of valor done in Spain that would explain a commission of such supreme importance. Rather it seems that his name spoke for him, that and naught else. For he ruled as one would rule in Spain, or a country marvelously protected from enemies. He disregarded the obvious dangers of Panama's location, and instead of fortifying the city strongly, he chose to make the power of Spain more fully felt by sending out his captains to further subjugate and crush the wretched Indian tribes who had already been despoiled of their country and their freedom. He planned great sallies into the jungle fastnesses, and down the Chagres River where lived remote people who used gold for common utensils, and whose gods had emerald eyes and huge pearls for teeth. He conquered, too, the Darien nation, whose King was called "Golden Cap" because of the precious adornment which was his symbol of royalty.

The King of the Darien nation proved a stubborn and tenacious foe. And although the Spanish arms compelled him to a temporary truce, Don Juan Perez knew that in reality the savage was unconquered. So he demanded of him a hostage whose life would be a guaranty of good faith. And being for the moment the victor, he demanded that the King yield up to him his young son, a lad in his early teens, a slim, wild-eyed boy who sank his teeth into the arm of the Spanish soldier who touched him, and who fell before his father's feet, begging with passionate tears for death rather than captivity far from his home.

But the King had spoken. And the boy, grim-lipped, choking back his sobs, was led away to be presented like a chained animal to Don Juan Perez, to receive baptism from the hands of the Church, and to be given a Christian name—Don Felipe José de Darien.

It was little Luisita—later, of course, to be called Doña Luisa—niece of the Presidente, who made life bearable for the young captive prince, and who finally reconciled him to being reared as an hidalgo of Spain. She it was who taught him the Spanish tongue; how to bow courteously before ladies instead of staring at them fiercely with his great black eyes. He had a tutor, but the good man had never before tried to instill the graces of civilization into a young savage who tore meat to shreds in his hands and ate it thus, a wild creature who mocked at locked doors, and who escaped from his room at night by leaping from the high window to the nearby branches of a mahogany tree.

So the tutor gladly gave into the little Luisita's hands the education of the black-eyed, somber-visaged youth who was a King's son. And from the lovely, gentle little girl the boy learned gladly. To please her he fought back the wildness in him, the yearning for freedom, the almost unbearable hatred for the heavy silks and velvets in which his erstwhile naked body was now encased. For her he learned unthinkable things—to dance, to strum a lute, to sing the love songs of Spain. And so well did he do credit to his tutor—*not* the worthy man who became fat and somnolent by reason of much time to sleep—that Don Juan Perez, immersed ever in affairs of state, realized with a shock of surprise that the young savage who had been dragged in to him like an animal on the end of a rope was growing into a fine and stately manliness, carrying himself with the supreme assurance of one born to command and to lead.

Of Luisita's part in this the worthy Presidente did not know or care. He understood their companionship as but an ephemeral taing of childhood. For Don Juan Perez de Guzman was not a far-seeing man. He did not know the loneliness of the two children had merged into a completeness of love like a beautiful statue which, being broken in half, is meaningless, but, fitted together, becomes the perfect thing its maker intended it to be.

But one day he looked upon his young niece with startled eyes and saw that she was beautiful. Even in its immaturity, her face had something so queenly, yet so gentle and tender, that Don Perez knew he had but to offer her in the marriage market to find himself beset with suitors in such numbers that he would only have to take his pick of the one best fitted to further his ambitions.

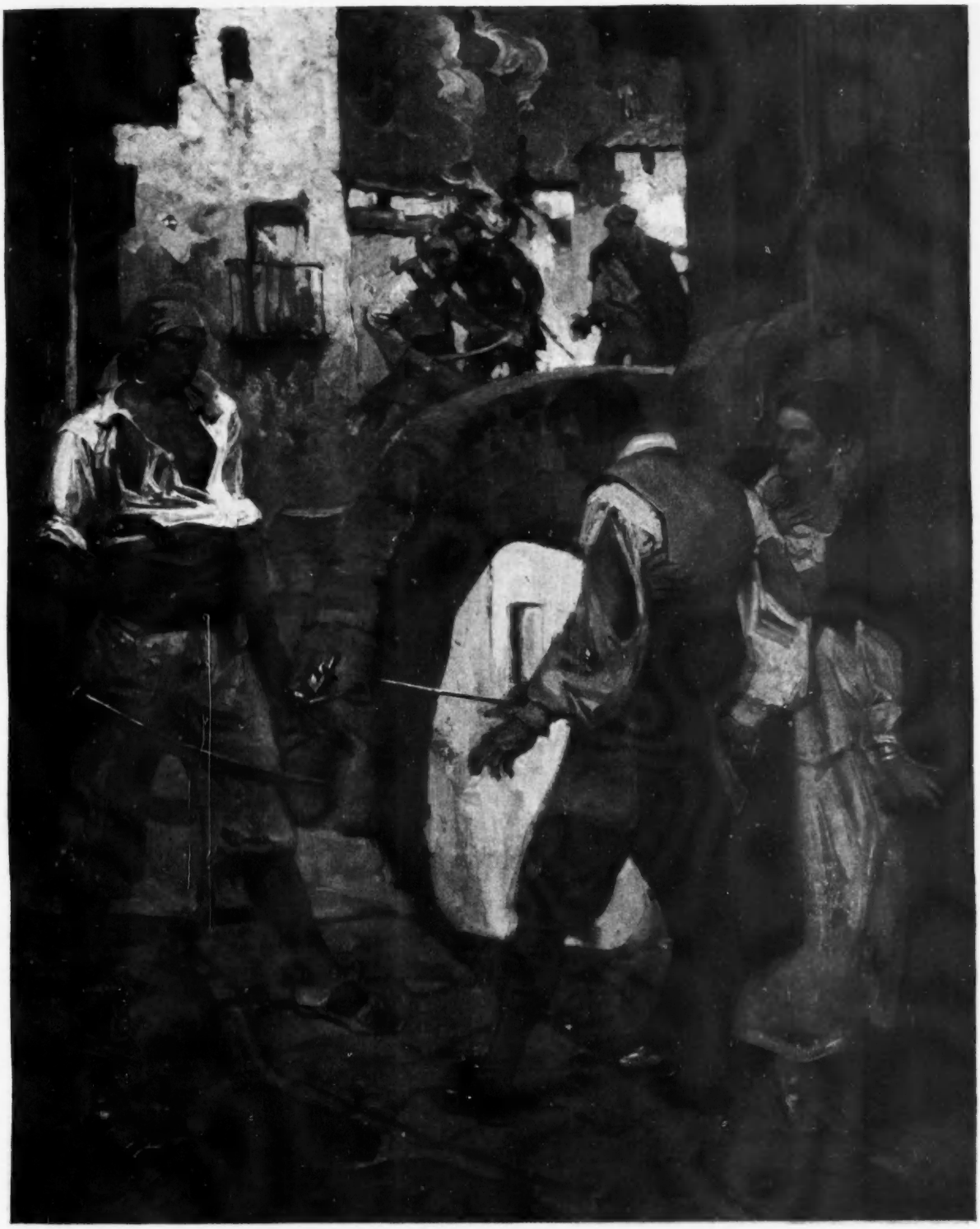
Of this he spoke to Luisita as if in jest. He reclined in a great carved chair by the fountain in the palatial house he had built, and she knelt beside him, the billowing white silk of her gown spread out about her like an inverted flower. Her dark, thickly

NIGHT

By Grace Noll Crowell

THANK *God for night—with its great gift of sleep—*
More wonderful than all His gifts to men!
For stars that walk the dream-ways and that keep
Their wide-eyed watch until dawn breaks again;
Thank God for blessed silence down the land,
More soothing than the drip of summer rain;
For darkness—soft and cool as some dear hand
Laid on a forehead feverish with pain.

OH, ONLY *those who carry sleepless scars*
Can know how sweet sleep is that comes at last,
And only the eyes that have looked long at stars
Have learned night's secret as it marches past;
Have learned to know how quiet God must keep
To guide an earth through stars—that men may sleep



A swarthy pirate clutched at Doña Luisa's cloak. "Give me the woman," he cried out. Don Felipe lunged at him with the thin steel blade. "Take this instead!"

curling hair was loose about her shoulders, and a half-wreath of fragrant gardenias held back the dark tresses from her forehead and framed her delicate, oval cheeks with their waxen petals.

"Luisita, my little one, thou art almost a woman grown. 'Twill be scant time until thou dost hear the strumming of guitars beneath thy window, and look out to see some lovelorn suitor sighing away his life for the gift of a tossed-out rose!"

She turned limpid, fawn-like eyes to his. "My dear uncle, I should not like to have any other man sing to me."

The worthy Don Juan Perez was startled. "Any *other* man, Luisita? What, then, has the courting already commenced? And without my knowledge?"

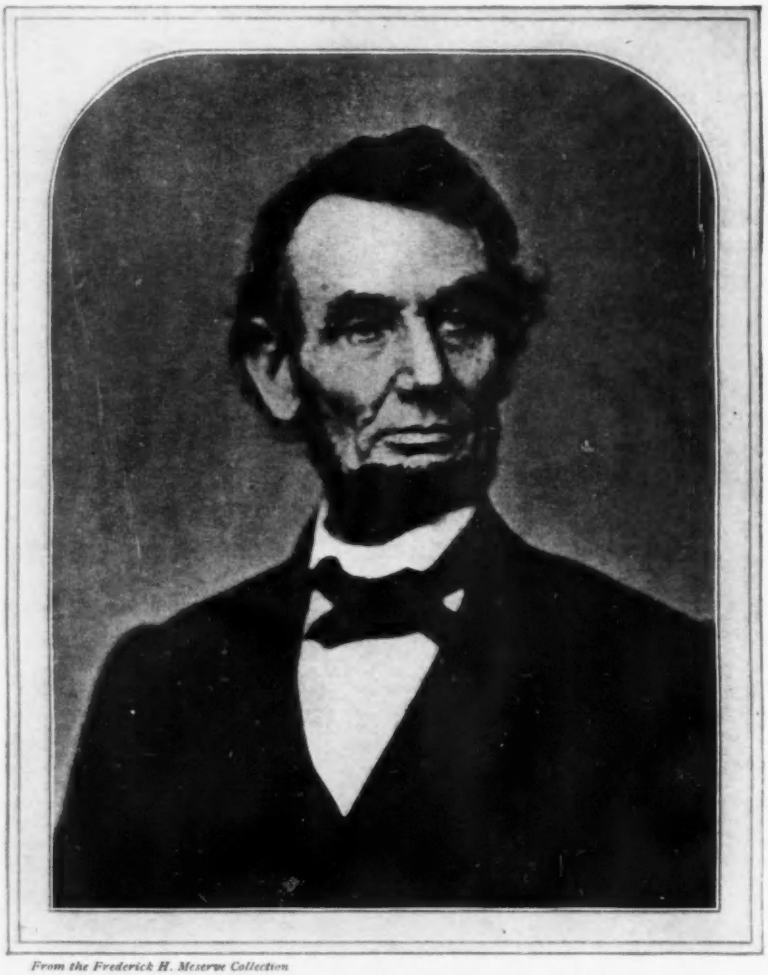
"Nay, my uncle, no man has courted me. And only Felipe has sung to me."

"Felipe—ah!" (*Continued on page 136*)

Abraham WAS a

But was he of the Lee? Were those two posing Forces really most living Authority has almost Proved

By William



From the Frederick H. Meserve Collection

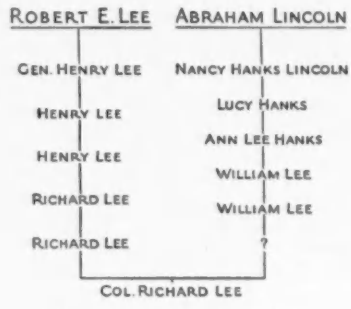
On February 12, 1809, in Kentucky, late a county of Virginia, in a log cabin, Abraham Lincoln was born

ABRAHAM LINCOLN declared himself to have descended from two of what he called "second" or "undistinguished" families of Virginia. He was aware that his father, Thomas Lincoln, was born in Rockingham County, and he knew not only the names of his father's two brothers and two sisters, but also the name of his paternal grandfather, Captain Abraham Lincoln. One of his grandfather's three brothers, Jacob, remained in Virginia and there begot sons and daughters; another, Isaac, removed to east Tennessee, and a third, Thomas, to Kentucky. Lincoln had learned all this from his father, and he was glad of every opportunity to increase his knowledge of his Lincoln relationships.

Of his ancestry on the Hanks side he possessed little knowledge and was disinclined to discuss it. He probably did not know from what county his mother's people came. She was a babe in arms when the Hanks family migrated from Virginia to Kentucky; was reared by the Sparrows and almost lost her Hanks name; and she died when Abraham was nine years of age. His reticence has been more than compensated for by the loquacity of modern writers.

A recent book, written with more zeal than knowledge, and sponsored by the eminent president emeritus of a noted Western university—who, however, disclaims all knowledge of the genealogical material in that volume—attempts to prove that Lincoln was a lineal descendant of Charlemagne. The premises on which this conclusion rests are thoroughly unsound, but the claim is a modest one compared with that set forth by a professor in an Eastern university. He suggests that "Hanks" is a name perpetuating the Egyptian "*an k h*" or "soul," and that Abraham Lincoln was descended from Tut-Ankh-Amen.

On few subjects have learned men written with less knowledge than on the parentage and ancestry of Abraham Lincoln. I am about to show, and for the first time, that Abraham Lincoln sprang from the same family stock that gave to the South and the nation some of its greatest and most aristocratic names, one of which is of peculiar interest. We indulge in no romancing, and, because this narrative must be in good part a recital of documentary evidence, it must proceed in sober and dignified movement. There has been romancing enough. This is a plain and truthful tale.



Only one link is missing in the family tree that traces both Lincoln and Robert E. Lee to the same distinguished ancestor

Introducing the characters in the order of their appearance, the curtain rises first on Elizabeth Taylor of Richmond County, Virginia, who acquired her married name when the Virginia Taylors were all Taylors and before William Taylor changed his name and that of his descendants to Tayloe. The date is May 11, 1747, and on that spring day Elizabeth Taylor, weak in body but "of perfect mind and memory, thanks be to Almighty God for it," is disclosed in the act of signing her will. She must have been nearly ninety years old when she attached her signature to that important document, and her daughters, Dorothy Croucher and Sarah Ellate, were comparatively old ladies. Both were widows, and Dorothy had lost two husbands, the first, William Lee, in 1717, and the second, Richard Croucher, in 1740. To these two daughters Elizabeth Taylor left her clothing, with the provision that it should be equally divided and that Dorothy should have first choice. The estate was probably a large one, and the assumption is that the needs of the daughters had already been provided for. Only one grandson was mentioned in the will, though doughty old Elizabeth Taylor had at least four. That one grandson was William Lee, son of Dorothy by her first

Lincoln LEE

Line of Robert E. Great Leaders of Op- Cousins? The Fore- on Lincoln Believes— —that They Were

E. Barton

husband. Let us remember his name and that he was alive and hearty on May 11, 1747, when his grandmother signed her will. His father had died thirty years before, and he himself had children, as we shall presently see.

And now let us examine the country in which all this occurred.

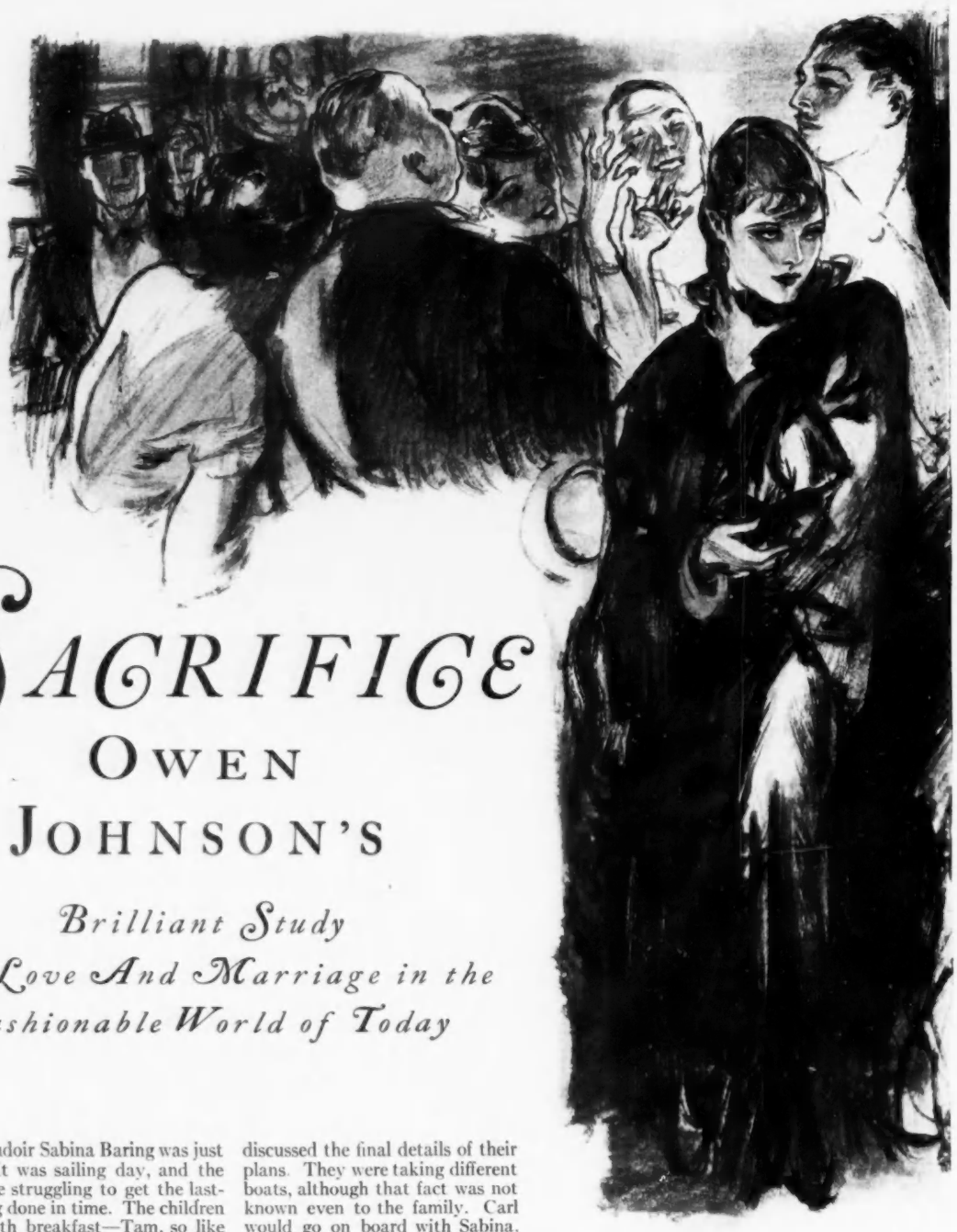
The northern end of the "northern neck" of Virginia, occupying a space of about thirty-five miles from northwest to southeast and with an average width of not more than fifteen miles between the Rappahannock and the Potomac, gave to the nation more famous men than any other spot of equal area in the United States. There lived the Carters, the Fontleroys, the Corbins, the Mountjoys, the Taylor-Tayloe family, the Wormeleys, the Lees, and the Washingtons. This community was a remarkable one, and, having to this day no railroad and being pent in by deep and wide tidal rivers, it had its choice of travel by boat or by roads through the woods. To an unusual extent its inhabitants knew their neighbors, and every one was related to every one else on the same social level. It is much more than a possibility that our old friend Elizabeth Taylor rode over and congratulated Mary Ball Washington when little George was born in 1732. The Balls lived southeasterly and the Washingtons northeasterly from the Taylors. They all knew each other. For a time they were all in the same parish, and, when later the parish was divided, the same minister conducted services in both parishes, performed all the marriages, and baptized all the babies.

The first Lee in America of whom we have any record had settled across from the "northern neck" on the peninsula formed by the Rappahannock on the north and the York River on the south. He was named Richard, of a worthy family in Shropshire, "a man of good stature, comely visage, sound head, vigorous spirit, and generous nature." There were eight big counties in the state when he and Anna, his wife, established themselves in 1642 in what was then the County of York. Subsequently the original eight counties were divided and redivided, so that before Richard passed away his estate, "Paradise," was located in Gloucester County on the borders of New Kent. If Virginia could be said to have any aristocracy in that early day, Gloucester County was the center of it, and some of Richard's friends were among the noted men of the time. He himself acquired the title of Colonel, and became the father of seven sons and two daughters.

Among his neighbors was a "Mr. Thomas Hanks." His name appears on the official list of "tithables" in 1654, but he was no newcomer, for a small stream named "Hanks Branch" is mentioned in land descriptions in (*Continued on page 194*)

From the Frederick H. Meserve Collection

On January 19, 1807, Robert E. Lee was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, in one of the proudest of Virginia's first families



SACRIFICE

OWEN JOHNSON'S

Brilliant Study Of Love And Marriage in the Fashionable World of Today

IN HER boudoir Sabina Baring was just waking. It was sailing day, and the maids were struggling to get the last-minute packing done in time. The children came to her with breakfast—Tam, so like his father, and little Bobo. It was going to be hard, leaving the children, but the plans had been made, and it was too late to change.

Carl Baring soon followed the children. Rather formally he asked the maid when he could see Mrs. Baring and was admitted at once. For the thousandth time he wondered why this cool, exquisite woman, who was the mother of his children, failed to stir his senses—and why Eileen Daikes, who was in no way her superior, had been able to sweep him off his feet. To sway him from his conventional life so that he had asked Sabina to give him his freedom by a Paris divorce.

Amicably the husband and wife talked with the children, sent them away, and discussed the final details of their plans. They were taking different boats, although that fact was not known even to the family. Carl would go on board with Sabina, then step off and sail on a boat leaving an hour later. That evening they were to spend at the Nortons'—a farewell party given by another woman who was seeking her freedom across the sea.

Carl Baring drove to town before luncheon, but Sabina had promised the children a farewell picnic on the beach. Happily they made their fire and toasted their sausages and marshmallows. In the thick of building a house for the Crab family, a stranger joined them, introducing himself as the Old Man of the Sea. The children seized him and would have enlisted him in their play, but he soon left, after enquiring the way to a neighbor's home down the beach. His eyes had met Sabina's with the ease of old friendship. She was aware of liking him and of feeling understood.

But Sabina's mind was at present taken up with Philip Sandhurst. She was to drive in to the city with him that afternoon. Should she tell him of her plans or not?

She liked Philip Sandhurst, was flattered by his attentions. His manner, as he steered her gently through the farewell with the children, was the perfection of sympathy and understanding. As they drove, she told him frankly of her intentions and of Carl's.

Immediately he asked her to marry him. But now Sabina hesitated. Asked him to wait for her answer until she returned.

Illustrated
By Henry Raleigh

At the door Sabina came face to face with Eileen. "Coming down to see us off?" Eileen's brilliant smile flashed to the surface. "Oh, dear no! Goodbyes are dreadful. I always avoid them"

CHAPTER VI

WHEN Dan Lavery, returning from Long Island, arrived at Mrs. Daikes' house on Sutton Place, he was annoyed to find a large limousine already standing before it. It was a small house of bright-red brick, with window-boxes and a vermilion doorway set two steps below the sidewalk. He glanced at his watch and rang the bell.

At six o'clock he had an appointment with a man whom he was installing at the head of the syndicated features of his newspaper properties. Until then he had an hour to kill, and time on his hands always hung heavily. Eileen would be a stimulation.

He surrendered the red-and-brown ulster and the limp, gray hat to the little Breton maid in her lace coiffe and gaily-colored costume who went upstairs to announce him. There was an agreeable fragrance, all feminine, in this house where the male note was absent. The rugs were soft, the walls covered with bright hangings.

He was of medium height, but so slight in build that he seemed taller than he really was. This effect was increased by the height of the forehead and the long, narrowing descent to the driving force of the chin. He was clean-shaven, the cheeks furrowed, humor and toleration in the eyes surrounded with fine and sensitive lines. The grizzle had begun to show on the temples. The falcon-like nose that dominated the face was a little cruel, inquisitive, possessive, and trenchant.

He picked up several books, examined them with a swift glance into their contents, and scrutinized with amusement the array of photographs that were like a cross-section of Mrs. Daikes' variegated career. There were photographs of an ex-princess of Greece inscribed "To my dearest Eileen," one from Rodin next to that of an internationally famous moving-picture hero. A charcoal sketch of her father hung above the mantel—the late Samuel Pelton, sportsman, *bon-vivant*, and man-about-town—and below a large photograph in uniform of the Honorable Christopher Daikes, younger son of the Earl of Kedstone, who had ended his adventurous career in the Royal Flying Corps two months after his impulsive marriage to Eileen. There were tributes from Maurice, the dancer, Carpentier, the prize-fighter, and Nungesser, the great French aviator, mixed with respectful dedications from a Serbian prince to whom she had been twice reported engaged. Lavery passed through the collection of celebrities until he came to a portrait of Sabina Baring, which he recognized at once and took to the window for a closer inspection.

He retained a vivid impression of the group on the beach, not only for the intimate revelation it had brought him, but because of the disclosure of a gentler side than he had associated with the self-centered woman of the world he had pictured her. Remembering that he had once or twice heard Mrs. Daikes discuss her, he had come now with a little conscious curiosity to learn more of her.

"Why, Dan Lavery! How thrilling!"

The Breton maid stood aside as he went up the steep, narrow stairway. Mrs. Daikes had run out and was standing with both hands outstretched, and as their warmth and softness slipped into his, he felt the vibration of vitality and youth—

an untired zest of living in a tired world.

"Eileen, you are ridiculously young," he exclaimed, already yielding to the pure animal magnetism peculiarly welcome to men who, like himself, drive their brains at high tension.

"Why didn't you let me know?" she said, clinging to his hand and looking up into his face with the intense, starry gaze of a child. "I'd have got rid of every one. Never mind; they'll go soon. What fun, Dan!"

She tucked her arm through his and led him into the green salon with its red lacquer furniture and minute fireplace. She was a north of Ireland type, dark with kindling blue eyes under long lashes, not tall but so sinuously modeled that there did not seem to be a bone in her body. The vermillion lips had a quick, arched gaiety that set off the sharp, little teeth. A mass of short, black curls played about the lovely oval as though imbued with a stirring of life. She was in a Russian blouse of deep-blue, Fortuny velvet, the professional costume she affected to advertise her latest enthusiasm as a sculptor.

He reluctantly allowed himself to be drawn up and exhibited, annoyed not to have found her alone. His presence immediately disrupted the group. A young poet, just coming into vogue, Alonzo Skeats, who had been demolishing idols for the benefit of the ladies, immediately subsided into a conciliatory silence, while Miss Clara Vardon, one of the youthful, newly-arisen stars of the theater, regarded him with a tentative smile. The others were middle-aged women of old New York traditions, whom he knew slightly. He foresaw that Mrs. Montgomery Kneeland would invite him to dinner by the determined look in her eyes, and his expression became so rebellious that Mrs. Daikes came to the rescue.

"Come over while I mix you a cocktail, Dan."

"Thanks, but only go through the motions."

They went to a corner where they were for the moment in safety.

She began dramatically to shake the ice. "Well, great man, when you want to see me alone, kindly warn me."

He did not like flattery, but he liked it from Eileen.

"Mrs. Montgomery Kneeland is a superhuman bore. It took three generations to produce her. And the Tatums—" He shrugged his shoulders in bad humor. "Really, Eileen, a clever woman ought to keep her house clear of such social perils."

"It's because I'm clever, my dear Dan, that I cultivate the proper bores," she said, pouring out a thin stream of ice-water. "So long as you have the bores on your side, you can do anything."

"So that's how it is?" he said, amused.

"Of course." She gave him an adroitly confidential smile and added: "My social security depends more or less on the influential bores I captivate. They are so grateful. If you will amuse them, they will let you dodge through the ten commandments."

His ill humor had vanished. "Have you been in a lot of scrapes since I last saw you?"

"Yes, but you'll have to dine with me to find out."

"Agreed. By the way, whom are you in love with now?"

"How do you know I'm in love?"

"You always are."

She nodded reflectively.

"Is it serious?"

"Yes, really."

"Can it be told?"

"Perhaps. Wait till they go."

Lavery had long ago preempted the position of confidant. Once he had seen through her, she had been clever enough to hold him by his curiosity. Besides, to enjoy her escapades thoroughly, she had need to share her secrets with some one.

Skeats and Miss Vardon, who perceived that she would have no opportunity at Lavery, went off together. Mrs. Kneeland bore down on them with the Tatums as a rudder.

"Delightful hour, my dear," she said, putting a fat arm about her hostess. "That young man is quite an addition. He writes, doesn't he?"

"Poetry."

"Really!" said Mrs. Kneeland in surprise. "I must buy his book then. And who was the young lady with the lovely red hair?"

"Why, Mrs. Kneeland! You've seen her a dozen times on the stage. She's Miss Vardon—in 'The Wife's Secret,' you know."

"Of course. Of course. I knew she must be some one. But you are so talented yourself. Have you seen this little girl's work, Mr. Lavery? Such an astonishing talent!"

"Mrs. Daikes has a number of talents," said Lavery with a glance at his hostess.

"Yes, yes, of course. And do you suppose, Mr. Lavery, I could entice you to my humble table if I were nice enough to invite this lovely lady, too?" said Mrs. Kneeland, who was heavily sentimental.

"Oh, I hope so."

"A week from Friday?"

"Friday? Splendid!"

"Be sure I shall have some very important people to meet you," said Mrs. Kneeland, delighted at her catch.

She embraced "the little girl" affectionately and departed with the Tatums.

"Hypocrite!" said Mrs. Daikes when the room was quiet again.

"I always accept. It saves time."

"But you're not going?"

"Certainly not."

The studio was a pent-house on the roof, spacious, with a great fireplace, a piano, an immense sofa, three or four upholstered armchairs, and in a corner a tall red lacquered screen, a model stand, and some small bits of statuary covered over. Mrs. Daikes moved toward them with the intention of displaying her work, but recollecting that a head of Carl Baring was among them, she checked herself.

"Touch off the fire and make yourself comfortable."

A fastidious Persian kitten was asleep on the vermillion sofa. Mrs. Daikes dislodged it, coiled herself among the cushions, and watched Lavery, who was studying the photographs on the long table.

Her relation to him was not unlike that of an actress to her stage manager; their intimacy was the frank intimacy behind the curtain. Mentally he had stimulated her so keenly at their first meeting five years ago that she had mistaken the sensation for a deeper one. But not for long. The essential quality of illusion was absent. They had fenced delightfully and, like two masters of the art, had suddenly recognized the equality of their knowledge, saluted, and sheathed their weapons.

"Now what are you ferreting out, Dan?" she said suddenly. "You're as curious as a woman."

"I am going through your Rogues' Gallery to see what's happened in my absence." He searched a moment, hoping to find another photograph of Mrs. Baring, and then drawing up a chair near Eileen, he lit a cigar. "Well, who is the sculptor?"

She laughed. "Marnoff—but you're wrong. I only loaned him my studio while I was away."

"Marnoff? A strong personality. Then it isn't the sculptor?"

She shook her head.

He studied her through clouds of smoke with a beginning of physical contentment.

"I thoroughly disapprove of you, but I always find you charming," he said. "That doesn't blind me to the fact that you are a demoralizing person."

"Whom you like to watch perform."

"So you are planning to make some thoroughly defenseless man wretched by marrying him?"

"Why do you jump to that conclusion?"

"Because you hesitate to tell me about it."

She ran her fingers thoughtfully through the ruff of the Persian cat. "You disapprove of my marrying, then?"

"Not from your point of view."

"What sort of man do you think I'd choose?"

"Some unsophisticated, bewildered boy of thirty—or forty."

WHEN LOVE WOULD GROW

By Marie Drennan

WHEN we are young, we think that love can live
By lying and deceit. We dress our hearts
In plumes and trains and jewels that will give
Our little rôles the glow of epic parts
Too grand and tall for us—too hollow, too.
And then when lovers see as lovers must,
The ermine frayed, the wigs all pulled askew,
The velvet and the rubies dim with dust,
We cry our grief out in a cloud of tears
And feel that life itself has been a cheat.
And yet we find deep-mirrored through the years
The wisdom that when love would grow more sweet
Our souls with all their wonder-truth must lie
Like water-lilies naked to the sky.

Eileen said tentatively, "You don't really approve of my marrying, do you?" Lavery shrugged his shoulders. "How long will it last?"

She studied him suspiciously. "You've heard gossip."

"Not a word. I am just applying general laws. I'm right?"

"Yes, more or less."

"What a polyandrous person you really are," he repeated.

She reflected a moment and smiled. "What woman isn't today? How many women confine themselves to one man? My dear Dan, the one-man woman is as extinct as the dodo."

"Not quite. But the old catchwords are going rapidly into the discard. We are in a feminine phase. Your day has come, pretty lady. We men have had things our own way with the old institution; now it's your turn."

"How do you know we haven't always been polyandrists?"

"Admitted, but now you're impudently in the open. Divorce? What is divorce but a multiplying of the experiences we men seek in other ways?"

"I remember—you don't approve of divorce," she said curiously, for there was one side of him she had never understood.

"Personally, no. Not when children are involved. But that's my reactionary and Tory way of looking at things. However, I confess to a great curiosity as to what is going to happen. We shall have to replace the old idea of the home with some new individualism."

"Divorce is getting to be an amicable arrangement," she said reflectively. "And that has its amusing sides."

"Very."

"Complicated, too, when the couples remain good friends. They have to face being jealous of the late incumbent." She began to laugh. (*Continued on page 120*)

Our Winter Guests

IF A BOMB had exploded just outside the window where we sat breakfasting, the effect would doubtless have been more disastrous, but could hardly have been more startling.

Suddenly, without warning, there was a flash, a clash, the whir of wings; the fleeting vision of a whirlwind of feathers, of a banded tail spread fanwise to check flight, of a sprangle of yellow legs, with fierce spread of talons, in our very faces. Then a clearer view of a pigeon-sized gray bird darting off, swooping, rising; and the air below our window aflutter with sparrows diving from the food boxes into the protective screen of hemlock and juniper bordering the shelter.

"What *was* it?"—in tone of bewilderment from Felicia.

"A sharp-shinned hawk. Did you see the splendid strike he made?"

"Did I see it? I thought his talons were coming right into my eyes. Yet he missed, did he not?"

"Yes and no. He did not miss his aim. He shot straight at the song sparrow at the front of the pavilion. But the wire screen foiled him. You heard his feet clash against it. He doesn't understand yet what happened. See, he is up in the apple tree, studying the situation."

"How dare he come so near?"

"A sharp-shinned hawk dares do anything. But look!"

"Hurrah!" cried Felicia. "The jays are after him."

And so they were—the whole flock of them, in fighting mood. I had started for the door, but I turned back to watch from the window. And it was a tournament worth watching.

The hawk was a young male, as I knew from his brownish color and small size, but even so, he looked much larger than a jay, especially when he spread his wings. He spread them now and made a tentative dive at one of the jays, which were whirling up toward him from the foot of the apple tree, where they had been feeding.

But there was no heart in his strike, and the jay scurried deftly about and a moment later was swooping down on him from above. A dozen other jays were doing likewise, each hurling polyglot maledictions on the marauder.

The hawk landed on a bare limb, puzzled. A bolder jay struck him in the back and knocked him from his perch. Then he was filled with rage, and he darted this way and that—hitting nothing; circling with abrupt turns, upward, downward, sidewise; holding his ground and trying to fight back, but making no headway. The situation was probably new to him. The idea of retreat before a bird—even a flock of birds—smaller than himself, did not at first enter his mind.

But the jays whirled about him and, hurtled at him, whether he perched or flew, with such vim and celerity that the ten or twelve of them must have seemed to him like half a hundred, and soon he yielded to the power of numbers and fled.

The so-called "pavilion" where the sparrows were feeding when the hawk made that audacious attack is, in reality, nothing more than a series of wide shelves adjusted against the window, one above another, surrounded with chicken-fence wire netting and roofed with paraffined cotton cloth.

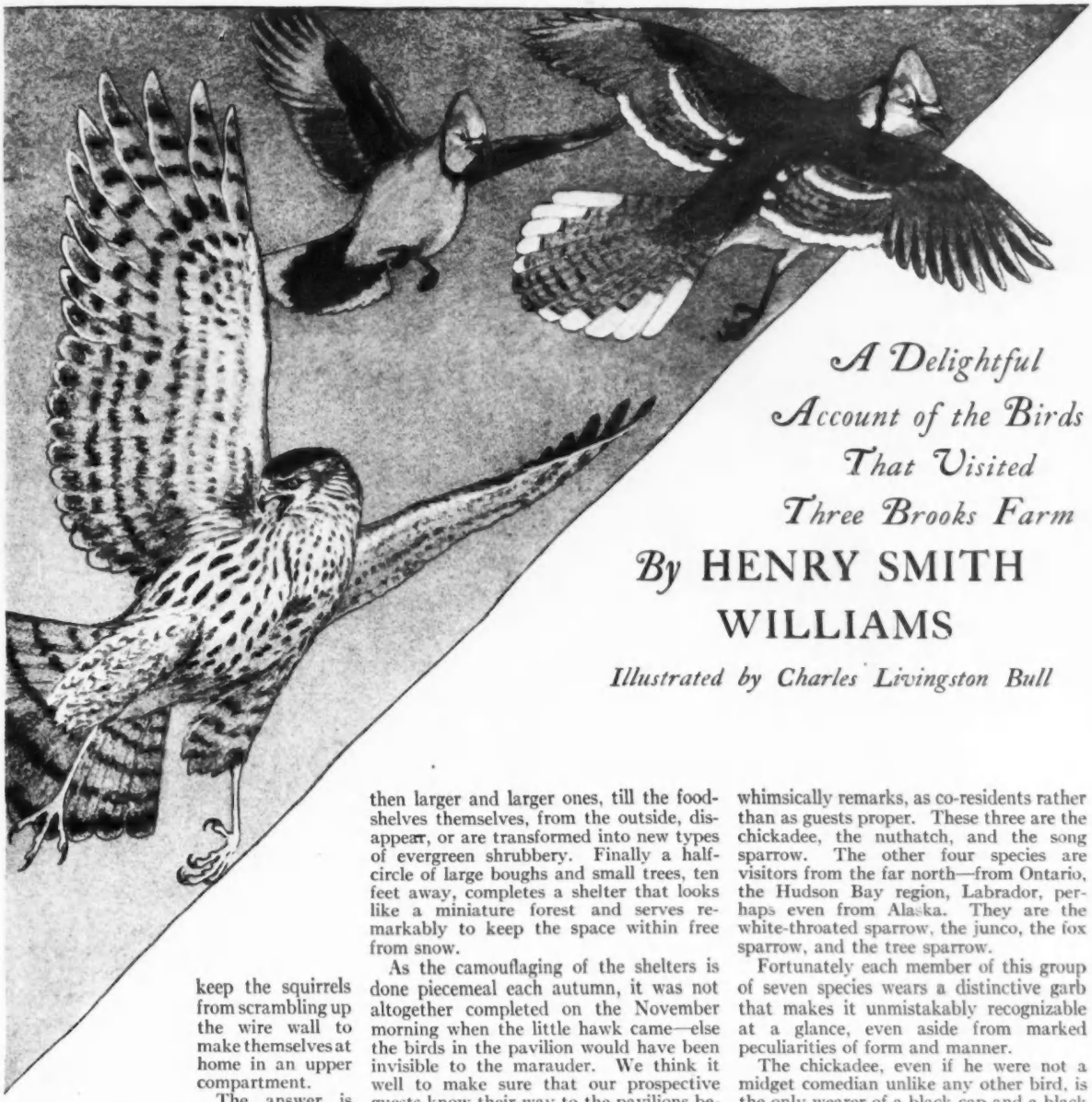
Originally there was only a single shelf, nailed to the window sash. But as our guests increased in number and variety year by year, this proved inadequate for their entertainment, so a second shelf was added, about sixteen inches above the other; and then a third at a still higher level. These shelves are supported by small uprights at the corners.

The jays whirled and hurtled at perched or flew, and celerity that to the power of

Thus what was at first an undeniable food - shelf became a "bird bungalow" when roofed and walled with chicken-wire, and in time a three-story "pavilion" with deep basement—for the space beneath the window is also screened and is, indeed, the preferred feeding-place of many sparrows.

"It is just like a little apartment house," Felicia explains. "Each family is quite independent of the others. The chickadees and nuthatches on the top floor, while they are at home, do not even see the juncos and song sparrows and tree sparrows on the middle floor, and these need not be aware that gray squirrels are feasting just beneath them. All are equally visible to us through the window—only hand's-reach away—but they can not even see one another."

You may wonder, perhaps, what is to



A Delightful Account of the Birds That Visited Three Brooks Farm

By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

about the hawk
him, whether he
with such vim
soon he yielded
numbers and fled

keep the squirrels from scrambling up the wire wall to make themselves at home in an upper compartment.

The answer is that they can and do scramble, but can not enter, because the topmost compartment is walled with chicken-wire of small mesh—less than two-inch—and thus is accessible only to the smallest birds; and the middle compartment with wire of slightly over two-inch mesh, suitable for sparrows. The lowest compartment has doorways cut in the wall, by way of explicit invitation to the squirrels.

There are similar food pavilions at other windows, in particular one that gives under the grape arbor, with southern exposure. About these two window pavilions our two chief bird shelters for the winter are developed, with the aid of evergreens, which include, ultimately, not merely branches but entire small trees of hemlock and juniper.

Smaller branches of hemlock and laurel are first put about the window pavilions, then larger and larger ones, till the food-shelves themselves, from the outside, disappear, or are transformed into new types of evergreen shrubbery. Finally a half-circle of large boughs and small trees, ten feet away, completes a shelter that looks like a miniature forest and serves remarkably to keep the space within free from snow.

As the camouflaging of the shelters is done piecemeal each autumn, it was not altogether completed on the November morning when the little hawk came—else the birds in the pavilion would have been invisible to the marauder. We think it well to make sure that our prospective guests know their way to the pavilions before screening them fully, though in the meantime the wire netting protects them from injury, if not from an occasional fright such as the taloned vandal had administered.

Birds spend little time in brooding over past dangers, however, and it was not many minutes after the hawk had fled before our little guests were back in the pavilion, busy as ever with their breakfasts.

There were twenty or thirty individuals in the various compartments of the pavilion and on the ground below, the number shifting as early-comers retired and new relays took their places. In the course of a half-hour perhaps fifty individuals came and went, representing seven different species—in addition to the downy and hairy woodpeckers that were busy at the suet baskets close at hand, and the jays and crows on the lawn under the apple trees, twenty yards away.

Three of the seven species at the pavilion were native Yankees, born and bred here, and therefore to be counted, as Felicia whimsically remarks, as co-residents rather than as guests proper. These three are the chickadee, the nuthatch, and the song sparrow. The other four species are visitors from the far north—from Ontario, the Hudson Bay region, Labrador, perhaps even from Alaska. They are the white-throated sparrow, the junco, the fox sparrow, and the tree sparrow.

Fortunately each member of this group of seven species wears a distinctive garb that makes it unmistakably recognizable at a glance, even aside from marked peculiarities of form and manner.

The chickadee, even if he were not a midget comedian unlike any other bird, is the only wearer of a black cap and a black bib. The nuthatch, whose manner of running along tree trunks and branches like a mouse identifies him adequately, may be known also by his blue-gray coat and (in case of the male) black cap, with lower parts white. The song sparrow is known by its spotted breast; the white-throated sparrow by its white bib; the junco by its slate-colored coat, white vest, and white side-feathers of the tail; the fox sparrow by its large size and bright rufous color; and the tree sparrow by its striped back, a jaunty crest of bright chestnut color, and the single dark ornament at the center of its gray waistcoat.

All the Canadians except the tree sparrow will make excursions farther south later in the season, but they remain here long enough to count as winter guests, by the calendar.

"How odd it seems," said Felicia, "that the birds should be more abundant in December, long after all our summer visitors have gone, than they were in June!"

"It was not always so," I reminded her. "Indeed it (*Continued on page 185*)

Illustrated By Jules Gotlieb

HOME WIND

"I'll return a prince!" Kara Nazir was saying. "Pah!" interrupted Ayesha. "The drum that booms most loudly is filled with wind"

WHAT lad was there among them, Tartars of the Balkash steppe, that had not dreamed sometime, or boldly spoken out his dreams, of riding away into the west and defying alien swords with a swishing, crimson sword of his own, of seeing the far, strange lands where all the far, strange things happened, and kissing the lips of the far, strange girls?

Of war and loot and passion their talk would be as, the day's prosy toil of fields and cattle pens done, they galloped down some wind-swept sand hollow where the desert spawned its golden, brittle eternities toward the sunset. They would boast what grand fighters they would be, given the chance; and how sooner or later they meant to thumb their noses at the *Akh-Padishah*, the Tsar's Majesty who had forced stupid peace on the steppe, and to drive the gray-coated Slav soldiers before them like kine to the slaughter. And then, once more, high and triumphant Islam's green banner, and—*wah!*—theirs the glory and the shimmering treasure and the blue-eyed, wheat-haired Russian girls. . . .

Chiefly the girls. Girls trembling with love and a little with fear, as they salaamed deeply at the stirrups of the Tartars of the Balkash horde, the conquerors—praised be the name of Mohammed, the True Prophet, the Seal of the Apostles of the One God! Thus their talk.

Not so the talk of the older men. They had forgotten their free, careless youth, before the Russians had annexed and pacified Central Asia from Samarkand to the Pamirs. They had forgotten the thrill of crackling steel and neighing stallions and nasal, thudding, sardonic kettle-drums—the thrill of savage life and savage strife and, belike, savage love. They preferred the warm, comfortable dust of roofed houses to sleeping with dagger on hip and cheek to the naked earth.

Not that their life was easy. Lean comforts here, in their little valley tucked tightly into the steppe. But comforts enough to their narrow imagining. Better the scant present—they thought—than the bloody past.

They would listen to the lads' bragging and shake their heads; and—here we quote the words of Sharif Bek, the chief of the Balkash tribe, to Kara Nazir, his son—would say:

"Before my beard grew I, even as you, was of necessity a fool. And the notion I had was that the hardest way to face an enemy was the handsomest, and the more enemies to face—aye, ten to my lonely!—the greater the glory. There was, too, this other notion—that the most unwilling lips were the softest. But now the tale is a

Achmed Abdullah's

Story of A Youth Who Traveled Far to Learn that There is No Place Like Home

Kara Nazir grew red, and the other youths exchanged winks and laughed. It was he who always topped their boasts with still grander boasts

different one. Now I am an old man . . ."

"A cold man!" interrupted Kara Nazir.

"Aye—" laughed Sharif Bek—"and, therefore, a wise man! Give me today peace and quiet. Give me my own hearth so snug and cozy, and my own old wife sitting across from me. And if her cheeks are wrinkled and her hair white—by Allah the Compassionate Compassioner! what do I care?—since my eyes are dim?"

Patronizingly he smiled at his son, who smiled back as patronizingly. There was about Kara Nazir a naive vanity which sat on him almost like a virtue, and he exclaimed:

"Russian gold for me—and Russian throats to cut—and Russian women, so tall and supple! Gold and blood and love—are there in all the world three better things to give to a strong man happiness and a fine, full heart?"

He rose to his towering height. A good-looking youth he was, eighteen years of age; his ruddy face raised at a keen angle on the square, combative chin; his eyes fearless and storm-gray and questing as an eagle's; his arrogant beak of a nose with the flaring, nervous nostrils throwing a purple shadow across the high cheekbones; his teeth flashing even and white as he went on,

"Soon, soon, I shall take my sword and my two feet away from here."

"No, no!" cried Khaizaran, his mother, who was squatting by the hearth, busy with pestle and mortar and grain. "Bide here, my son!"

"The far places are calling me."

"Let them call! Can they be better than this place? What can you seek in the far places that you have not here in the Balkash steppe?"

"Glory!"

"A rotten fig for glory! Can you eat it? Can you drink it? Can you wear it?"

"True!" chimed in her husband. "There is more glory in plain food honestly earned than in ten thousand glittering blades."

"Ho!" mocked Kara Nazir. "The cat ate seven hundred chickens—then went on pilgrimage to the holy places. Your thoughts were different, years ago, when you rode to foray and raid against the Mongol tribes beyond the northern border."

"That was before we learned the white lessons of peace. The Russians taught us—bless them, the Lord God!"

"Curse them, the Lord God! They clipped our wings. They blunted our talons."

The mother sighed. The father did not reply. Empty words he considered them. A bit of boasting—it was the way of youth.

Besides, his son was a good son, a strong farmer, clever with fields and cattle.

He smiled with tolerant amusement, and Kara Nazir saw and read the smile; exclaimed once more, violently,

"Soon, soon, I shall take my sword and my two feet away from here!"

He threw out his chest, stood upon his toes to make himself the taller, then quickly sank back on his heels as he heard a purring voice,

"And where would you go, O braggart?"

He feared that voice a little. Yet the speaker—Ayesha, his orphaned cousin, who made her home with his parents—was only a slip of a girl. She came in from her milking, carrying two brimming pails. Fifteen she was, small and angular and amazingly gawky—though there might have been lurking promise of beauty in the waxen pallor of her skin, the ebony of her locks, the oval of her features, the velvety red of her curved lips.

Challengingly she stared at Kara Nazir, who stared back at her not a whit less challengingly. For always, and it had been so since their early childhood, these two bickered, argued, nagged each other, pride clashing with pride and stubbornness with stubbornness. Yet—which, according to how you look at life, was curious or not curious at all—they made common cause whenever a third took the one's part against the other.

"To go where, O braggart?" she repeated.

"To follow my nose," was his curt answer.

Rudely she spoke. "A crooked path, judging by the shape!"

Rudely he replied: "Let me praise Allah, who at least gave me the wit to keep a foe from striking that same nose of mine. If it were yours, why it might be twisted off your face while you debated on how to guard it—though the lack of the thing you call nose would improve your looks, O regrettably lean and underfed cousin!"

His mother was shocked. "How can you use such words to your wife-to-be?" she admonished.

"*My* wife-to-be?"

"Is it not the rule of our tribe that cousin shall mate with cousin?"

"A foolish rule easily broken," cut in Ayesha.

"Easily broken indeed," agreed Kara Nazir cheerfully.

HE PAUSED; continued: "It is not only because of your nose, Ayesha. Your nose I might feel inclined to forgive. But there are also your eyes—and in this matter of a woman's eyes I am a trifle fastidious. Blue eyes for my father's only son—Russian eyes."

She flushed angrily while he added:

"Still, do not grieve. It may be that—*insh-allah*—you will not die an old maid. For some day I shall come back from the far places, my waist shawl plump with gold—and with part of the gold I shall buy you a husband willing to overlook your eyes and nose and—"

"Hai!" peaked Ayesha's furious scream, and he ducked quickly and ran from the house as she picked up an earthen pot and threw at him, narrowly missing his head.

He went to the village green. There he found his boon-companions, and as always they talked of high deeds to come; talked, as Tartars will, with big, blustering words, and Kara Nazir the loudest of them all.

"Jaunty to strife—hot-hoof and lusty—that's the way of me!" he declared. "And not I the one to hide my courage in the heels of my boots!"

So he boasted, while in the little house Ayesha suddenly sobbed out loud.

Sharif Bek walked up to her. He put his fat, clumsy hand gently upon her shoulder.

"What is the matter, child?" he asked.

He did not know why she was sobbing. But his wife did.

"Be pleased to go away, O my lord," she told him gruffly. "What good are men in time of trouble?"

He shrugged his shoulders and left, and she turned to Ayesha.

"Allah!" she demanded, "are you crying because of that son of mine, that big, stupid, useless son of mine? Why—" and she did not mean a word of what she was saying—"there are better lads in the Balkash horde, stronger, handsomer—to be picked up hereabouts for the price of a shrug and a glance!"

She folded the weeping girl to her lean old breast; went on in a whisper:

"Or, if you insist on having my worthless son, listen—there is a way—a love charm that never fails. Take of wild foxglove a blossom, seven stems of brown fern, three clods from a man's grave and him ancient and wise, three hairs from a black cat's tail—and burn it all—and throw the cinders against the north wind when your loved one passes—"

"Love him?" cried the girl. "No, no! I do not love him! I hate him!"

SHE jumped up and rushed from the room and out to the village green, where Kara Nazir was still holding forth grandiosely how, one of these days, he would be trying a trip to the foreign wars.

"With steel at my haunch and fire at my heart," he was saying. "And I'll return a prince among splendid, tall warriors and—"

"Pah!" interrupted Ayesha, running up and facing him. "The drum that booms most loudly is filled with wind."

He grew red, and some of the other youths exchanged winks. They were a little jealous of Kara Nazir. It was he who knew the handsomest tricks and twists of brave speech, he who always topped their boasts with still grander boasts. So they nudged each other, laughed, whispered, and Musa Khan, the miller, said:

"Ayesha is right. Why don't you ride, Kara Nazir, instead of talking? Talk does not wield a dagger nor spur a stallion—unless, of course, this courage of which you prate—"

And the miller was utterly taken aback when at once, violently, Ayesha cut in:

"Be quiet, O creature! Who are you, O less than nothing, to jeer at my cousin?"

She stood by Kara Nazir's side, small and angular and amazingly gawky, ready to defend him with words, or if need be with her hard, little fists.

They walked home side by side. He looked down at her and smiled.

"I like you," he said.

"In spite of my nose?"

"Never was there nose more exquisite in all Allah's creation!" he declared to her.

They laughed; hand in hand they crossed the threshold; there Khaizaran chuckled happily as she busied herself about the kitchen.

Yet the very next day, when again he spoke of far wars, far lands, far women, again Ayesha taunted him, demanding why he did not go to these same far wars, far lands, far women, adding that the Balkash horde would not perish for the lack of one peasant lad, be he ever so clever and mighty, suggesting that he had a horse and a sword and that the world was wide and waiting.

So, when go at last he did, it was less because he wanted to than because she dared him—and it came about this way:

SHE was returning, one evening, from her milking and he from his herding astride his shaggy pony. They met. She walked beside his stirrup. Late summer it was, the fields yellow with the soft glint of kerning corn.

She spoke of it. "The crops will be fat, the Lord be praised!"

"What of it?" he replied. "The fatter the crops, the higher the taxes we must pay the Russians. *Wah*, may Allah send an earthquake to destroy them utterly! May they ride with care and trouble and the black, black luck ever on the saddles behind them!"

Here he was back once more at his old complaining—and, too, his old boasting—and Ayesha bit her nether lip in a style that meant impatience as he cursed the Russians, the Christians, the foreigners—declared it was their shadow that lay like a gray blight across the free steppe—ah, how he hated them!—and how it was his proper Tartar notion to gallop against them as his forefathers had done, with jingling spurs and flashing weapons and the nasal drone of the drums.

"War for me!" he exulted. "War red and lusty!"

"Why don't you go to war?"

"I shall—soon, soon!"

"Soon is always the morrow with you—the morrow's morrow that never comes. I told you before, a horse you have and a sword, and the world is wide and waiting, and the Balkash horde will not miss you!"

Her temper rose, as did her accents. "Hearty you are as long as you're safe—with no more danger than your own boasting. But less hearty, I wager, when real danger will be at you with a splash and a roar. In the fine, full key your voice, when there's no worse enemy to face than your father's cattle and the drifting sands of the steppe! But piping thin and small you'll be when naked iron whistles about your head!"

She saw him wince, and woman-like, loving him so, she must hurt him yet more deeply.

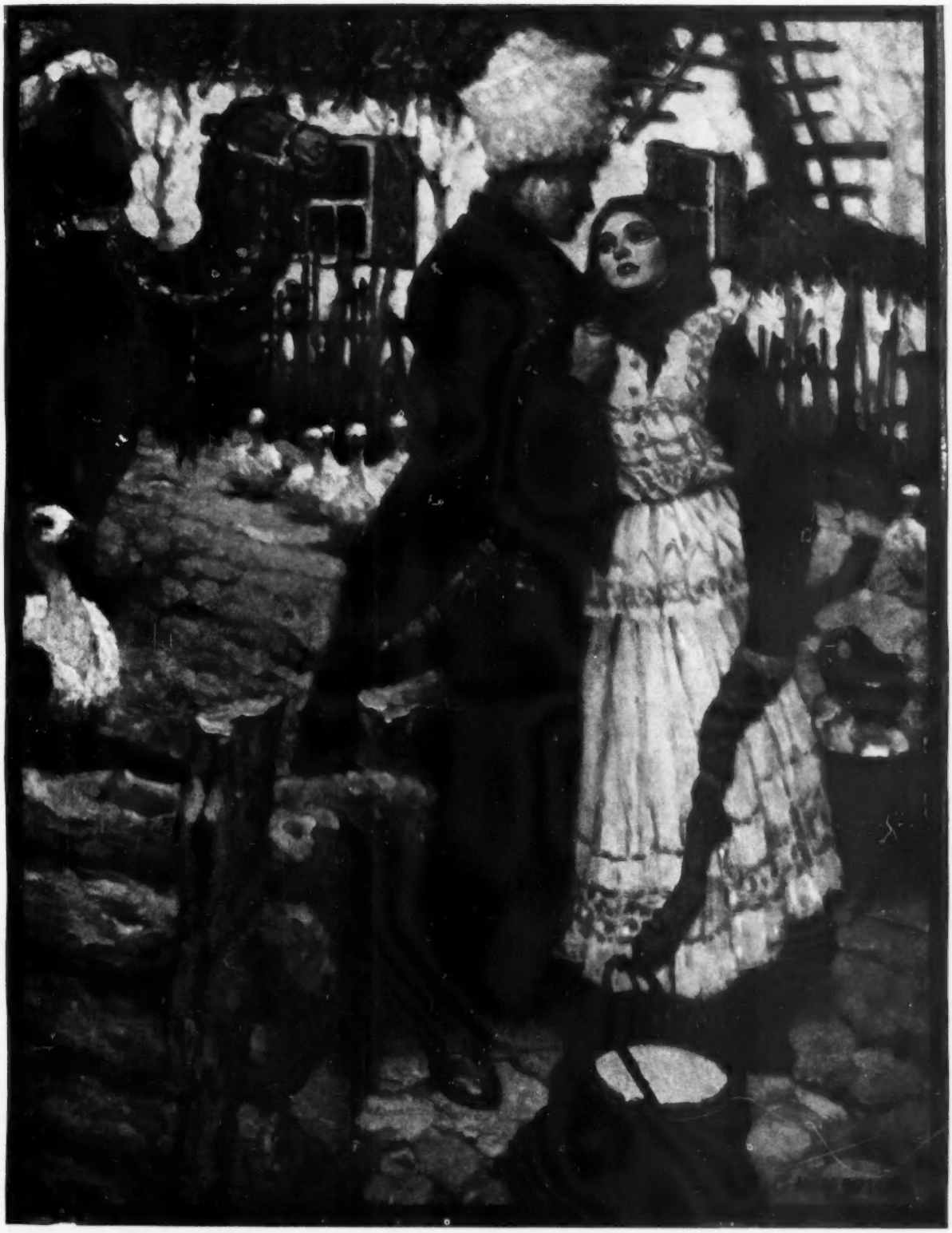
"Red your words!" she cried. "But never a red deed! Always your boasts stepping grandly on the highway of brave folly—and never your feet!"

She paused, went on: "Perhaps the miller spoke the truth. Perhaps it is plain, hard courage you lack."

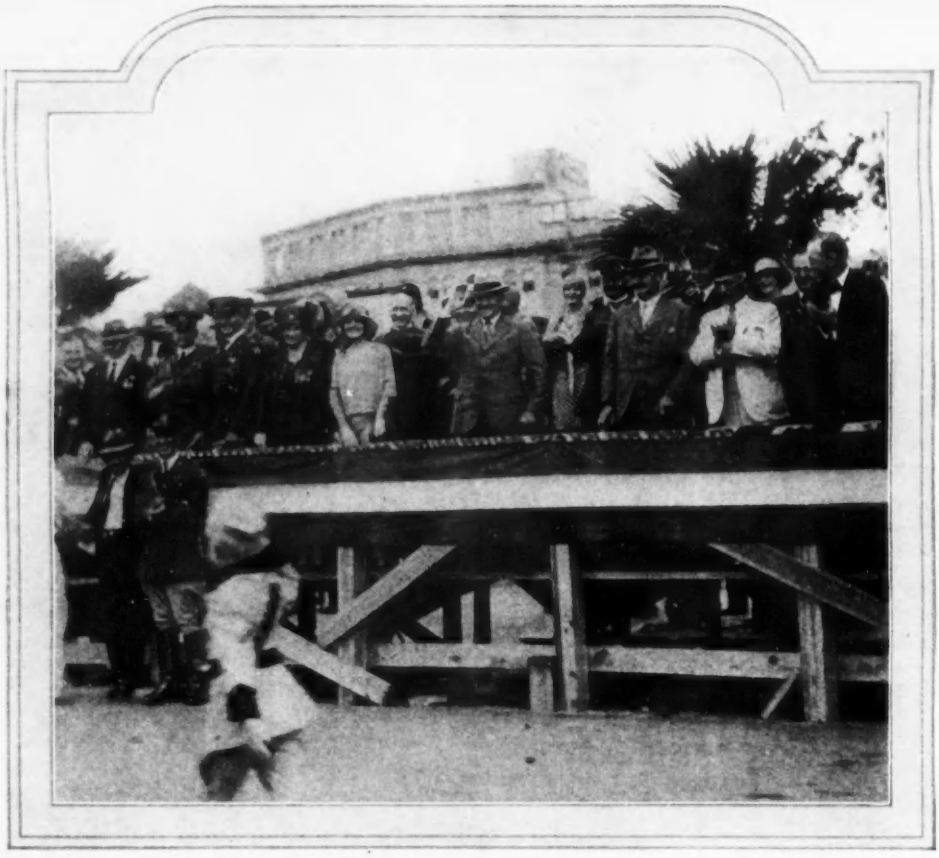
He grew pale. "You mean it?" he asked slowly.

Then, as she inclined her head, he suddenly swung his horse about and galloped away.

(*Continued on page 163*)



"I LOVE you, O heart of three roses!" he said. "And I love you," she replied. And then she turned on him. "*Wah*—the stubborn bragging lad you were—to ride to the foreign war because of a rash word!"



In the reviewing stand are General Pershing and General Hines, Lord and Lady Allenby, Lady Churchill, and Gov. Dan Moody

Marching On

As they Once Served in War, the American Legion and the Legion Auxiliary Are now Determined to Serve for Peace. Their Convention at San Antonio was one of The Bright Spots of 1928. It is here Vividly Described

By
Frances Parkinson Keyes

DEAR MARION:

I do not blame you if you have been thinking of me lately as the most unreliable of friends. After sending you an urgent invitation to visit me at Pine Grove Farm, I dispatch a telegram, almost on the heels of the invitation, saying that I am off to Texas to attend the convention at San Antonio, at the urgent request of Mrs. Walbridge, retiring National President of the American Legion Auxiliary; so will you please come to see me some other time instead? Another letter—one of explanation—was to follow.

This is the letter, and I sincerely hope you will think the explanation adequate:

In the first place, any request made by Mrs. Walbridge would be hard for me to decline, since she is, without doubt, one of the most remarkable women in our country today: a woman with a soft voice and a sweet smile, dark hair brushed simply back from a calm forehead; rosy cheeks dented with dimples, brown eyes starry with light, and a figure of that rounded slenderness which is so rare and so lovely; a woman who has not only unusual charm, but unusual capability and courage as well.

When the United States entered the World War, Mrs. Walbridge, who was then Irene McIntyre, and who, a short time before, had graduated from Mt. Holyoke, where she had been voted the "most artistic" member of her class because of her skill in any kind of handiwork—penmanship, needlework, drawing, painting—was doing legal work for a large publishing house in Rochester, New York. She and her younger sister, Gladys—each unaware of the other's intention!—wrote simultaneously to their father, Commissioner McIntyre of the Salvation Army, asking if he could get them into war work; and though there were many obstacles in the way, these were gradually overcome, and late in 1917 the two girls started for France.

After a short period spent in the Gondrecourt training area with the First Division, they went with this Division to the Toul sector "at the front," remaining there after the First had been brigaded with the French and replaced by the Twenty-Sixth. They were "billeted" in the home of the Mayor of the little village of Ansauville, where the dwelling rooms were on one side of the hall and the stables on the other, and they established their "Hut" in an old mill, lighted only by a shell-hole in the roof, and equipped with a field-range held together with mud, a phonograph, small benches, and little iron tables. Here they made their coffee, their cocoa, their pies

and their doughnuts; here they gave solace and cheer to hundreds of men; here they became known as "The Doughnut Sisters"; and here they received their baptism of fire. After the attack on Seicheprey near Ansauville, when they were finally driven from their Hut, they went to Roulecourt, where they cooked outdoors in a place so exposed that it could be seen by the naked eye from the German observation posts on Mt. Sec.

In all, Irene McIntyre was a year and a half in France and two hundred and fifty-six days under the enemy's guns. She was gassed twice, and she received two citations, one of them reading, "Under shell fire of high explosives and gas she established and conducted 'huts' that were noted for their good cheer and hospitality. Her courage and devotion to her voluntary work were a splendid inspiration to the troops." Besides receiving these citations, she was recommended, through regular army channels, for the Distinguished Service Cross; and though she has not yet received this, since it will require a special act of Congress to confer it upon a woman, and Congress has been slow to take the necessary steps, there is probably no one who would question the statement made in the excellent biographical sketch recently published in the *American Legion Monthly*, that "she saw more of the war at close quarters than any other American woman."

It was with such a record behind her that Irene McIntyre—who, shortly after the war, married Robert Walbridge, an attorney of Peterborough, New Hampshire, who had served as a Lieutenant in the 26th Division—began her work in the American Legion Auxiliary, and from the Presidency of the New Hampshire Department Auxiliary rose to the National Presidency in 1927. The American Legion, and the American Legion Auxiliary—as the retiring National Commander, Edward E. Spafford, pointed out several times at the San Antonio Convention—are really one and the same organization, governed by the same laws, devoted to the same ends, but separated into two parts, each directed by its own head. Far from desiring to "keep the women out," as is so often the case in men's organizations, it was the Legion itself that called the Auxiliary into being, extending its membership to the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of men who had served in the World War. The Auxiliary is now more than 300,000 strong, bringing the combined membership of the "two parts" to over a million. Each unit of the Auxiliary (comparable to a "Chapter" of the Daughters of the American Revolution) is attached to a Legion Post; and their work is for "rehabilitation carried on under two heads: hospitalization for disabled veterans, most of which is carried forward in connection with the United States Veterans' Bureau; and family welfare"—which includes child welfare, for, whenever possible, the children who were orphaned by the war, or whose fathers are still disabled, are not placed in institutions, but remain members of a family circle. As Mrs. Walbridge expresses it, this is a "growing work." It comes as something of a shock to those of us who are accustomed to assure ourselves comfortably that the war was over ten years ago, to learn that there are three thousand new mental cases developing among veterans every year, and that the peak of the load is not expected for another ten or fifteen years! And—though it is a bitter reproach to our civilization that such an advance should be necessary—it is a good deal of an inspiration to learn that the sum raised by the Auxiliary for (*Continued on page 210*)

Mrs. Adelin Wright Macauley, a former Legion Auxiliary president, is the first American president of Fidac Auxiliary

Commander Spafford greeting Paul McNutt, the new commander of the Legion, at the front door of the historic Alamo

Mrs. Walbridge (left), retiring president of the Legion Auxiliary, received two citations for her doughnut kitchen at the front

Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr., the new president of the Auxiliary, was active in Red Cross work and Liberty Loan work in the war

Beginning

Children of the Bible

By Bruce Barton

Paintings by N. C. Wyeth

No. 1 The First Children

THE evil that men do lives after them, as we are told by excellent authority, while the good is oft interred with their bones. A single scandal will be remembered against a whole family, though only one member may have been involved, while the worthy qualities of the other members, and even of that one himself, are forgotten. It is so with our first ancestors and their eldest son.

We remember Adam and Eve as a young couple who were expelled from a garden, and Cain as a young man who killed his brother. This is not a fair appraisal of either Cain or his parents. Let us start this series of articles by dismissing our prejudice against these people, who are long dead and can not defend themselves. What are the facts?

There was a garden which was beautiful, and there was a man and a woman. We have been taught that they were admirable in their little time of innocence, and that it would have been a happier world for all of us if they had stayed that way. Actually, Adam and Eve before their "fall" were decidedly uninteresting people. They were without character, for character is the product of moral effort, and as yet they had made no such effort. They were not bad, but it is equally certain that they were not good. They were simply beautiful and dumb.

When temptation came, and they fell out of their sinless and virtueless Eden, it was then that they began to be worth while. The stern facts of life and labor faced them. They must build a home. They must breed sheep and cattle and guard them carefully against enemies and disease. Of course, there were plenty of times when they looked back with longing to the days of all play and no work. Of course, there were family troubles and recriminations.

With all this we are not so much concerned. Suppose that they and all their descendants had continued free from error and struggle. Suppose the world were a perfect garden. Who would want to live in it? What one of us would be happy? They fell from innocence into manhood and womanhood. They fell from shiftlessness into work. They fell from a drifting irresponsibility into worry and trouble and despair, but also into ambition and courage and hope. And even their Creator did not seem to be entirely disappointed, for the Bible says of them that, having fallen, they became as God, knowing good and evil.

And now, the first baby. Disabuse your mind of the memory that he murdered Abel. We shall discuss that later on. What we want to remember now is that this "guilty pair," as our ancestors liked to call them—this young man who had lost his job and the girl wife who must do her own work—had begun to make good, and the baby was a help to their sometimes wearied resolution. A man with a wife and child is under bond to keep the peace. But that is not all. He has become a pupil in a new school of altruism, in which he is willing to work and to share the fruits of his work with some one who can give nothing in return.

An ingenious and wonderful invention is a baby. It can take hold of an object so tightly that you may lift it off its little feet without breaking the grip. That is remarkable, but it is not all that a baby's fingers can do. They can grip one's heart with a pull that is out of all proportion to the baby's size. Tiny as the fingers are, they rule the world.

It is *because* they are so tiny that the baby's fingers rule it. The young of insects are born to instant maturity. The young of even the higher animals are self-sufficient within a few weeks or months. To humanity alone was reserved infancy, and infancy created civilization. Helplessness begat sympathy. Years of weakness compelled years of mother care, and from that came settled homes. Little by little the compassion and patience and love which mothers learned by bending over the cradle were communicated in part to men. These finest virtues are the gift of helpless childhood to men and women; they were the gift of Cain to Adam and Eve.

She had no friends to congratulate her. If there had been neighbor women, they would have told her what every mother has a right to hear—that her baby was truly wonderful, the most beautiful ever seen. But Eve had to pioneer, to chart the course for all who were to follow. And so, clutching the little life to her breast, she sang the first Magnificat, which has echoed down the ages,

"I have gotten a man
From the Lord."

Later Abel arrived. We are given few facts to go on, but we may assume that the two boys grew up like any normal brothers. They had their quarrels, but they were not always quarreling. They explored the woods and helped with the crops and played with the animals. When they were old enough to set up for themselves, Abel became a shepherd, and Cain tilled the soil. In the story of their quarrel there are reminiscences of the age-long battle between the farmers and the sheep-raisers. The people of the Old Testament were shepherds, and their sympathies were with Abel. Can we be sure then that the record is impartial? There is one point in it which gives us a reasonable right to doubt:

"And in process of time it came to pass that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord;

"And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel, and to his offering;

"But unto Cain, and to his offering, he had no respect."

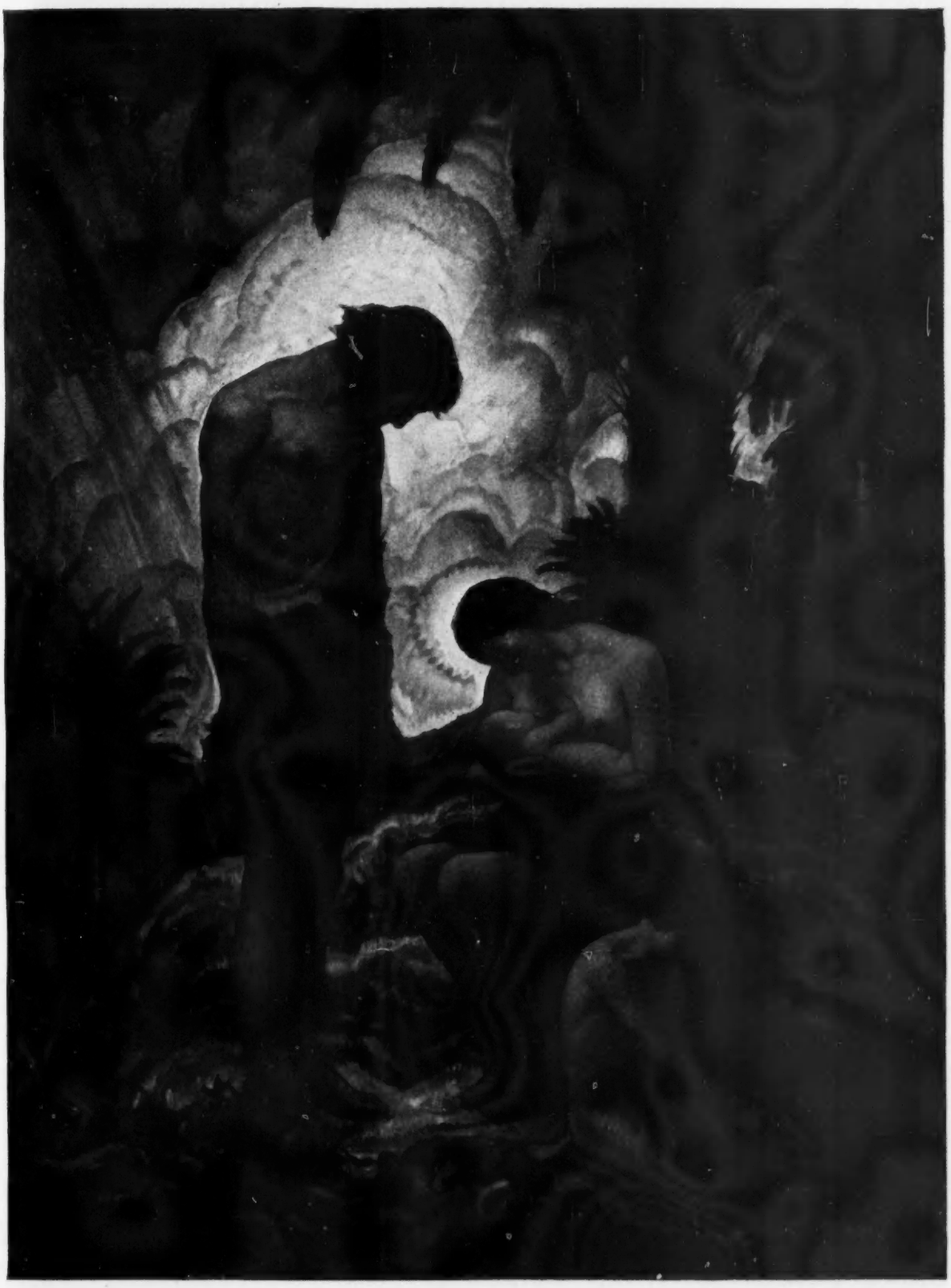
Any account which pictures God as pleased only with bloody sacrifices does not square with the teaching of Jesus. He talked of a God whose name is Father, and of a love sufficient to care for even a sparrow.

Without in any way condoning the crime of Cain, therefore, we are entitled to remember his after life as well as his sin. God apparently did not condemn him as unsparingly as the preachers have done. He was permitted to live and to become the father of children, and therein lies an interesting point.

Only the other day the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene, in seeking to promote a better popular understanding of human nature and motives, discussed the question, "Do children inherit bad conduct?" Dr. Sanger Brown II, assistant commissioner of the department, answered the question reassuringly. "What a child becomes depends, as a rule, more upon his home, his opportunities, his education and various other influences than upon his inheritance." The drunkard's child is not thereby condemned to drunkenness; the coward's child may be a hero; the child of the ne'er-do-well may be a president.

Thus, after many thousands of years, science reaffirms what the early chapters of Genesis have told us. Cain's bad conduct did not taint his descendants. He loved his first son. "He (Cain) builded a city and called the name of the city after the name of his son, Enoch." Enoch had a son named Irad, and there followed several generations of sons who were seemingly respectable but unimportant.

And then comes "Jabal: he was (*Continued on page 169*)



WHEN temptation came, and Adam and Eve fell out of their sinless and virtueless Eden, they began to be worth while. They fell from innocence into manhood and womanhood. They fell from shiftlessness into work. They fell from a drifting irresponsibility into worry and trouble and despair, but also into ambition and courage and hope

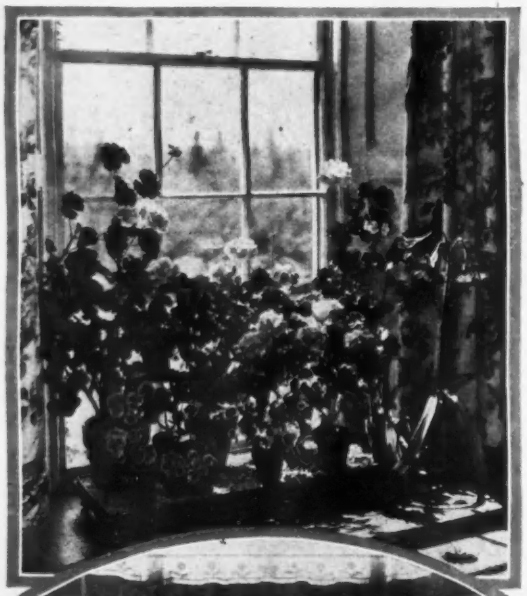
Using sunny windows to make flowers grow in the house

NOTE

We are presenting this month "A GardenCalendar," giving an amateur practical suggestions for what to do for every month of the year. It has been written by Louise Bush-Brown, Director of the School of Horticulture for Women, at Ambler, Pennsylvania. Send $1 to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, N.Y. City

House Plants

By Florence Taft Eaton



THAT home is bare and cheerless indeed where some sort of house plant is not found, if only a geranium slip in a tomato can; and although I do not recommend this sort of container, one often finds glorious specimens of flowering plants lodged in this democratic manner. In fact, I was seriously informed the other day by my flower-loving washerwoman (whose success in the horticultural line justified her autocratic statement) that "plants did much better in cans than in pots"! I am still unconvinced, however, as to the advantages to be derived from tin cans, but I do relax so far as to admit that some people love growing plants and flowers so well, and possess to so great an extent that magic touch that tells here, as elsewhere, that they succeed better with tinned plants than do others with scientific porous pottery.

One objection by the "antis" to plant inclusion in the living-rooms of the house is the loss to the family of the sunny windows. It is true that blossoming plants require sun; true, also, that the family enjoys sitting in sunny windows. With a little planning and arrangement, however, a small sunny space somewhere may be spared for at least a few plants; also there are many ornamental and wholly worthy varieties that will flourish with a minimum of direct sunshine, and many that require only plenty of light and fresh air. The cyclamen, for instance, one of the most popular of house plants, should not be set in direct sun. Ferns, many vines, most of the ornamental foliage plants, all of the begonias will flourish with plenty of light but no direct sun. It is easily seen, therefore, that there is no home, however small, where some plants may not be successfully included, supplying interest and delight to every member of the family.

If one has plenty of room and does not especially have to consider expense, the best success with house plants is undoubtedly obtained by considering not only their needs, but (*Continued on page 177*)

Furnishings and Decorations

Making a Sun Room of Porch or Terrace

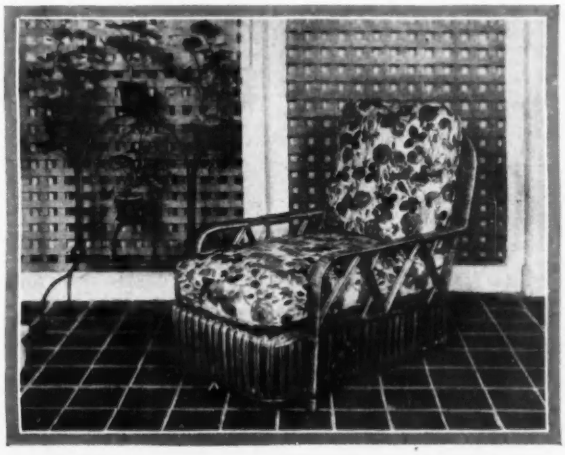
By Helen Koues, Director

The Studio's Work

Each month the Studio builds and furnishes a room or group of rooms, with the cooperation of the American manufacturers whose products meet our high standard, and which are obtainable for the readers of the magazine through retail dealers throughout the country. The sun room and living-room illustrated here are examples

OPENING out from the living-room of the interior—o hall, living-room, dining-room, and bedroom—which the Studio has built in the manner of the eighteenth century is the gay, colorful sun room which we illustrate this month.

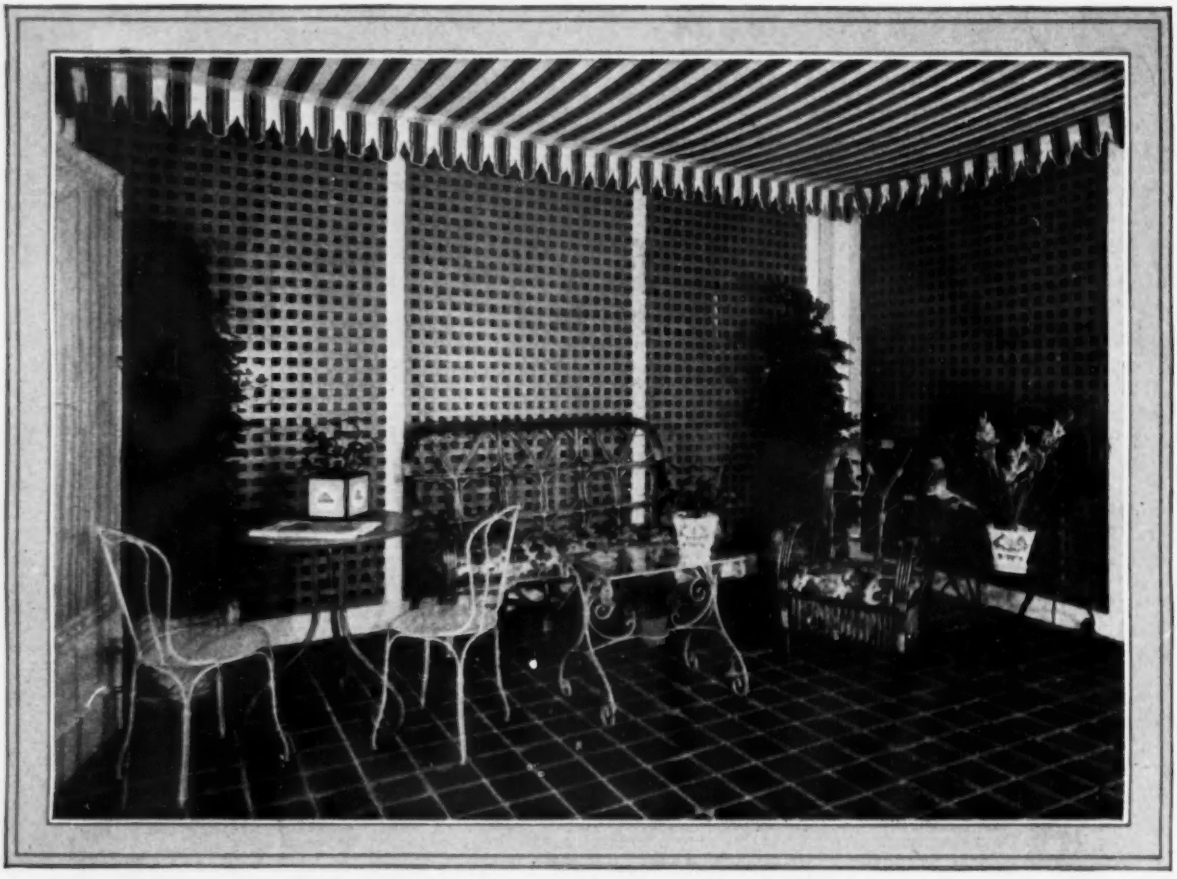
There are infinite possibilities for the porch or terrace today, or even the flat roof outside a penthouse in the city. The Studio this month makes a suggestion which may be followed in two ways: If you live in the country, perhaps your living-room or dining-room opens out on a bit of ground which you could utilize as a terrace, secluding it, as we have done here, from the back-yard or a too-near neighbor by the use of a trellis and an awning. Or should your house happen to have a porch, enclosed or not enclosed, as the case may be, you could also follow this scheme, omitting perhaps the awning and using the trellis or not, according to the necessities of the glass enclosure. Where there are pretty views through the glass, it may be treated as windows with curtains and become the sun room which we all know. Where you do not wish the view but want the sun and light, a trellis can be used as the Studio has used it in these pictures.



There are many ways today of making an informal, comfortable, gay room of this kind. If it is a terrace open to the heavens except for the awning, the cushions would have to be brought in, but that is all. Waterproof chintz can be used, weatherproof stick willow furniture, and the attractive iron pieces whose gay appearance remains undimmed by a summer shower.

Let us consider this room in detail so that you may apply to your own needs the principles we have used in furnishing it.

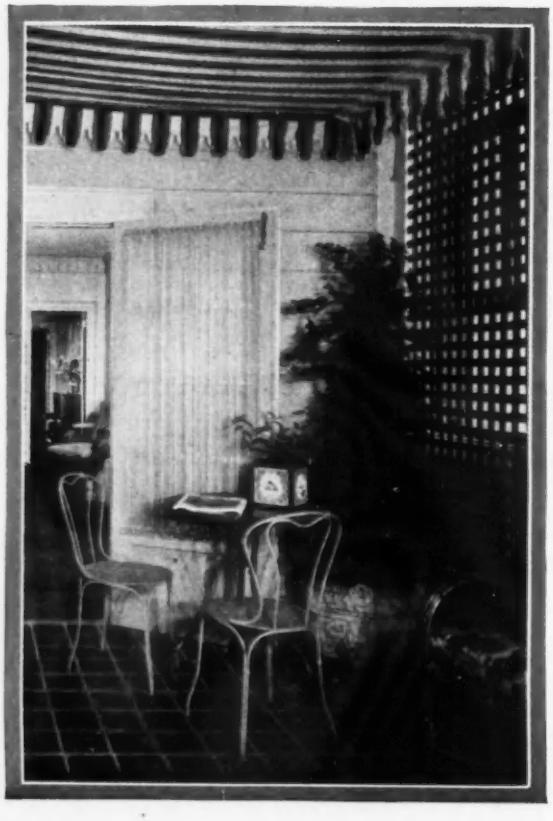
Let us first consider it as a terrace opening from the living-room. Tiles or flat stone should be laid as a flooring, with a step or two down from the French doors, or level, according to the conditions of the house. In this room the Studio used two walls of the



Awning and trellis of green-and-white may be used to form two sides of an enclosed porch, or act as a screen from a too-near neighbor in an outdoor terrace

house for sides of the terrace, and built a trellis to make a third side 15′ long, and one to join the angle of the house on the fourth side, 10′ long. A trellis of this character insures privacy from the back-yard or a near neighbor, and if enclosed, the trellis would soon be covered by such quickly growing vines as ampelopsis (Virginia creeper), Silver Moon roses, or clematis. The beauty of using roses and clematis is that roses bloom in June, and clematis in September, and therefore there would be flowers at two seasons.

Since the interior which the Studio has now on exhibition, and which has been shown in preceding months, is in the feeling of the eighteenth century, the exterior of such a house might well be in Colonial feeling with clapboards of creamy yellow with white trimmings. Therefore the color scheme for this gay little enclosure has the yellow background of the house on two sides, with the white doors and door frames, and a green-and-white trellis on the other two sides, with a green-and-white striped awning extending out from the house. This awning might be from the roof of an upstairs porch, or merely at the height of the first



story. The tiling is in terra cotta pointed with gray. The stick willow furniture, which is particularly noteworthy for design, construction, and smartness, is the color of old pine wood, brownish-amber, while the metal furniture, of which there is a good deal, shows some pieces of green, some of black, and some of yellow. It is important to have this variety of color to avoid monotony. Gay pots of ferns and flowers and ivy trained in pyramidal effect in great stone jars really seem to bring the outdoors in, and yet give a livable, comfortable, intimate place to read, or to loaf, or even to work.

The chintz is particularly charming. It shows a tan ground with great poppies of yellow and red in their natural foliage, on a crisp, glazed surface which is in keeping with the atmosphere of the room.

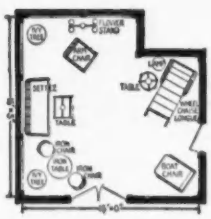
So much for the terrace. The same scheme could be applied to a porch, laying a tile floor or possibly leaving the floor of the porch as it is, and staining it or painting it—painting it perhaps to simulate the tiles, or laying a linoleum. The use of linoleum is excellent where there are potted plants, for water will spill. When waxed, linoleum

Willow furniture built for comfort as well as its decorative quality, gay chintz, and potted plants bring color and life to a sun room. Especially noteworthy are the modern iron tables with glass tops, which permit a view of the colorful flowers in a pot or vase below. Glimpses of this sun room may be seen through the living-room doors

The Studio is happy to have you write us about your decorating problems. Folios which are helpful: "Color In Your Home," $1; shows in color how to apply color-schemes; "Arranging Comfortable Living-Rooms" and "Porches, Terraces, and Sun Rooms" are 25c each. Send to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

makes a charming flooring. If, however, a wooden floor is to be kept, it may be painted a dark green or brown, shellacked, and waxed.

Should the sun room be one that is built out from the house itself, having two or three sides of it the exterior of the house, that exterior must be in good condition, and the paint must be clean. If a stucco house the stucco should be whitewashed or color-washed. With a white house, it would be necessary to keep the white background; for a stucco house with some color in it, painters today are very clever at doing what is called "color-washing," which will make the background just what you want. The trellis could be used in part or whole, according to the conditions, and again could be green-and-white. If glass



Cooperating with The Studio

are the following firms: Paint, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc.; Awning, John Boyle & Co., Inc.; Tile, Associated Tile Manufacturers; Willow Furniture, Bielecky Bros., Inc.; Iron Furniture, The Mayhew Shop; Upholstery, Morton Sundour Company, Inc.; Accessories, The Copley Shop

in a window effect were to replace one side of the trellis, yellow gauze curtains, the tone of the yellow in the chintz, would be a wise choice, or possibly the pale, soft green of the trellis.

If an enclosed porch is to be utilized in this way, it should, of course, be heated, and radiators could be concealed between the trellis and the glass or outside structure. I repeat that the use of the trellis on an enclosed porch is necessary only where there is perhaps an objectionable view, or where you wish to be shielded from the kitchen, or a too-near neighbor. An arrangement like this makes it possible to use a porch which might otherwise be impractical from a decorative standpoint.

As the furnishing could be the same for terrace or porch (*Continued on page 179*)

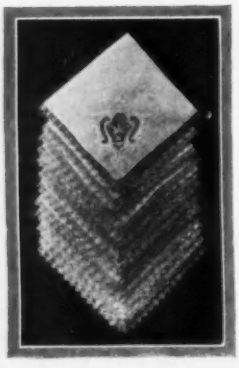
Cunning china bunny in soft brown, 2¾ in. high, makes an amusing paper-weight, $2.50. Another charming ornament, "The Kid," is a white china goat, with brown or black markings, 4¼ in. high, $6.50

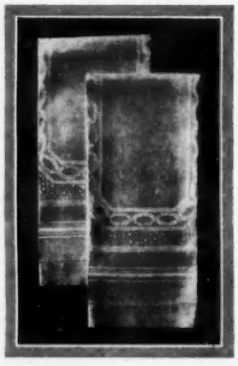
Sturdy elephant book-ends of bright green, lacquer red, or Chinese yellow composition; 7¼ in. high, $15.50 Old Godey print in red, blue, white, brown; fashions of July, 1865; narrow walnut frame; 14″ x 16″, $7.50

Colorful Linens and Accessories
Which The Studio Will Buy for You

HOW TO ORDER
For any of the articles described on this page send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

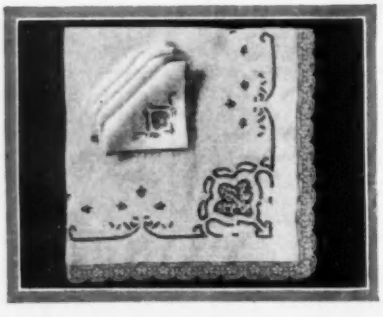
Extra linen napkins are always useful. The ones below, 13″ square, are of white Irish linen, bordered with filet lace, corner inset with cut-work and Venetian lace, one dozen for $6.75

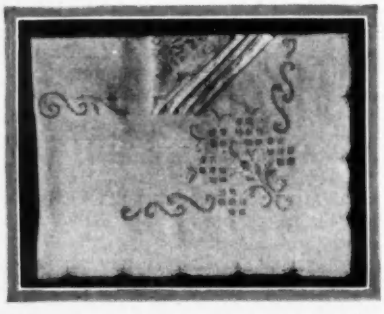




Handsome damask tablecloth, right, 58″ square, and 6 napkins, machine hemmed, 18″ square, in white with small leaf design, $13.50. Same design in white on yellow, blue, green, or rose, unhemmed cloth 58″ x 85″, 8 napkins, 18″ square, $40

Heavy, linen hand-towels above, hemstitched ends, 15″ x 24″, design in white on blue, orchid, yellow, green, or rose, $24 a doz. Tea-cloth (below) of fine white linen, 36″ square, 4 napkins, 12″ x 12″, mosaic embroidery and edge, $7.50 the set



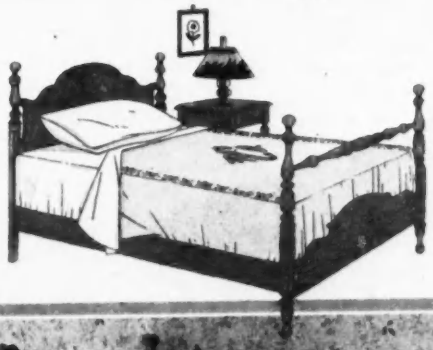


Attractive bridge set above, cloth 36″ square, 4 napkins, 13″ square, of white linen, with filet edge, and cut-work and Venetian lace insets, $11.50. Two heavy linen guest towels at top right, 15″ x 24″, hemstitched ends, with large cross-stitch designs at one end in bright colors, hand-made, 75c. each

Towel, fine white linen, left center, 16″ x 22″, ends scalloped, mosaic embroidery at one end, $1.35. Below this a linen huck towel, filet lace ends, cut-work embroidery at one end, 15″ x 23″, $1.10. White cambric pillow-case at bottom 22″ x 36″, filet lace edge, lace insets, cut-work, $3.95 a pair

Quilts Old and New by Anne Orr

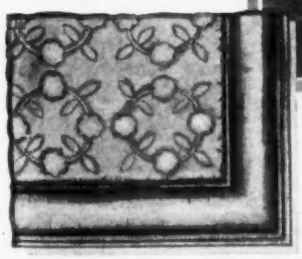
Mrs. Coolidge chose the striking eagle and shield designs shown above for the center of the counterpane she crocheted for the Lincoln bed in the White House. Printed Pamphlet No. 9501, 25c, contains patterns for these and for several other patriotic designs not shown, together with suggestions for planning an individual counterpane

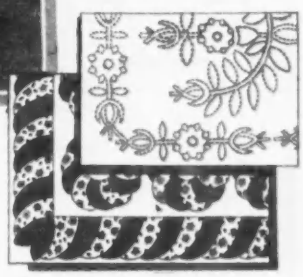


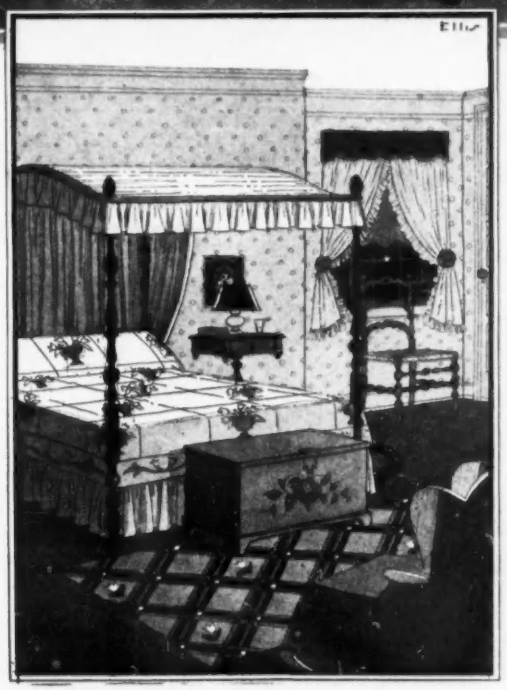
Blanket covers protect your blankets from dust and at the same time add to the appearance of your beds. The one at the left may be made either of thin silk with full-color cross-stitch border, or of cotton with border in one color. Both carry the new shaded cross-stitch monogram. Directions and designs in Printed Pamphlet No. 9504, 25c

The "Morning Sun" is the name of the old-fashioned pieced quilt shown on the four-post bed at the right. It is done in green, rose, and white, a lovely bedroom combination. Printed Pamphlet No. 9502, 25c, carries cutting patterns and directions for making quilt and also for knitting or crocheting an afghan not illustrated

The unusual candlewick spread below is made in white and may be dyed to match your room. Hot-Iron Pattern No. 9505, 50c, carries 2 of the large design (shown in part) and 10 border motifs which may be arranged for either a single or a double bed. Candlewicking, $1.20; two needles, 5c; total with pattern, $1.75







A quilted cover for a chaise longue is shown above. Hot-Iron Pattern No. 95-8303, 50c, carries 12 designs to complete this cover, which measures 57 x 72 inches and has a 6-inch border quilted in double lines. For a larger comforter, a double pattern with 24 designs is 90c. Full directions included

Lavender gingham combined with a harmonizing cotton print and pieced on white blocks makes the lovely Dahlia quilt with matching border shown above. Printed Pamphlet No. 9504, 25c, carries patterns and complete directions for making this quilt and also the blanket cover at top of page

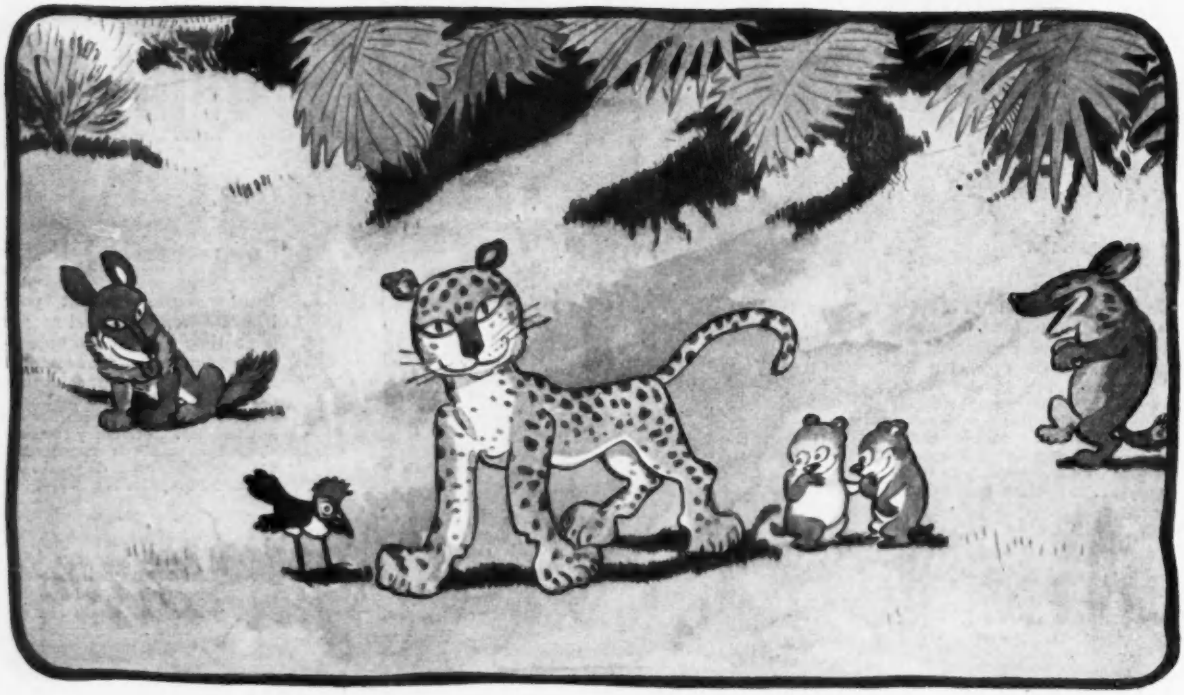
A blue patchwork bowl filled with colorful tulips alternates with plain white quilted squares in the quilt on the tester bed at the right. The matching border also carries the tulip motif. The blocks are 15 in. square, and the border is 6 in. wide; they may be arranged for either a single or a double bed. Hot-Iron Pattern No. 9503, 25c, carries full directions

HOW TO ORDER

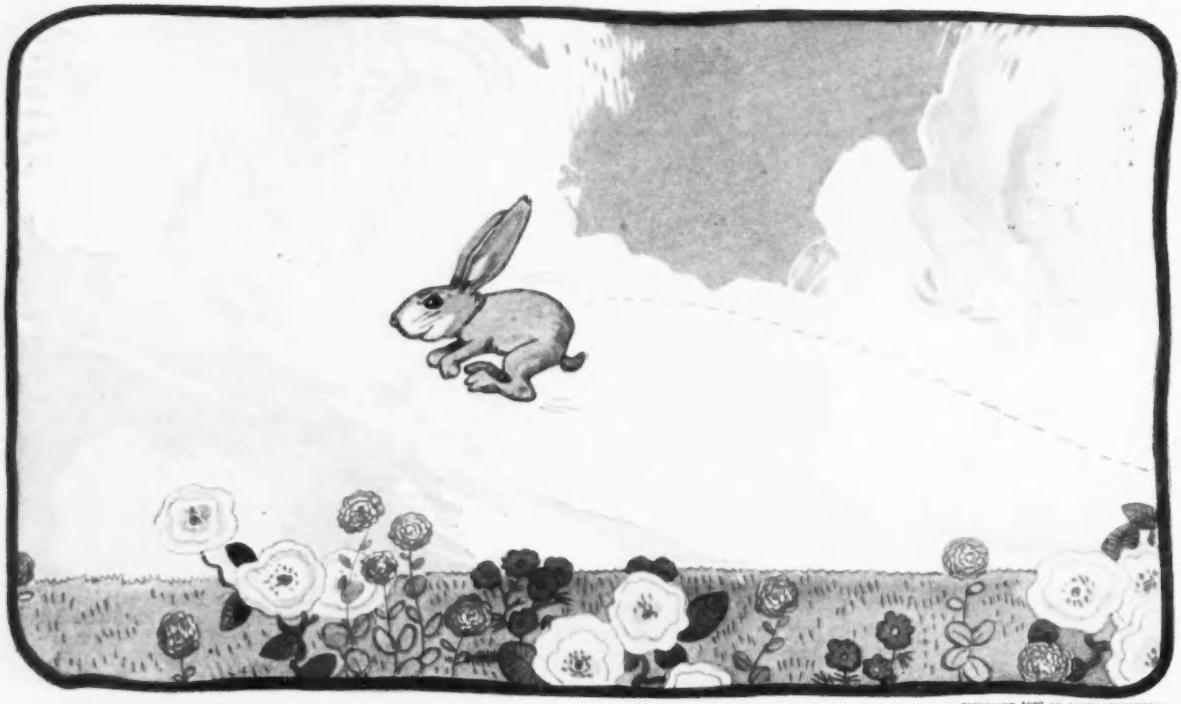
For Hot-Iron Patterns and Printed Pamphlets send correct remittance in stamps, check, or money-order to Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at Eighth Ave., N. Y. C. For material offered, send to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service. Send 2c for Pamphlet No. 9100, Anne Orr's new article on quilting

NEAR-TO-NATURE BABIES

By James Swinnerton



LET us introduce the little lady cheeta,
She is so friendly, it is a treat to meet her.
She is quite charming and very, very neat,
And quite a beauty—if it wasn't for her feet.



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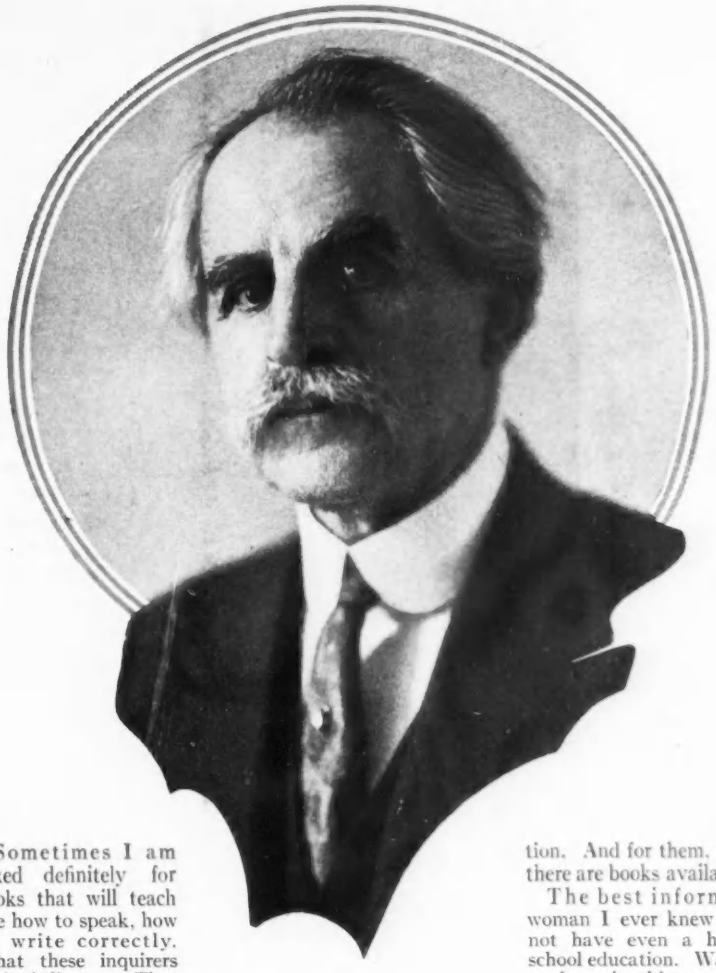
HERE is the little baby hare,
Who doesn't seem at all to care
Where you may find him.

The reason is as plain as air—
One little hop and he's not there,
And you are behind him.

If You READ to Learn

Emily Newell Blair

Suggests Books That Will Be Useful To You



Hamlin Garland, who spent his boyhood with pioneers of the prairie, has prepared the American Library Association course on "The Westward March of Civilization"

OF THE many letters that come to my desk, none interests me more than those that come from persons who want to read to learn. Some of them come from high-school graduates who, for one reason or another, are unable to go on to college. "I do so want to know more than a high-school education can give," writes one of them. "I know that extensive reading of the right books will help me, but how can I find which ones they are?" Some of them come from young women in business offices, who have recognized their need for wider knowledge. Sometimes they come from mothers who wish to "keep up" with their children. And sometimes from mothers who, finding themselves in a new and strange thought world, now that their children have left home, want to orient themselves in it. From women whose youth held for them no opportunity for study, but whose age gives them the necessary leisure; from young wives who want to be their husbands' companions; from old ones who want to be a credit to theirs. And even from business women whose success now gives them for the first time leisure to "improve their minds." From married people who want to take up a serious course of reading together in the long winter evenings, and—yes—from men who want to read for improvement.

Interesting as I find these letters, they are the most difficult of all to answer, for the field is so wide. Even when the writers tell me specifically what it is they want, how old they are, and how long they attended school, I do not know what it is they mean by "improvement," what it is they desire to know. Simple literacy or culture? Education or information? There is a world of difference between.

Sometimes I am asked definitely for books that will teach one how to speak, how to write correctly. What these inquirers desire is literacy. That is comparatively easy. For there are dictionaries, grammars, and books of English composition for the purpose of aiding the adult not only to correct English, but to what is far rarer—elegant and easy English. "Grammar to Use" by W. D. Lewis and H. M. Lynch (Winston, 72c), "Century Handbook of Writing" by Garland Greever and Easley S. Jones (Century, $1), "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage" by H. W. Fowler (Oxford, $3; on India paper, $4), "Eighteen Thousand Words Often Mispronounced" by W. H. P. Phyfe (Putnam, $2)—these books one sees often on the tables and the desks of the family-trained or the college-finished, who would not seem to need them as much as do those less fortunate in environment and experience. Strangely enough, just as it is the one who knows who is always seeking to know more, it is the one who is accustomed to good usage who is always checking up on it. If more of those who have not been fortunate in their early training as to words, spoken and written, only realized this, how much less self-consciousness there would be in their seeking!

Again I am asked for books that will enable people to converse interestingly, to understand the references to books and characters in books, to characters and events in history, to pictures, to inventions. What those writers desire is information. And for them, too, there are books available.

The best informed woman I ever knew did not have even a high-school education. Was it a date in history, or the meaning of a word, or an explanation of a philosophic theory, she could supply it forthwith. I asked her one day how she had acquired such a fund of knowledge.

"By using my encyclopedia," she answered. "Whenever I hear anything referred to that is unknown to me, I look it up and read all about it. I've been doing that for twenty years."

The encyclopedia she used was the Britannica, the oldest and the best known, available soon in a new edition (Encyclopedia Britannica, Inc.). "The New International Encyclopedia" (Dodd, Mead) is also good, and is considered by some better than the Britannica.

Less expensive and less ambitious reference books can be made to serve the same purpose. And there are, of course, those books designed to satisfy the child's need for information: "The Book of Knowledge" (Grolier Society), "The Home University Bookshelf" (University Society), "Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia" (Compton). Many are the parents they have helped to the same information.

But what most of my correspondents desire is something beyond either literacy or information. They desire what is covered loosely in our day by the word "education." Many of them desire that special brand that comes under the label, "a college education." (*Continued on page 180*)

The new janitor looked tall and young and spare, and so romantic in his general bearing that Miss Keeping longed to take him out to the daylight and examine him the way women do fabrics in department stores

The Story of A Girl who Gave a Dinner Invita-

The Gentleman

Illustrated by

ON CHRISTMAS morning, the janitor was late. It was excusable. Indeed, since it was Christmas, he needn't have come at all to collect the garbage and rubbish. He never had come on previous Christmases. For—even among janitors—he was outstandingly ungrateful. Always, after you had made him a present, he showed his appreciation by neglecting you entirely for a week or more.

In person, he was a tall, handsome Irishman who knew that J. P. Morgan was directly responsible for everything that happened in this country or "Yurrup," but who did not know how to sweep a walk or collect garbage and rubbish regularly. The real trouble with him was that if anything happened along his daily route, he always stopped and watched it and gave advice—which no one ever took—on what ought to be done. Living in New York, this kept him rather busy.

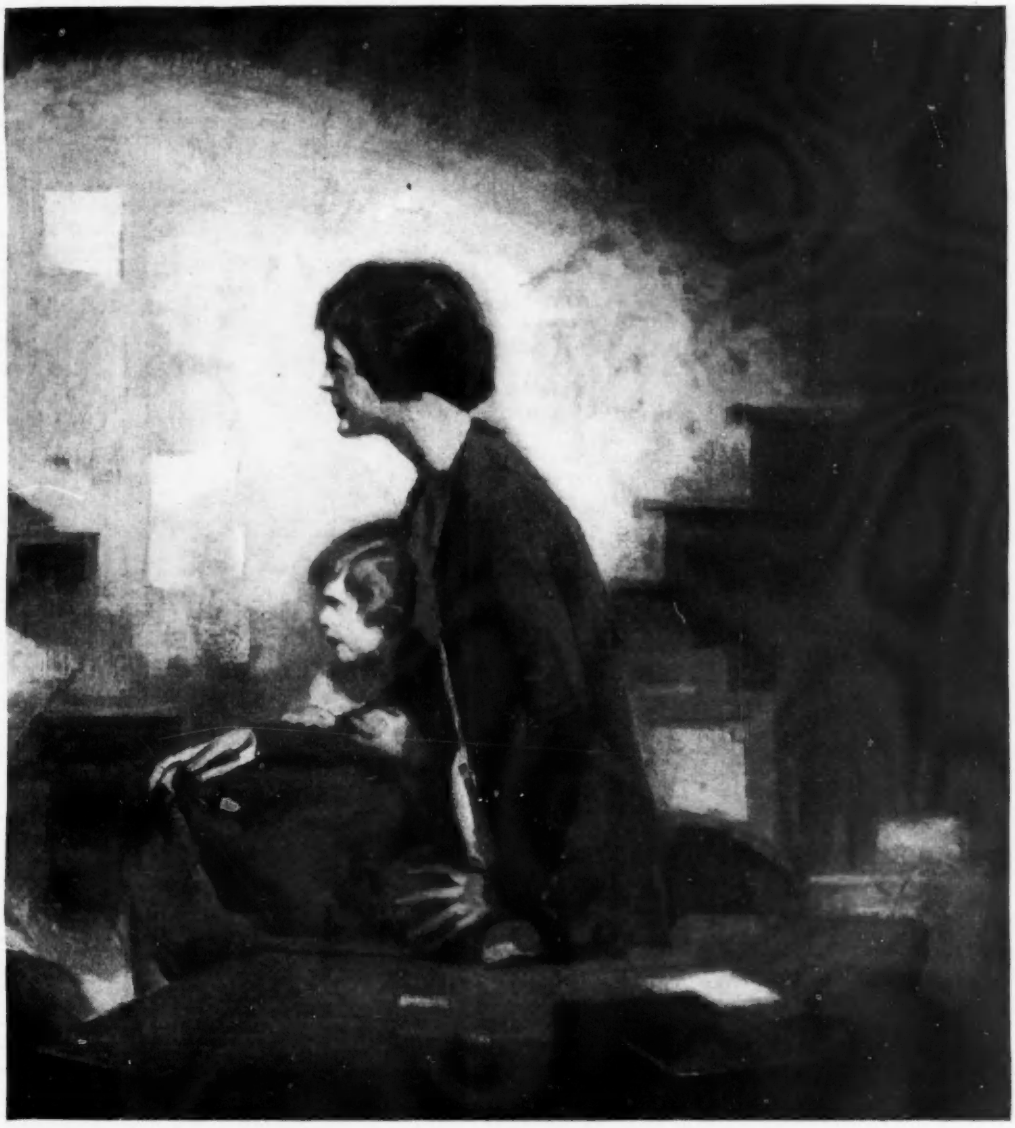
Therefore, when Hannah, usually *so* punctilious, burst into the apricot and silver living-room, and told Miss Keeping and little Grace that there was a new janitor, Marjorie Keeping said delightedly, "We couldn't have had a better Christmas present!"

"But my good Lord, Miss Keeping, he's a gentleman janitor," objected Hannah. "He's got on spats."

"Spats on a janitor?" asked Miss Keeping incredulously.

"And pale gray gloves," continued Hannah, as if she could hardly believe her own words. "And he wants to know could he see you just a minute?"

"I'd rather look at a new janitor than anything else on earth," said Miss Keeping. "Come on, Grace."



"How did they get you for a janitor, Robert?" "If I told you it would sound like a story." "Both Grace and I are very fond of stories. Aren't we, Grace?" "Yes, Aunt Marjorie," answered Grace obligingly

tion—and her Love—as a Christmas Gift To

Janitor

By

Rebecca Hooper Eastman

Grattan Condon

Without waiting for the man to come upstairs, they followed him down cellar, where he could be heard rustling among mountains of papers which had contained Christmas presents before they were wrapped in gorgeous holiday trappings.

In the half-light of the flickering gas-flame, the new janitor looked tall, young, and spare, and so romantic in his general bearing that Miss Keeping longed to take him out to the daylight and examine him the way women do with fabrics in department stores.

"Merry Christmas," said Miss Keeping pleasantly. "And what shall I call you?"

"Merry Christmas," replied one of the most cultivated voices she had ever heard. "Robert."

"What became of the other janitor? Not ill, I hope, on Christmas?"

"No, Madam. He received larger gifts than usual this year, so he has taken passage on a boat which sails for Florida tonight."

"And how did they get hold of you, Robert?"

"If I told you, it would sound like one of these stories you read."

"Both Grace and I are very fond of stories. Aren't we, Grace?"

"Yes, Aunt Marjorie," answered four-year-old Grace obligingly.

"It's just this. I have an apartment down on the next block, in the house of the man who is agent for all these apartments and made-over houses." Miss Keeping lived in a made-over house because she liked real rooms. "Last night, when the janitor didn't show up to bank the fires, the agent came to me and said that I could make up some of my back rent by being janitor. You see, I've had

hard luck, and the way he put it, it was either the sidewalk—or being janitor."

It wouldn't have sounded pathetic on any day but Christmas. And it was the things that the man must have omitted from his story that worried Marjorie. She used Grace again.

"Grace doesn't wish to be personal, Robert, but she wants to know whether your money has given out." Be it parenthetically observed that Marjorie Keeping had a charming voice, soft, clear, and absolutely without edge.

The janitor was visibly affected by it. "Please thank Grace for her interest and tell her that my purse is richly filled with nothing," he said.

"Well—but how do you eat?"

"As I am posted in all my clubs, I shall simply discontinue eating. The health columns say that we all eat more than is good for us. The reason I wanted to see you, Miss Keeping, was to ask if you could give me any odd jobs you want done."

"When I feel an attack of sympathy coming on, I always act quickly," said Marjorie. "I should be ill if I didn't turn my sympathy into something constructive. And I have thought of a way you can earn some money at once, Robert. It's a strange, queer way, however."

"Any port in a storm, Madam," said the gentleman janitor gratefully.

"Then follow me," said Marjorie.

And she led the way straight upstairs into the apricot and silver room. Opening a closet door, she took forth a vast, flat, green-velvet box. When she pressed the button, the lid flew up and displayed an almost perfect example of a gosh-present. A gosh-present, of course, is the kind of Christmas present about which you say to yourself when you open it, "My gosh, why did they ever give me *that*?" It is always the acme of what you don't want.

Marjorie Keeping's this-year's gosh-present was a fish set. There was a different kind of fish bleeding to death on every one of the twelve scalloped, gold-bordered plates. On the platter, which had larger scallops and a deeper gold border, lay half a mackerel in a sea of realistic gore. The "set" was so skilfully displayed on draped, cotton-back satin that to see one piece was to behold the entire slaughter.

"Poor fishes—*all* got hurted!" moaned Grace, who always began to weep at the sight of the box.

WITHOUT even so much as an appraising glance at the lovely room, the gentleman janitor asked Miss Keeping if she wished to hire him to take it away and smash it.

But Marjorie had a more thrifty, if less ethical plan. "Down the street, in the house next but one to Sixth Avenue," she said, "live people who have hung cerise taffeta window curtains in every window of their bright red brick house. If you can sell the fish set to them, Robert, half the proceeds will be yours. With the other half I'll buy myself something I really like and call it a present from my—from the people who gave me the fish set."

"It's highly immoral of you not to pay me to smash it, and it's highly immoral of me not to smash it on my own," said the gentleman janitor.

He had stood the daylight test only too well. But as Marjorie sat there looking up at him as he stood before her with the gosh-present under his arm, there was no indication of a tumult that was going on within her. Something was, however, rapidly taking place inside her; something which made her say to herself sternly:

"Certainly *not!* Your eyes are playing you a trick! Even now that you see him upstairs, you're wrong about him. You want to do something which isn't done, even in *these* hectic, informal days. No matter if he is the handsomest creature you ever laid your eyes on, and a gentleman as well, there's absolutely no excuse for your even considering asking him to Christmas dinner. No matter if you *are* sorry for him! He wouldn't think much of you if you did ask him. Inhibit a little, if you haven't forgotten how. How would he know that this is the only time in your whole life that you ever *wanted* to do a thing like this? You'll cheapen yourself if you so much as mention the word dinner. Circumstances do *not* alter cases. Don't be weak. Stand your ground."

THE gentleman janitor had admired Miss Keeping's one etching. He had stayed as long as he decently could. There was no excuse for lingering. As he turned away with the gosh-present, Miss Keeping heard herself say in a casual tone, as if the whole thing had been arranged weeks before, and she was just jogging the man's memory,

"And by the way, I forgot to tell you that we dine at two."

The gentleman janitor didn't, as they say, turn a hair. But his tone thanked her, and his tone assured her that he realized that this was the only time she had ever done such a thing. She looked so sweet and so proud with the daring of it!

"I took it for granted that the hour was two," he said momentously.

And then—he was gone!

"Oh, Grace, I've *done* it," cried Miss Keeping, seizing Grace in her arms. "And you mustn't let me be skeptical, will you? Yet—why didn't I wonder about his clothes? He could sell them—he could sell those spats. Most certainly, Grace, he could sell those platinum cuff links. It's impossible for any one like him to be as penniless as he says he is. He has the ease of manner of a man to whom money is no consideration."

These, however, were only faint flickerings. The most of Miss Keeping was given over to an unreasonable, unreasoning satisfaction. And the news must be broken to Hannah.

Tagged closely by Grace, whose nurse had gone home for Christmas, Miss Keeping found Hannah basting a turkey which was just beginning to sizzle.

"Hannah," said Miss Keeping, concealing her apprehension, "the new janitor is dining with Grace and me."

Hannah closed the oven door and turned a red face to her mistress. She said nothing; she waited.

"Grace is so young that she will see nothing incongruous in the arrangement," continued Miss Keeping firmly. "Class distinctions are not what they were, but I don't know how you will feel about waiting on the janitor."

Hannah's hot face assumed an expression of intense relief. "If I hadn't listened and heard you asking and him accepting, I'd have caught him and asked him myself on his way out." Hannah was not troubled with inhibitions. "I knew by his forlorn looks he wasn't going to have any Christmas dinner. Now—thanks to goodness—he won't spoil my meal by eating with my sister and me. She was *so* pleased you let me ask her! For I couldn't stomach my dinner if I knew there was a pair of them spats under the same table."

This point being nicely settled, Miss Keeping and Grace returned to the tree and went on opening presents. Never had there been a tree so loaded! Miss Keeping's employer, Theophylact Farr, had sent wonderful gifts this year instead of his usual medium-sized check. And well he might! For Miss Keeping was his secretary, and was probably the only person on earth who understood Theophylact, and certainly the only person on earth who was not afraid of him. She took no credit for this; she considered that it was something chemical between them.

When Theophylact irrelevantly roared at her, in the midst of dictation, "I have an aunt!" Miss Keeping knew that he had been lying awake in a womanish fashion worrying over some ancient relative, and that he wanted her, Miss Keeping, to take a day or two off and go and investigate his aunt.

His greatest tribute to Miss Keeping had been the one mad day when everything went chaotic, and he had said,

"If *you* ever lose your nerve, I'm through!"

"Well, I shan't!" she said convincingly.

There was nothing romantic about their respect and admiration for each other; they were a perfect working team and rejoiced in it. Miss Keeping smiled delightedly when Theophylact said,

"I'm glad I'm not so queer as you are!"

For she knew he delighted in her queerness.

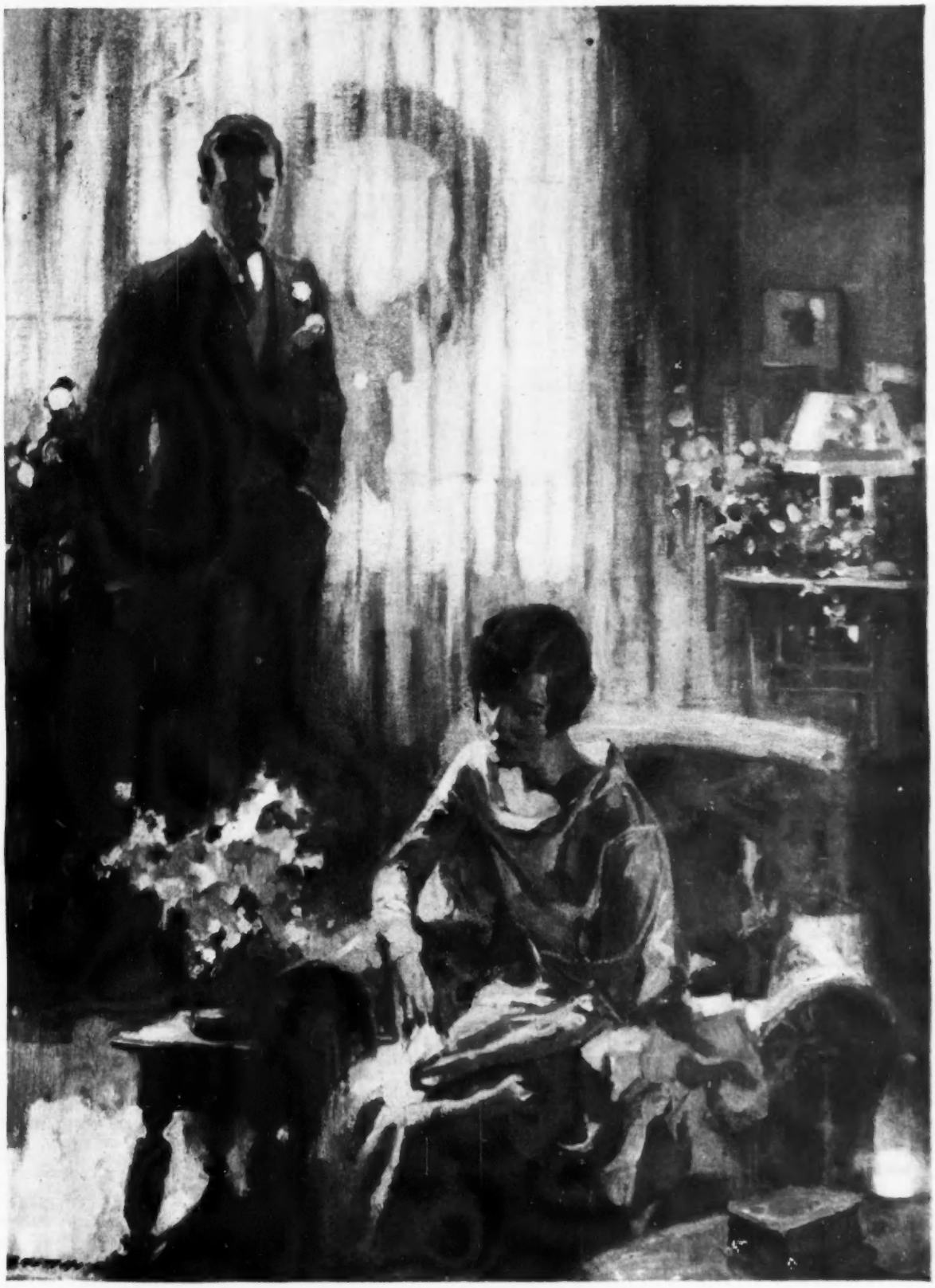
There was no doubt that she *was* queer. Inviting janitors to Christmas dinner was the least of her oddities. There was her fireless fireplace! That fireplace in her apricot and silver living-room wouldn't burn for the good reason that somebody had built a brick wall across the top of the chimney. None the less Miss Keeping bought shining silver andirons, and spread fluted paper under them English fashion, and topped the paper with three beautiful, white birch logs which it would have been a crime to burn. And she got so much fun out of the whole effect that you would either have envied her or thought her a fool.

MISS KEEPING'S only uncertainty was her own family. She had tried to bring them out of their provincialism; she had sent them fine books, and choice presents and more money than she could well spare. And they insisted on being unmoved. Miss Keeping felt wicked and uncomfortable every time she thought of them. Only by gritting her teeth could she convince herself that it wouldn't help them if she went back home and tried to give up such ideas as several sets of china and an apricot and silver living-room.

It was less than ten days before Christmas that Theophylact had turned lobster red and shouted at Miss Keeping,

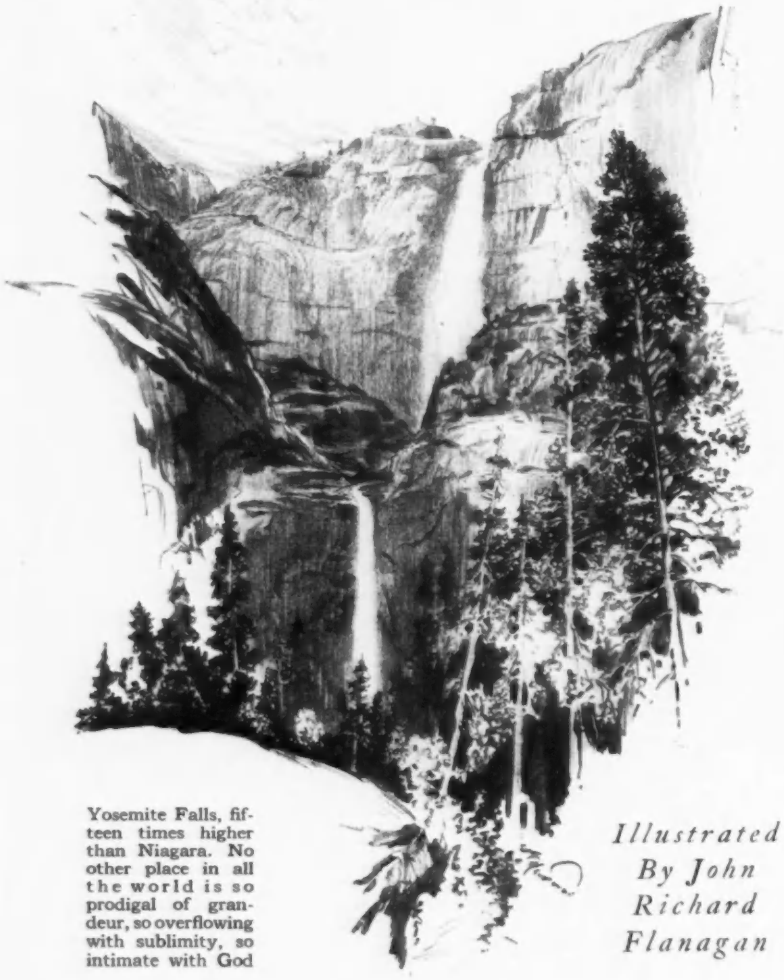
"There's a little girl four years old."

Instead of saying that the world was full of little girls four (*Continued on page 190*)



MARJORIE went slowly back into the living-room and sank down in a chair. "Don't explain yourself to me yet," she said to the gentleman janitor. "I've got to think, first"

The World Has Many Wonderful PLACES Let Frederick L. Collins *Tell You About Some of Them*



Yosemite Falls, fifteen times higher than Niagara. No other place in all the world is so prodigal of grandeur, so overflowing with sublimity, so intimate with God

Illustrated By John Richard Flanagan

THEY all look good when they are far away. That is a well-known saying. And a true one. Not only about girls, but about places. But after wandering over five continents and through many times five countries, I sometimes think that I like the near-home places best.

I write these words in a bungalow on the grounds of the Hotel Ambassador in that typically American community, *Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles:* the one, by the way, in which Jack Barrymore spent the first years of his cinema triumphs. "The World's Greatest Actor in the World's Greatest Bungalow" is the way the hotel people might have billed him, and if they had done so, they wouldn't have been far wrong.

The day I have spent in that typically American and typically Los Angeles institution, a motion picture studio. The evening I shall spend in that equally characteristic establishment, the Cocoanut Grove. In one night at the Grove, I have seen Jack Dempsey with Estelle Taylor, that warm beauty; Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell, before they decided to dance on separate floors; blonde Blanche Sweet and smiling husband, Mickey Neilan; Clara Bow, red-gold dress and red-gold hair, competing for the weekly dance prize; Thelma Converse, now Lady Furness and still Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt's sister; Ruth Roland, once a thriller queen, now the richest woman in Hollywood; King Vidor and Jack Gilbert, the creator and the created; Irving Thalberg, the boy producer, surrounded by a gay company; and Griffith, the old master, austerely alone.

In another hour these celluloid aristocrats will come rolling up the Ambassador driveway in their cream-colored town cars; or they will stroll hatless and wrapless across the flowered and pergolaed lawns which lie between the bungalows and the hotel. There may be gayer scenes in the casinos of Deauville and Biarritz and Cannes, but in many years of casino-going, I have never seen them.

This is not an "ad" for the Ambassador. Saturday night at the Biltmore is equally cinematographic, and any night in the latter hotel's gorgeous main dining-room provides delights which are not exclusively gustatory. Any native son will tell you that the women of California are the most beautiful in the world. Certainly they are among the best dressed. They give a great deal of attention to their shoes and stockings. And well they may, for the Lord seems to have given considerable thought to what he put in them. At least, that is my masculine impression after dining and dancing—but as I was saying, the main dining-room is quite as fine as the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador.

My favorite Biltmore room, however, is the little downstairs grill with its intriguing balcony and its chairs of Chinese red. And my favorite dish is the fruit cocktail, which is without doubt the best in the world. Mr. Bowman's hired men must start out in the morning with a huge market basket—the kind Alice Longworth used to carry Paulina in—and steal the most succulent fruits from every orchard in Southern California. The last time I was there, they didn't miss a tree!

All of which has very little to do, from a strictly chamber-of-commerce and travel-bureau standpoint, with what a really remarkable place Southern California is:

Coronado. Silver strand and golden oranges. Green waves and blue skies. Giant cupolaed hotel and cool, intimate courtyard. Tennis and polo. Tents and villas. Longest, whitest beach on the Pacific shore.

Catalina. Island of delight and William Wrigley. Sea gardens and hanging ones. Everything that swims, from the two-hundred-pound tuna to the pint-size bathing beauty. A good beach—and the only hotel in the world that serves gum as a *liqueur*.

San Diego. Lovely terraced city where California began. Memorialized by its world's fair and theosophized by Mrs. Tingley. A suavely beautiful silver-and-gold town that fronts a bay of carnelian and jade. Skies full of airplanes. Streets full of aviators. Just the place for a family of growing daughters.

Tia Juana. Where the races meet, both human and horse. A dirty, smelly, integrally wicked town. A Mexican Port Said. I was there when the World War broke: then it was infested with spies; now it is infested with spiders.

But, to change the subject and the direction there is:

Pasadena. City of millionaires and flowers. The first time I went there, my driver told me, "A good many of the aged come here to live." He was right. And so are they. Pasadena has everything: smooth, silken lawns, graceful, curving drives, rose-hung pergolas, magnificent homes, sumptuous hotels.

Riverside. Haven of the long-time guest. Street after street of low-browed bungalows filled to the piazza rails with high-browed people. A hotel full of junk and a mountain full of climb.

Santa Barbara. Gentle spot. Typical of all that is loveliest in American resort life. Typical of California's picturesque homes and comfortable hotels, velvet hills and rippling tides. Typical of California's golden call:

"So hath she called with her lips of song,
Of old with her breath of musk.
From hills where the sunlight lingers along,
And vales in the purple dusk;
And so from her soul's unwearied love
Rings the voice with its golden thrill;
From the seas below and the skies above
She is calling, calling still."

St. Augustine hasn't changed much in three hundred and fifty years. The gateway to the city still stands—although no longer closed against wandering northern tribes

I should love to linger longer in the sun-warmed southland—and I usually do!—in La Jolla's caves, or on Del Mar's crescent, or at Santa Monica, where the mountains join the sea, or among the missions which line the King's Highway: San Diego, the oldest; San Gabriel, the most imposing; San Luis Rey, the most happily situated; Santa Barbara, the most carefully preserved; San Juan Capistrano, of the most tragic history.

But San Francisco is calling me.

This time, I have come to California to work and not to play—at least, not to play too much. I have come to see Herbert Hoover in his Palo Alto home—by way of the Beverly Hills home of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford! The day before my departure from New York, I spent with Governor Smith. I was about to say that literature, as well as politics, makes strange bedfellows, but I don't think I'll chance it. I am sure Mary and Doug would understand, and probably Al. But Mr. Hoover might not!

Palo Alto is a college town in the California manner. Flower-strewn lawns and palm-lined avenues. Acres of red roofs and miles of green campus. Thousands of students and millions of endowment. All this and Hoover.

But before I reach Palo Alto, I shall have ridden for hours through the most fertile valley in the world—Nature's picture gallery, carpeted by orange trees and corniced by mountain snow. I shall have stopped for a day at:

Carmel. Carmel-by-the-Sea. The American Barbizon. Set like a watch-tower on its hillside of pines. Emerald trees and sapphire ocean. Harry Leon Wilson and a lot of people who don't write so well as Harry does.

And at:

Del Monte. In the Monterey country. Where Robert Louis Stevenson lived and worked. Where, according to Gouverneur Morris—its current Stevenson!—"from January first to January first again, there is no place in all the world that has so much to lavish."

And after Palo Alto and the Big Trees,

San Francisco. Far-western capital of the world. Not so large as ten other American cities, and yet somehow larger than most of them. A community of quick, wiry strength with just a touch of Oriental resiliency. A city of eternal youth—and fugitive charm.

There are more good times to be had in San Francisco than in any other town in America. San Franciscans enjoy themselves publicly, as the Europeans do, in their parks and in their restaurants. Especially in their restaurants! Here is where you eat and eat and eat. Julius's Castle on Telegraph Hill. Bernstein's Fish Grotto in Powell Street. (*Continued on page 217*)

Twelve years ago Miami was a place where you stayed overnight if you missed your boat to Nassau. Now Nassau is proud to advertise as "Miami's Island Suburb"

The BIG Kids and

Screams from the girls, a mad stampede—the wild, glorious terror of that shriek. From behind Whites' barn next door they saw the dark figures running

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

THE Thompson girls were washing dishes in the kitchen. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson had gone to call on Grandma Brewer. Jessie washed, since she was the older one, and Doris wiped. Jessie was in a hurry, but Doris always wanted to make it take as long as she could. Dish-washing time was the best time for playing their own special games, which they couldn't play with any one but each other. It was the time when Doris could really have all Sister's attention to herself, without any of the crowd of big kids. Doris asked the questions in order to drink in Sister's answers.

"Sister, now listen, you've got to tell me! If you could have twenty-five children—"

"Well, I never would have, you little idiot!"

"Well, some of them adopted. Twenty-five girls and twenty boys. What names would you choose to call them? What name would you choose for the first girl and the first boy, and then the next-oldest ones, and then the other ones?"

Sister could always think of such wonderful names—names that actresses and countesses might have, so much fancier and finer than Doris could think of for herself.

"Oh, I guess I'd start at the first of the alphabet and go along."

"Tell me some of them. *Please*, Sister. I want to hear what you say."

"Oh, well, then—Angelica, Barbara, Cynthia—Diantha—"

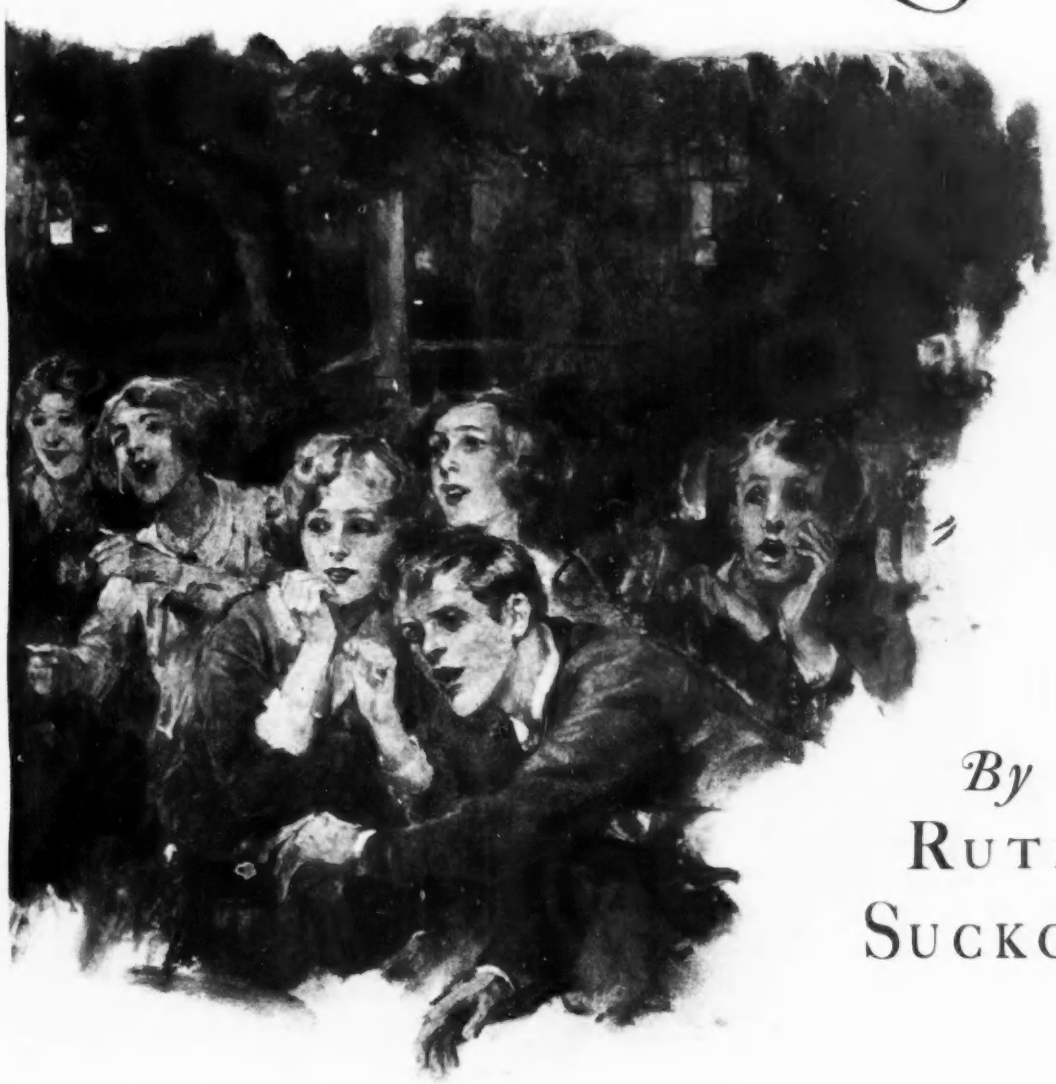
"That isn't twenty-five. That's only to D."

"Oh, Dorrie, I'm in a hurry. It takes too long. When I get the names said, then you'll want me to tell you how they're going to be dressed and all the rest of it. I don't want to play that tonight."

"Why not, Sister?"

Jessie kept glancing toward the screen

the LITTLE *Kids*



By
RUTH
SUCKOW

The Story Of A Little Girl Who Couldn't Wait To Be Big

door. It was beautiful outside: clear and cool and dusky, with just an exciting thrill of autumn in the air. Vacation was almost over. Somebody whistled outside. Jessie tried to look careless, as if she hadn't noticed it. But Doris was suspicious at once. More whistling—sweetly shrill, enticing through the dusk—and then above it all sounded the long-drawn-out, piercingly hideous call of the crowd, Sister's crowd, the big kids . . .

"PHEE-EE-ee—bit!"

Jessie wrung out the dish mop and hastily washed her hands. There was a whole stack of plates still to be wiped.

Doris was wild. "You're going to play outside tonight. The big kids are."

Jessie would not answer.

"Wait for me, Sister. Wait! You know I'm not through. I can't work as fast as you can. Don't go off without me!"

"That wasn't for you."

"I don't care, I'm coming along!"

In wild haste she put away the plates still wet, although she knew mamma would scold when she found them all sticking together in the morning. It was agony to think that Sister might be gone before she could finish—and she be left all alone, with the empty house and the empty yard, when they were having such a wonderful time . . .

She flew out of the house and let the screen door bang, jumped down the steps on to the cement walk that sent a jar all through her teeth and joggled the loose ones. Mabel and Bee had come past for Sister. They were almost to the corner now. Doris went running down the walk after them, stopping and holding her side, sobbing and frantically calling:

"Sister! You've got to wait! I'm almost up with you. You can't go off and leave me. Wai-ait!"

The three big girls turned. Jessie was

stern—that kid needn't think she could always follow!—but even her heart misgave her at the sight of the little, stumbling, eager, pitifully-hurrying figure. Doris had almost caught up with them now, and they could see her straining eyes and tear-stained face.

"You go back!"

"I won't do it."

"I'm not going to look after you."

"I don't *have* to be looked after."

"And I'm not going to stand up for you to mamma and papa afterward."

Doris was panting wildly, quivering, hopefully mute . . .

"Oh, well, I suppose we'll have to let her tag along."

They were going to play in the vacant lot. The little kids had that all to themselves in the daytime, but when the big kids wanted it in the evening, the little ones had to skedaddle. Some of the little kids were there now, playing pom-pom-pullaway. It was still light outside, and until it began to get dark the real big kids, like Red Bishop, scorned playing. But they were beginning to gather. The little kids didn't have much time left. Even if the big kids had been willing to let them stay, the mothers would be out calling them.

"Why don't you play with those kids?" Jessie asked.

"I don't want to."

"Well, you needn't think you can play with us. You'll have to just sit here and watch—you won't like that."

Doris didn't answer. She mutely evaded the hint to go home. The three big girls were walking about now, Jessie in the middle with her arms around the waists of the other two. Doris kept away from them. Maybe she *would* get to play after all. Anyway, she was here . . .

She liked pom-pom-pullaway. She had been caught only twice this summer, and both times by Robert Nichols, who was such a fast runner it didn't count to be caught by him. But pom-pom-pullaway was so tame compared to the big kids' games, the kind you could play only at night, in the darkness or by moonlight. She knew all about pom-pom-pullaway. She didn't want those little kids to see her or get hold of her.

The three big girls came back on their promenade.

"They're calling you, Dorrie," Mabel said. "They won't like it if you don't play with them."

"You could have so much more fun," Bee coaxed her. "You could keep up with them—you can't run fast enough for our games. You'll be left 'way, 'way behind, and just think how lonesome you'll be."

"Oh, let her alone," Jessie said severely. "She'll have to find out."

Doris was still warily and stubbornly mute. But they needn't think they could stick her off in that little old game! Not tonight.

It was dark now in the street under the shady trees, but the vacant lot still lay in a clear twilight. The dresses of the little girls flashed white as they ran. "Pom-pom-PULLaway!" But there was a minor tone now to the cry—the players were dropping out—the game was ending.

A long call sounded from across the street through the evening air. "El-see-EE-EEE!"

They were trying to keep on with the game, but one of the big kids said, "Your mother's calling you, Elsie."

Elsie's mother came picking her way through the dewy grass to get her two, one of them scampering ahead of her, while the other pulled back and was wailing.

Jessie said to Doris,

"If mamma knew you were here, that's what would happen to you!"

But mamma didn't know. And anyway, why couldn't she be here as much as Sister?

"PHEE-EE-ee-bit!"

That exciting call. Word had been sent from one of the crowd to the other, "Going to play outdoors tonight!"—and they were gathering now from all sides, running and flocking.

"Why don't we begin?" some one asked impatiently. "Make those little kids stop playing."

"We can't begin until Red gets here."

He was coming down the street now. His carroty hair flamed even in the dusk, and they could see his white shirt and recognize the masterful ease of his swinging stride. That showed how fast he could run. He was the fastest runner and the biggest boy. The crowd never did anything without him.

"Hey, Red!"

"Hey!" He leaped the ditch and came over to the crowd. "Looks like the gang's all here, huh? Hey, kids, you beat it. We want this place."

The little kids pretended not to hear him—except Bennie Salter, who was always obedient and scary, and scampered at once. Billy Godolphin smartly stuck out his tongue. But there was a scared bravado in his smartness. He ran around a circle all by himself on the playground, after the others had scattered, but in a few minutes he had vanished like the rest of them.

"What are we going to play?"

The big kids were all crowding around Red. Some of them wanted Beckon. But the word had already gone round that Red said it was to be Run-Sheep-Run tonight. Such a night couldn't be wasted on any other game. Besides, it might be the last of the whole summer.

"Well, who says Beckon?"

Two hands went up—wavered . . .

"How many vote for Run-Sheep-Run?"

Then came a great roar of "AYE!"

"Run-Sheep-Run has it."

Red and Pete were to be the leaders. That made a few jealous, but the leadership belonged to them. Pete was a big boy, too. But all of them—the girls especially—wanted to be chosen on Red's side. They were pretending to be unconscious and airy, but the watchful, hopeful glint of their eyes gave them away. Only Jessie Thompson, to the secret envy of the others, could be really unconcerned.

"Come on, kid," Red said easily. "You can be on our side." Doris's heart was thumping fast, and her eyes were wild and bright with eagerness

Well, she didn't need to be concerned! She was the fastest runner of the girls, the prettiest and most popular. Mabel and Bee were chattering with great animation, and not seeming to notice that they were about to choose sides now, but there was a breathlessness in Mabel's shrill voice.

"Who's going to play? Everybody here? Now get out, you kids."

The few little ones who remained—those Whaley kids, whose mother didn't care how long they stayed out—had all withdrawn into a watching, respectful row at the edge of the lot. Doris scorned even to look at them. The big kids were too much absorbed to notice her. She stood on the rim of the crowd, her eyes dark and bright, feeling that she was *among* them, anyway.

"Let me be chosen—oh, please, please, *please*, dear God and Jesus!" she prayed.

She shut her eyes tight. They were wrangling over the sides.

"Who has first turn?"

"Pete. Red chose last time."

"Aw, get out!"

"Sure he did!"

"But it's Pete's turn to hide first. Don't you remember?"

"Well, don't you know—?"

"Oh, go ahead. Somebody choose. Let's get going."

Every one knew it was because Red and Pete both wanted Jessie Thompson. Pete was the one who got her tonight. Red chose Bee then, just to show her. When Doris finished her prayer and opened her eyes, half the crowd were chosen. Her eyes had been shut so tightly that the lids hurt, and she blinked. Robert Nichols was such a fast runner that they had let him stay; and now with proud nonchalance, superior to his short trousers, he swaggered over to Pete's side. Mabel had not been chosen. She was too fat to run very well. She was pretending not to be aware of her isolation, but when Red glanced toward her, she made little conscious movements.

"Well, I guess I choose Mabel," he drawled.

She proudly joined his flock, with a triumphant glance at Jessie. At least she was on Red's side. That made up for everything.

"Are we through now? Everybody chosen?"

Only Doris was left, desolate and small.

"Who's that kid?"

"Oh, it's just Dorrie!" Jessie said with disdain. "She tagged along. She doesn't need to play."

But somebody else was coming—Chink Watson! "Hey, folks, hold on!"

They had to wait for Chink. "Here you come, old sox! I get him."

But that left one too few on Red's side. It wouldn't be fair.

"Why not take Dorrie?"

"She's too little. She couldn't run fast enough."

Her heart, that had felt so aching and forlorn a moment ago, was thumping fast. Robert Nichols, her old enemy, was standing up for her.

"She's a fast runner. Honest. I can hardly catch her sometimes."

"Aw," said Pete, disgusted, "we don't want any of those little kids."

Oh, how she *hated* Pete! She hoped he'd get caught—she hoped he'd fall down in the long, wet weeds and never be found.

They tried all their comforts. They pleaded with her. But Doris sat in forlorn isolation and let the tears stay thick in her lashes

And she hoped Sister would fall down, too—or anyway get caught—saying so impatiently,

"Oh, Dorrie doesn't know how to play this."

"I do! I *do* know how to play. I've played it lots of times!"

And she had, but a little-kids' Run-Sheep-Run, in the afternoon or just after supper—not the perilous, mysterious, exciting glory of the real Run-Sheep-Run at night. She couldn't give up her chance to be in that. Sister didn't *dare* keep her out. This one, one night—oh, she couldn't *bear* not having them decide; her breath choked her, and her eyes were wild and bright with eagerness.

She was praying frantically again, to God or Jesus, either one or both: "Oh, please, *please!* I'll give up everything—I won't ask for any Christmas presents—"

"Aw, let her play," Red said easily. "What does it matter? Come on, kid. You can be on our side." (*Continued on page 93*)

Children's Food Must Be PURE

A Last Minute Report On the Work

By

Harvey W. Wiley, M.D.

IN THE work incident to the censorship of advertising in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, which is done by Good Housekeeping Institute and the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health, we are now receiving valuable support from the Federal Trade Commission, which was established by Act of Congress, approved September 26, 1914. It would be idle to attempt to review all the points in which the aid of this Commission has been valuable to us. I can refer only to a statement of the work done during August, 1928, and to one earlier case.

The function of the Federal Trade Commission is not punitive. In this respect there is a radical difference in its activities from the purpose of the Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906. Under the organization and under the law establishing the Commission, all it can do is to require persons misrepresenting the character of their product to "cease and desist" therefrom. This is secured by the offending party entering into a stipulation which provides that it shall "cease and desist" from this false advertising.

During August a number of stipulations were entered into with regard to articles controlled by the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health which may be offered for advertising in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. I shall refer only to those in which the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health is interested.

There were pending before the Commission on the first of August, 945 cases. On the thirty-first of August there were pending 997 cases, 52 more than at the beginning of the month. This accumulation of cases was due largely to the fact that during August and still continuing, the Federal Trade Commission, by direction of an Act of Congress, had undertaken a nation-wide investigation of the activities of the public utilities. It has given practically all its time for the past two or three months to these investigations. Meanwhile the complaints of unfair competition in advertising have been accumulating.

One of the common and serious offenses against the Food Law has been the manufacture and sale of artificial fruit flavors and concentrates. Several cases of this kind have been prosecuted and convictions obtained, and light fines imposed under the Food and Drugs Act. This has been wholly ineffectual in stopping this offense against the law.

One of the outstanding features of the Federal Trade Commission is that it not only has brought before the bar of the Commission manufacturers of this kind, but it has successfully uprooted and destroyed this nefarious practise.

A typical example of the method of procedure of the Federal Trade Commission prior to August, 1928, is one in which I was personally interested. The NuGrape Company was ordered to "cease and desist" from misrepresentation of its product in interstate commerce. The respondent agreed to a stipulation that the Commission made to protect the public from being deceived by its false advertising. The following is a digest of the facts found by the experts of the Commission:

First: The sirup NuGrape which the respondent sells in interstate commerce contains a mere trace of grape juice. Not over 7 percent of its total volume. The bottled beverage contains less than 2 percent and probably not exceeding 1 percent of its total volume of grape juice. The beverage is given a purple color resembling grapes by the addition of artificial coloring matter. It does not derive its characteristic flavor, which simulates the flavor of grape (*Continued on page 156*)

Photograph by D. Warren Boyer

All efforts to protect the growing child from products that are less than perfect are more than praiseworthy: they are essential if the health and prosperity of the nation are to continue

If Your Children Need Sunlight

You Should Consider These Substitutes

By

Walter H. Eddy, Ph.D.

Photographs by H. Armstrong Roberts

THE ARTICLE on Sunlight revealed an unexpected volume of interest on the part of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING readers in the newer knowledge of sun-ray functions. Queries have come in every mail since the article appeared, and seem to justify further use of these pages for this subject, especially with the imminence of irradiated foods as a market problem. First, then, let me discuss the significance of the Steenbock process or patent, for the first irradiated foods you will be asked to buy will undoubtedly be prepared under this patent.

In distributing vitamins nature has been rather generous in the case of the A, B, C, and E varieties. With D she has been stingy. It is entirely unnecessary to buy pharmaceutical vitamin A, B, C, or E concentrates or tablets, for there are abundant natural foodstuffs rich in these factors. These same natural foodstuffs are, however, almost universally lacking in vitamin D. Traces of the vitamin are present in certain sun-grown vegetables, egg-yolk has a little, certain fish roe possess it in small quantity, but even these meager sources are unreliable, and milk, that dependence of infancy, is so poorly endowed that rachitic babies are almost inevitable on a diet of milk alone, whether the milk is human or cow. In brief, our only reliable natural sources of vitamin D today in quantities adequate to proper bone formation are the fish oils. Of these, cod-liver oil is the only one at all widely distributed or available.

Professor Harry Steenbock, of the University of Wisconsin, in 1923-4 made the important discovery that while foods in general lack this vitamin, many of them contain something which, under the action of certain sun rays, may become vitamin D, and that by intensifying the action of these rays he could increase this chemical change or activation. Steenbock experimented until he learned how to do it. He then patented his process. His patent was granted in August, 1928, four years after the discovery. The intervening years were spent in solving mechanical difficulties. The manufacturer or distributor of foodstuffs who advertises his wares as prepared by the Steenbock process is supposedly operating under this patent.

It is confessedly a function of patents to insure to their possessors protection of their invention and pecuniary compensation for their cleverness.

Babies properly sun-bathed need neither cod-liver oil nor irradiated food. Lacking adequate sunbaths, cod-liver oil or irradiated foods become essential and alternative

In the case of the Steenbock patent, however, the patent has been assigned by him to the Wisconsin University Alumni Foundation, and while admittedly administered by this Foundation as a source of revenue, the assignment and control was effected not only to provide funds for further scientific research in the university, but also to safeguard the public against unscrupulous use of the process in exploiting worthless products. "Prepared under the Steenbock process," then, means not only that foods have been treated in the manner devised by Steenbock, but that their potency in vitamin D is guaranteed by tests made in Wisconsin University laboratories or under the observation and scrutiny of Professor Steenbock himself.

It is entirely possible that other clever investigators may find ways of accomplishing this same end (*Continued on page 158*)

Everybody's Reading Mystery Romance Instead

Rhoda

Illustrated By

There was something so insolently and viciously feline in Claire's look—like a cat with its ears back—that it was no wonder old Forster cringed in his chair

CHAPTER XII

BABE and Martin stood staring at each other across a dead telephone.

"She'll try again in a minute," he said, "—unless something's wrong."

"Well, don't send for the undertaker yet," Babe snapped at him. "What would be wrong? Give the kid a chance." But in the next breath she added inconsequently, "What do you suppose made her voice sound so funny?"

"Sure it was hers, are you?" he shot at her.

"Oh, my God," cried Babe disgustedly, "don't I know Red's voice? Look here, have you really got anything on your mind, or are you just generally cuckoo—about her, I mean?"

"I've got that Cleveland woman on my mind," he answered, not bothering to stop to parry her thrust at him, "and a man named C. J. Forster, who wants to get hold of her pretty badly, and I don't know why. He's been advertising for her and somehow or other has managed to find her."

Babe asked rather tensely how he knew.

"It was Forster," he told her, "who brought you two down to work this morning in his limousine. Where did he pick you up? Just as you were leaving the building here?"

She answered with a nod, but he noted that she looked rather dazed.

"Well," he demanded sharply, "what's on *your* mind?"

"I guess it's my fault, then, if anything's happened," she said, pretty humbly for Babe. "I know how he found her, all right. You see, I answered his ad myself. He telephoned one in, the morning after Max had brought me home. Max had asked me that night if her real name wasn't Rhoda McFarland. I took the ad over the phone and got Forster's name and address. I'd tried to get Red to answer it the night before, but she wouldn't. It said 'something to her advantage,' and I thought it probably was. So I called him up at lunch time at the Worcester and told him if he'd write her a letter in my care, I'd forward it to her. I didn't see how that gave her away, but it must have, somehow. I suppose you'd like to beat me up for butting in like that."

He patted her shoulder instead. "It's no use worrying about that now," he said. "I'm glad you told me. It's between him and the Cleveland woman, then. They are fighting each other, that's one good thing. But one of them has got her somehow. If that had been a plain broken connection, she'd have called again—"

The telephone bell interrupted him. Babe was nearer and caught up the instrument before he could get to it.

"Red," she cried, "is that you?"

But it wasn't Rhoda. Babe was looking rather puzzled.

"No," Martin heard her say. "She hasn't come back

Stories. Here Is One With A Of A Murder

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

W. G. Ratterman

yet. We're expecting her . . . This is her friend, Babe Jennings.—Say, who *is* this?"

Martin started over to take the telephone away from her, but she clung to it, pressing the mouthpiece tight against her chest.

"Martin!" she cried excitedly. "I think it's the woman at the station—the Cleveland woman! Listen and see if she sounds like she did when you telephoned to her this afternoon."

He had been motioning at her frantically to take the transmitter away.

"She can hear every word you say when you hold it like that. Talk to her! Ask her where she is. Give me the receiver so I can hear what she says."

But all he was in time to hear was the click of disconnection. Claire had hung up on them.

"Well," Martin remarked as he himself hung up, "thanks to that chest trick of yours, she knows how we framed her and Max this afternoon. But she hasn't got Rhoda, or she wouldn't have called up here to ask for her. That makes the Worcester our best bet. I'm going there now to try to find her. You stick—tight, you understand—to that telephone, so you can answer the second she calls, if she does call again. I'll call up myself as soon as I get to the Worcester, to find out if you've heard from her. So long, and don't go to sleep at the switch."

With that he snatched his hat and fled.

Fifteen minutes later, from a telephone booth in the lobby of the Worcester Hotel, he called back the studio and asked Babe if she'd heard anything from Rhoda. She hadn't, and she was on the point of mutiny. She wanted to go out and try to do something herself. When he'd dissuaded her from this, she demanded to be told what he was going to do.

"I can't tell you over the phone," he said irritably. "I'll find her all right."

But he was feeling rather small and disingenuous as he hung up, for the fact was that he'd as yet formed nothing that deserved to be called a plan. Rhoda needed help, and she'd called to him for it—or tried to. Whatever her plight, he believed Forster was responsible for it. So he meant to get at Forster and put the screws on him, though just what his resources were, in the way of screws applicable to the crippled old millionaire, he hadn't tried to reckon in detail.

It struck him now, as he was on the point of leaving the booth, that it might be better strategy to try to make his appointment for an interview over an outside line than by going to the hotel desk and asking for him. So he looked up Forster's number in the book, went back into the booth, and telephoned from there.

When a man's voice answered with a "Hello? Who is this?" he said that he was a reporter from the *News* and he wanted a personal interview with Mr. C. J. Forster.

The rather surprising answer came back: "This is Mr. Forster speaking. What was it you wanted to speak to me about?"

Apart from the fact that you wouldn't have expected Forster to answer his own phone, there were two queer things about this. The rhythm of his talk wasn't right. The man wasn't speaking for himself. He was being

Martin sprang up the steps to Rhoda and stood beside her, looking out at the scene she was so absorbed in watching through the tears blurring her vision

prompted. This meant, of course, that he wasn't Forster, but was impersonating him under orders from some one else. The other strange thing was that his voice was one that Martin half recognized; felt, at least, that he ought to be able to recognize.

"I don't much want to talk about it over the telephone," Martin said, and then added casually, "—And I don't believe you do either."

Evidently they—whoever they were at the other end—had to go into conference over this remark, for it produced quite a silence. Finally the man who said he was Forster asked:

"Who are you? What's your name?"

On Martin's telling him he asked: "Where are you talking from? How long would it take you to get here?"

Over that question Martin paused a moment. But even so he answered without having quite thought out the consequences of his reply. "I think I can be at the Worcester within fifteen minutes," he said.

There might be some strategic advantage in not letting them know that he was already in the hotel.

"If you've really got anything to say, you can have your interview. But you'll have to tell me what it's about."

"It's about," said Martin, "the disappearance of Miss Rhoda McFarland. Do I get my interview?"

There was a long silence at that. Evidently they were having an argument about it.

"Nothing doing," the voice said at last. "I don't know that she's disappeared. I don't know that there's any such person."

"You don't want to say, then, why you've been advertising for her?"

The only answer he got to that question was a click which meant that the other receiver had been slammed down on the hook. So Martin hung up, too, and left the booth. Then, in order to be as inconspicuous as possible while he was deciding what to do next, he went and sat down in one of the big armchairs in the lobby.

The first thing to find out was the number of Forster's apartment, and of course the obvious way would be to walk up to the desk and ask the clerk. But instinctively he shied at that. Forster was no ordinary transient guest here. A man as rich as he was, and permanently domiciled here, would have special defenses. You wouldn't be able to mention his name without starting something. The better way would be to drift into casual talk with somebody, a bell-hop or the girl who sold theatre tickets, lead up to his question, and ask it idly.

It wasn't so easy as it looked, to frame that question so it would sound casual. And if he failed, if his question roused suspicion, he'd be worse off than if he'd gone straight to the clerk in the first place. Confound it, why did he have to waste such a lot of time thinking?

With no warning knock, Martin opened before Max could turn she rapped out: at him, that she could have no idea who

He wasn't wasting time, as things turned out. His gaze was questing about the lobby, noting everything everybody did, studying faces in the hope of finding one dull and friendly and unsuspicious enough to suit his purpose.

The man who had just come down in one of the elevators and now stood talking to the captain hadn't a face like that; very much the contrary, in fact; bleak and rocky as a chunk of the great American desert, and he talked as if he were biting off the heads of finishing nails. In his double-breasted blue-serge suit he looked like the house detective; too much like him to be him, probably, yet not the sort of person for Martin to go on staring at.

But Martin kept right on staring at him, regardless of the risk of catching his eye, until, in his own mind's eye, he had put a derby hat on his head and a brown overcoat on his back and a little leather notebook in his hand and recognized him. He was the man who had come to the studio last night, getting names for the new city directory. And this identification led on so quickly to another that it was like firing the second barrel of a shot gun. This was the man whose voice he had just now been trying to remember, the man on the telephone who had been pretending he was Forster.

He hadn't wasted any time getting downstairs from Forster's apartment, and the action, following so closely on their telephone conversation, had to Martin the look of springing directly from it. It seemed a reasonable guess that the instructions Blue Serge was giving the captain were that any reporter or other inquisitive person asking questions about C. J. Forster or trying to get through to him was to be dealt with in a special manner.

Satisfied that the captain understood these instructions, whatever they were, Blue Serge left him and crossed the lobby to the desk. Here his business was not with the clerk but with the manager, who promptly came out of his little private office to talk with him. The manager was taking orders, too; not with any show of deference for the giver of them, but with an alertness which showed he recognized their importance.

the door and stepped inside. The girl Max was talking to wasn't Rhoda, and "Who are you? What are you doing here?" Martin realized, as she stared he was. But he would never forget that voice. She was Claire Cleveland

Leaving the desk and a completely instructed manager behind it, the man in the blue-serge suit now started across the lobby in a new direction—one that would bring him, unless he veered off, uncomfortably close to Martin's chair. But before this embarrassment became acute, he was diverted by one of the bellboys, who crossed his path. The boy seemed perfectly unaware of him, but Blue Serge, after a sharp look, turned on his heel and went back to the desk, summoned the manager again, brought him out into the lobby a little way, and nodded after the boy. Then he went off and disappeared into an elevator.

Martin sat still in his chair, not quite sure whether he was wasting time or whether things were really coming into focus. It was worth waiting another minute for, he decided. But he didn't have to wait. The last scene of the swift little pantomime followed immediately.

The manager, returning to his office, paused for a word to the bell captain. The bell captain spoke to the boy Blue Serge had pointed out. The boy, with a look of surprise, went into the manager's office to come out again a minute or two later flushed, indignant, and withal profoundly puzzled. Something had happened to him that he seemed utterly at a loss to account for; discipline, evidently, that he felt to be undeserved. He was coming along slowly in Martin's direction. That was luck.

There was a service door of some sort right beside his chair. That was luck, too, for it wasn't until the boy was in the act of passing his chair that the significance of the little play clicked into a pattern in the reporter's mind. That boy had seen something. He possessed, probably without suspecting it, some piece of damaging information, and they'd taken measures to prevent his giving that information away. Probably discharged him. Anyhow laid him off on a fictitious pretense.

If this was a good guess, Martin had something to tell him. He rose from his chair just when his doing so intercepted the boy's progress toward the service door.

"I guess you're looking for me," he said.

The boy stopped in surprise and answered, "I'm not looking for anybody that I know of."

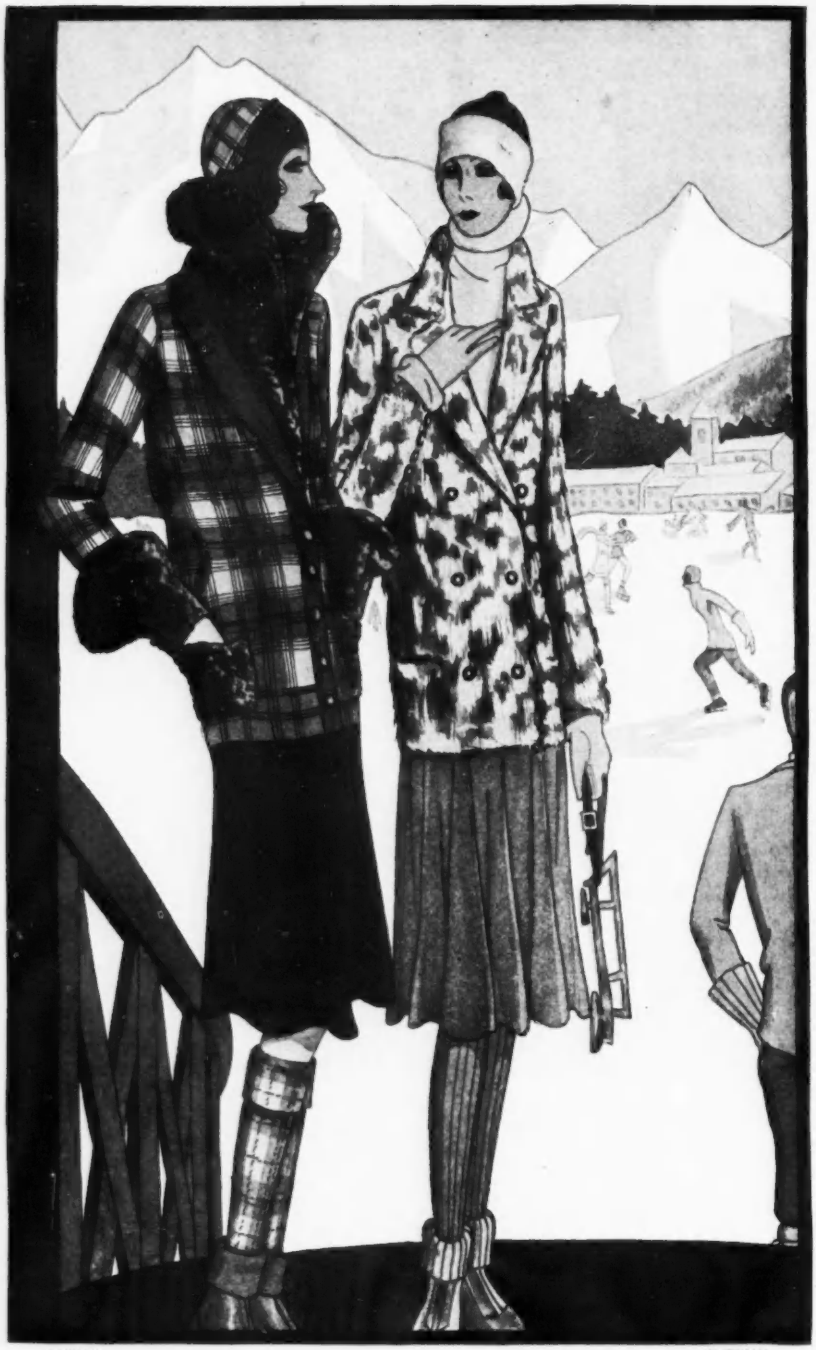
By that time Martin had moved away from his chair a little to where one of the great, square pillars of the lobby cut off the view of the desk. The boy followed him uncertainly and asked,

"What made you think I was looking for you?"

Martin took the plunge. "If they just laid you off," he said, "I think I can tell you why they did. Who's the hatchet-faced man in the blue-serge suit who works for Forster? He pointed you out to the manager just now."

"Do you mean Conley? I haven't done anything to him. Say, who are you? How do you know they laid me off?"

"Conley's expecting a reporter around here in a few minutes, a reporter from the *News*, who's trying to find out about the disappearance of a girl. Conley knows more about it than he wants to tell, and he doesn't want the reporter to find out anything. He had you laid off because he thought you (*Continued on page 108*)



PREMET GUTTMAN

PARIS GIVES A SERIOUS THOUGHT TO A GAY MODE AND SENDS ITS NEWEST FASHIONS FOR SKATING, SKIING, AND WINTER TRAVEL

PREMET *chose black velveteen for the circular skirt of the first skating costume above, the coat of plaid wool with baby lamb, the cap and hose matching the coat. Chevrette, or young kid, in cream color with brown spots, is the fur in the skating jacket of Guttman's, worn with a brown wool skirt, a white woolly shirt, a cap of wool in brown and white, and dark-brown, ribbed hose*

THE REALM OF WINTER SPORTS

BY HELEN KOUES, DIRECTOR

PATOU

PATOU *designed this skiing costume, the trousers and jacket of thick, black woolen cloth, the sweater of white wool with red and black dots, the scarf, cap, and mittens of white wool*

MARY NOWITZKY *uses navy-blue jersey for this skiing costume of hers, the sweater dotted with red and white with flower to match. The cap is navy and white knitted wool*

NOWITZKY

FROM Paris come smart new models for winter sports, designed with all the skill of such great makers as Patou, Chanel, Nowitzky, Schiaparelli, and Irfé.

Freedom of motion is, of course, important, just as it is essential that such clothes must be warm and comfortable without being cumbersome One of the great winter resorts of Europe, Saint Moritz, has set many a style which, in recent years, has conformed to practicability and comfort, and has been quickly adopted the world over.

Each sport makes its own demand. What is comfortable for skating would not be for skiing. This has resulted, both there and in America, in the long trouser tucked into the ski boot for skiing, and the short skirt for skating.

Just such smart costumes as these illustrated are to be found in the smart New York shops and will be worn at Lake Placid, Quebec, and the Vermont resorts during the season of winter sports. The real sportswoman knows that there must be freedom to ski, and therefore the long, tucked-in trousers have become acceptable. As balance is all-important, the short, close jacket which will no be caught by the wind is also used. Materials for such costumes must be closely woven to prevent snow and wind from drifting in. Gabardines and pressed, highly-glossed, finely-woven flannels are chosen, usually of solid colors, although blacks and navy blues are used as a background for vivid scarfs in some cases, while in others, the suit itself is of a vivid color with the scarf, cap, and mittens a contrast. Against the snow striking colors are attractive.

SCHIAPARELLI IRFÉ

SCHIAPARELLI AND IRFÉ. *Rough, gray homespun forms the outer layer of the coat, the second layer silk-and-wool ottoman; the ensemble is in a tan and gold diagonal weave*

The skating costume is somewhat different. It also demands the short jacket, which, unlike the ski coat, may be of fur, worn with a short, circular skirt which follows fashion's trend. This season the skirts and jackets are a contrast in color and frequently material. In the Premet model illustrated, black velveteen is used for the skirt, worn with a plaid jacket smartly trimmed with baby lamb. Plaid is repeated in the wool stockings and in the top of the cap, which for becomingness' sake is faced back with a solid color. Under the Guttman fur jacket a wool sweater with a high rolled collar matches the facing of the tight-fitting cap and the gloves, while the ribbed stockings harmonize with the color of the skirt.

Certainly one may wear more colorful clothes for skating and skiing than for any (*Continued on page 184*)

IRFÉ GUTTMAN

IRFÉ *and* **GUTTMAN.** *Rubberized crêpe de Chine was used by Irfé for this exceedingly smart raincoat in a lovely shade of tobacco brown. Its soft neckline and distinctly bloused back are interestingly new in raincoats. White shaved lamb is the Guttman sports coat, lined with navy-blue crêpe de Chine and banded with the same*

PATOU *designed the wearable sports ensemble (below), in beige and brown, the jumper and skirt of jersey, the coat of soft wool trimmed with smart blue fox fur*

PATOU

THE French designers all make smart clothes for the Riviera season in Europe—Cannes, Monte Carlo—which are quickly brought here for our own southern resort season in Florida or in sunny California.

From our Paris office come new designs from Patou, Mary Nowitzky, and Cheruit, smart homespuns from Schiaparelli, the right raincoat from Irfé, and as a climax, the fur sports coat of white shaved lamb, from Guttman.

Just as important as silhouette are colors and materials. This season white with color is the fashion song of the daytime for the south. White, one-piece, sleeveless, silk frocks with colored cardigans with sleeves will be the rule—white with yellow, white with green, white with red, white with blue, white with orange. In fact, all the colors of the rainbow in jersey cardigans will be worn over simple, white silk frocks; and also printed two-color jackets with white piqué.

SPORTS-LIKE SIMPLICITY PREVAILS FOR SOUTHERN WEAR

PATOU *and* NOWITZKY. *Red crêpe marocain is the first sports frock (below), while the two-piece costume has a slate-gray tweed skirt and a gray-and-blue silk jumper*

SCHIAPARELLI CHERUIT

SCHIAPARELLI *and* CHERUIT. *Rough, gray homespun flecked with yellow is the material in this exceedingly smart suit with a tuck-in shirt of matching silk, while deep yellow ochre is the color of the cardigan suit, skirt and cardigan, jersey, blouse, matching silk with gilt buttons*

PATOU MARY NOWITZKY

The hat of the season will be the Basque béret of black or navy-blue, which is now even smarter than the small hat matching the cardigan or of white to match the dress.

Stockings will be a sunburn shade, worn under smart, short, woolen socks which have turn-over cuffs in a color to match the cardigan. Sports shoes are simpler than formerly, in plain white buckskin, or white buckskin with the wing tip of tan calf. The scarfs which played so big a part last season now give way to smaller smart affairs which are fan-shaped to carry out the flaring cut of the skirt and the color scheme of the dress, and which may be closely looped at the neck. Last but not least among the accessories, belts find a place. They are worn with every kind of daytime costume, leather ones for tweeds and woolens, silk ones of self-material, but in a contrasting color, for the little frocks worn with (*Continued on page 153*)

THIS YEAR YELLOWS AND GREENS LEAD THE SMART COLORS

PAQUIN PAQUIN VIONNET

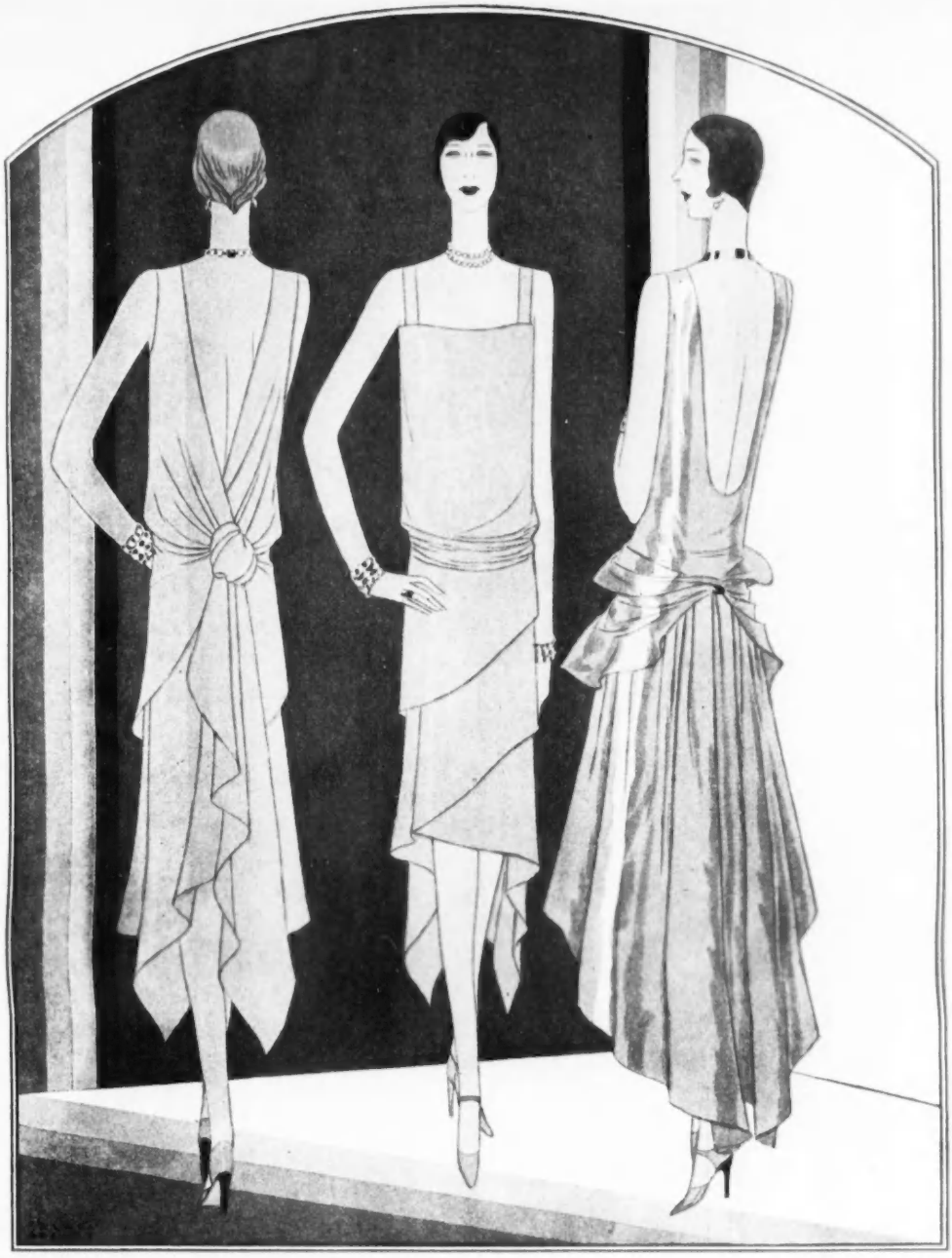
PAQUIN *manipulates broadtail fur with the same dexterity as cloth in the suit above left, which indorses the new finger-tip-length coat*

PAQUIN *borders a three-quarter coat with blue fox in the ensemble above, while* VIONNET *combines black velvet and ermine*

THREE EXPONENTS OF THE SMART DAYTIME MODE — THE FINGER-TIP COAT, BROADTAIL FUR AND BLACK VELVET

AS WE go to press, our Paris office sends us news of the mid-season openings, which, though less important than those of August and February, are indicative of the trend of the mode for two good reasons: first, because they follow up August's tentative novelties, and second, because they actually prove which models have met with success with the Parisienne. The mistakes are weeded out, and new lines that were well received are now stamped with the seal of definite approval.

Molyneux showed their August collection again and added eighty new models. They continue the same lines, with the full skirt and moderate waist-line over which often the bodice is bloused. The blouse is so definite at Molyneux that in street things it takes the form of a wide tuck or jacket effect, whereas on evening things it is merely bloused and weighted with lead to hang over the tight hips. Loose panels on the back of skirts, heavy ruches around the knees of several afternoon or dinner gowns, a great many plaids, the continuation of brown, and of lace dresses for evening, are the outstanding points of this collection.



PATOU LOUISEBOULANGER

PATOU *achieves a new silhouette in this gown of rose satin crêpe, which shows the up-in-the-back retroussé drape and surplice line*

LOUISEBOULANGER *introduces a double flange on either hip to lend formality to the yellow taffeta gown, above, cut low in back*

BACK DRAPERY, GREATER LENGTH OF SKIRT, AND A SURPLICE CLOSING CHARACTERIZE THE WINTER'S EVENING FASHIONS

Chantal's little collection showed thirty new models, in which the colors were as beautifully handled as ever. Madame Chantal loves to mix greens and mauves, and she used many reds both alone and blended. She also clings to the classic square necks, and the blouse and skirt that contrast. There is often a dropped shoulder line which is new, and a noticeable effort to push taffetas. Three-quarter taffeta coats, and even one charming model with a blouse of wool crêpe attached to a taffeta skirt, are a spring hint only, for of course taffetas can not be worn in the winter for the daytime. Chantal uses a great deal of white for the evening.

Augusta Bernard introduced a few new models with her collection, which she was showing for the second time. Her models are simple, moderate waist-line, tight hips, with much interest either on the side of hips or exactly in front—the material that swathes the hips is always made to do something in the way of an interesting knot, bow, or design where it comes together. Her collars also are often swathed affairs that start like (*Continued on page 199*)

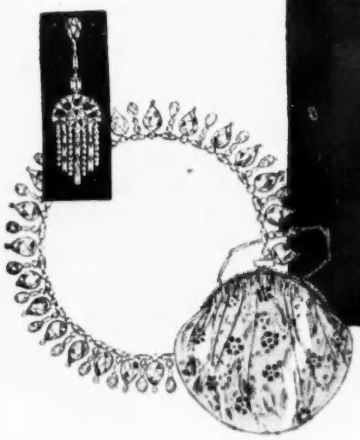
CLOTHES FROM FRANCES CLYNE

BERGDORF GOODMAN

Long, Slender Bodice Lines and Smart, Contrasting Color

For formal afternoon wear under a fur coat, the dress of printed satin, above, relieves the monotony of the winter's plain fabrics. Its molded hipline and flared skirt, essentially feminine in line, make it equally appropriate for an afternoon "at home." Smartly shaped, in a mitre effect, is the small, black-reindeer bag with a fine marcasite frame, while the melon-cut, emerald-like set of choker and bracelet to match is the mode's newest whim in day-wear jewelry. Accessories, Bergdorf Goodman

Color is the fundamental essential to chic today, and never has color played such a rôle in the mode. When harmony was the keynote to smartness, dressing was simple, but this season all hangs on the right color combination, for it is smart to wear a coat and dress that contrast in color. With a red coat wear a brown dress; and with the black broadcloth coat and skirt pictured at left, furred with cross-fox, select a champagne crêpe tunic embroidered in self tones to repeat the fur's lightest shade



MODELS FROM BERGDORF GOODMAN
LAZARNICK, PHOTOGRAPHER

Flaring Skirts for Evening — Effects for Afternoon

A long, slender bodice line, firmness of hip, fulness below—here is the formal evening silhouette, as illustrated in the Worth gown of smartly stiff, bright blue, warp-printed taffeta above. It shows an underdress of matching lace and the new side fulness, now somewhat replacing the dip at the back. The extremely low back décolletage, characteristic of the season, insures formality and elegance of line and is appropriate for town or Southern wear. Crêpe de Chine sandals, Saks-Fifth Ave.

Infinite variety marks evening wraps this winter, and equally smart is cape or coat, whether long or short, luxuriously furred or not, of velvet, lamé, brocade, or fur. Smartest of all remains the slim, wrappy coat illustrated at right, which selects white-and-gold damask brocade and a richly furred collar and cuffs of mountain sable. The jewelry group above shows a rhinestone and baguette drop necklace, sunburst rhinestone earrings with baguette chain drops, and an exquisite, brocade pouch bag

HOW TO ORDER

Just send check or money-order, together with description of size and color wanted, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

Our Shopping Service Will Buy For You

Two charming dresses to wear in the house in the early spring are shown left above; first, a pretty, one-piece, cotton-print frock with deep V neck, white broadcloth vest; a string belt attached; in blue-and-white or heliotrope-and-white; 36 to 44, $1.95. Second, a linen dress showing a surplice opening and white, scalloped linen collar; blue or heliotrope; 16 to 44, $5

Modern women insist upon becomingness at all hours of the day, and for them we have chosen the two practical dresses, above right, one of cotton floral print with button opening and string belt; blue or black with white; 36 to 44; only $1.95; the other, of printed broadcloth, with a white vest; white ground with blue or lavender, both touched with red; 36 to 46, $3.95

For afternoon, the two-piece scarf dress of Canton crêpe, left, shows a surplice treatment which gives the new molded hip-line; blue, beige, green, red, black, or coffee brown; 14 to 20, $29.50. The chiffon evening dress has a draped girdle tied at side and full, circular skirt which dips in back; black, queen blue, gooseberry green, violet; 14 to 20, $29.50

Two-piece suit, second right, in zephyr-wool weave, has a skirt buttoning at left; forest green, brown, royal or claret flecked with white; 12 to 38, $19.50. Triangular modernistic scarf; green, rust, or blue, $2.95. Two-piece cardigan dress of tweed-like jersey has a white piqué vest and plaited skirt; in garnet, afghan brown, greenish blue; 14 to 42, $16.75

Smart, Semi-Made Dresses For The Difficult, In-Between Season

Six smart, semi-made dresses on this page to help you bridge over the in-between winter season. They come cut to your size with all the difficult sewing finished. The first, an ensemble of novelty tweed silk, consists of a one-piece sleeveless dress and long-sleeved cardigan. The reverse side of the material, lighter in color, makes the bodice, which is trimmed in the right side: black or brown with white; 14 to 40; $14.95

Spring introduces printed tweed weaves on silk, as shown in the two-piece dress second above, semi-made, with all the difficult sewing finished. The V-necked blouse shows a novelty scarf treatment attached at left shoulder but loose in back; long sleeves trimmed with silverized buttons matching ones on scarf; a two-inch suède belt buckles in front; box-plaits in front; black-and-white or brown-and-white; 14 to 40, $13.95

With little expense you can freshen your winter wardrobe by buying one of these semi-made frocks cut to your size with only seams and hems to sew. Softly becoming is that of flat crêpe, at right, which shows a straight bodice and novel skirt which develops three circular flounces. The V neck with ties and bow, as well as flounces and sash, is finished; in black, navy, beige, or French blue; 14 to 40, $10.95

A one-piece, semi-made dress above, of lightweight tweed mixture, opens down left side and has a youthful, detachable, white-linen collar and cuffs all finished; contrasting buttons and patent-leather belt furnished; gray, tan, or blue; 14 to 40, $9.95. Of printed cotton foulard, the one-piece frock beside it shows a turn-back collar and plain tie; black on white, navy on beige, or navy on gray; 16 to 44, $3.50

All cut to your size, the two-piece, flat crêpe dress at left is semi-made, with all the difficult sewing finished. The front of the blouse is sewed in three pieces, giving an unusual line, and small, inverted tucks appear at shoulders; skirt finely plaited in front. Tucking is finished, scarf made up, plaits on skirt stitched, material for bodice, buttons, and buckle included; marine blue, beige, green, or red; 14 to 42; $8.95

HOW TO ORDER

Let our Shopping Service speed these smart clothes to you. Select the ones you want from these two pages and send check or money-order to cover the amount, together with description of size and color wanted, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City.

Three lovely, inexpensive batiste nightgowns, all hand-made; the first, right, in peach or flesh with contrasting edge and flower appliqué; 15 to 17; $1.65; 2nd, right, center, in flesh, peach, or white, with edge and appliqué; 15 to 17; only $1.25; below, white only, embroidered, neck square or V; 15 to 17; $1.95

HOW TO ORDER
Let our Shopping Service buy and send promptly to you this attractive lingerie. Just give size and color, and send check or money-order to GoodHousekeeping Shopping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

Pretty and inexpensive are the girl's striped broadcloth pajamas, center, with slip-on top, patch pocket, and draw-string-top trousers; blue, pink, or green with white; 12 to 18, $1.95 White batiste slip, above, shadow-proof hem, entirely hand-made and embroidered; top finished in real Irish edging, inverted side plaits; 34 to 44; $1.50

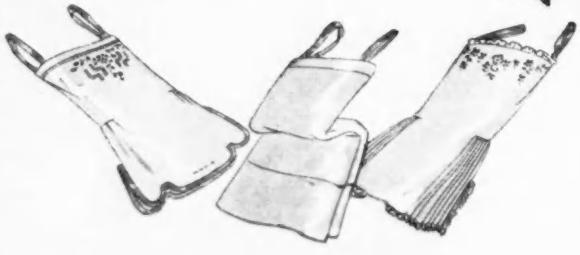
For evening is the pink crêpe de Chine dance set, right, which includes a fitted brassière lined in white net, and scalloped pantie, both piped in blue and embroidered in French knots; 14 to 18 yrs., $4.95. Pink crêpe de Chine knickers, below, fitted yoke front, elastic at knees, finished with picoted georgette points; 21, 23, 25 length; $3.95

Entirely hand-made and embroidered, this crêpe de Chine gown, edged with Val-like lace, is only $4.95; it comes in flesh, peach, or nile, with belt; in sizes 34 to 42; $4.95. The lovely batiste gown (top, right fig.), edged with real Irish lace, is trimmed with appliqué and embroidery, all hand-made; flesh, peach, or white; 15 to 17; only $1.50

For a charming negligée effect, buy these lovely crêpe de Chine pajamas and coat, left, in peach, flesh, nile, or maize, with contrasting georgette bands; pajama top is sleeveless and embroidered; 34 to 40; coat, $6.95; pajamas, $6.95 Hand-made crêpe de Chine slip, above, left; Val-like lace, embroidery; flesh, peach, or nile, 34 to 40; $4.50

Rare Values In New Lingerie

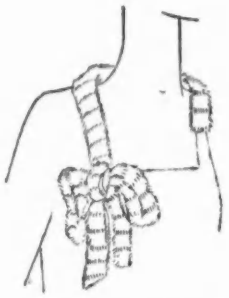
Step-in chemise, right, of pink crêpe de Chine, hemstitched, embroidered, and bound in blue; 14 to 18 yrs., $2.95. Crêpe de Chine slip, center right, with draw-string hem around top, shoulder-straps of self-material, deep hem below, and inverted side-plaits; flesh, white, tan, black; 34 to 42, $2.95. Crêpe de Chine step-in chemise, extreme right, edged in Val-like lace and embroidered; side plaits; flesh, peach, nile; 34 to 40; $2.95



An exquisite, hand-made nightgown is this one of crêpe de Chine, above, with scalloped border, all bound in contrasting color, hemstitched and embroidered in the color of the piping and with narrow silk belt; peach, flesh, or nile; 34 to 42; only $4.95 Little crêpe de Chine panties, above, fitted band in front, elastic in back, split at sides, bound in contrasting color, embroidered and hemstitched; flesh, peach, nile; 19, 21 length; $2.95

Smart Fashion Details for the Girl Who Makes Her Own Clothes

By Caroline Gray



Ermine and black velvet combine dignity and distinction above. J-27, pattern for the frock at the right, sizes 34 to 42, 60c

Flattering cuffs of a sheer fabric, an unusual yoke, and a becoming little collar are illustrated in the sketch above

THE problem of dressing smartly on a limited income is vastly simplified if you can make your own frocks and, when necessary, alter old ones to keep pace with the changes of fashion. Often a few well-considered changes in the neck, sleeves, or hemline, or the addition of a belt where there was none before, will serve to change beyond recognition a frock left over from the previous season, and make it smart and wearable. Often, too, an unsuccessful dress, which has been little worn, may be changed and made becoming in the same way.

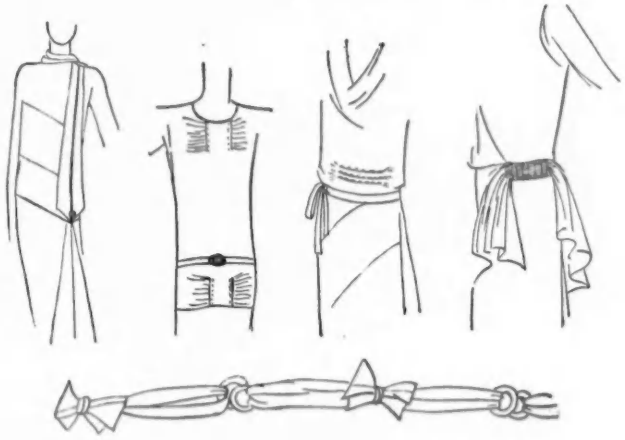
For those of us, then, who must frequently remodel our clothes rather than always buy new ones, the pattern for the street dress and the various small details on this page are suggested.

Made of one of the easily draped, suède-like, wool fabrics which are being so much worn this year, and trimmed with georgette collar and cuffs, the pattern in the center of the page has great chic and at the same time is easy to wear because of its flattering long lines. The plaited collar and jabot soften the severity of the neckline. The cuffs are detachable and easily cleaned. An applied diagonal section, falling in slightly circular folds below the skirt, is new and adds to the formality of the dress, which would be suitable for luncheon, matinée, or tea. Warm brown or one of the rich dull reds, combined with tan collar, jabot, and cuffs, is suggested. Black and white would also be good.

The details shown at the top and bottom of the page may be adapted by the clever woman to her individual needs in refurbishing old dresses or in making new ones. At the upper left a severely plain square neck is effectively softened by the addition of a narrow ermine collar and bow. This would be especially charming with black velvet. At the right an unusual yoke, with attached collar and epaulets, together with novel plaited cuffs, may suggest changes in an old frock. Any one of these details or all of them could be used in remodeling. A dress with worn cuffs, for instance, could be given new life by using a contrasting sheer material for the plaited sections.

At the left, below, diagonal tucking and an unusual jabot and scarf may be used to change a frock completely. Next to it is a suggestion for a new blouse. The little gathers which border the tabs at neck and hem (*Continued on page 176*)

Diagonal lines of fine tucks, a soft and flattering scarf, and a flat jabot ending at the top of the skirt fulness mark the sketch at the right. Next is a new treatment of neck and hemline in a blouse of silk or jersey, worn with a narrow fabric or leather belt. Small pin tucks across the front change the next dress. At extreme right a shirred hip drapery is new and easily made. Colorful ribbon and rings make the interesting girdle below



HOW TO ORDER

To order the attractive pattern, J-27, above, send sixty cents in money-order, check, or stamps to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at Eighth Ave., N.Y.C. And don't forget our new Pattern Booklet which gives twelve new winter patterns with full suggestions for making them. Send 10c to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service

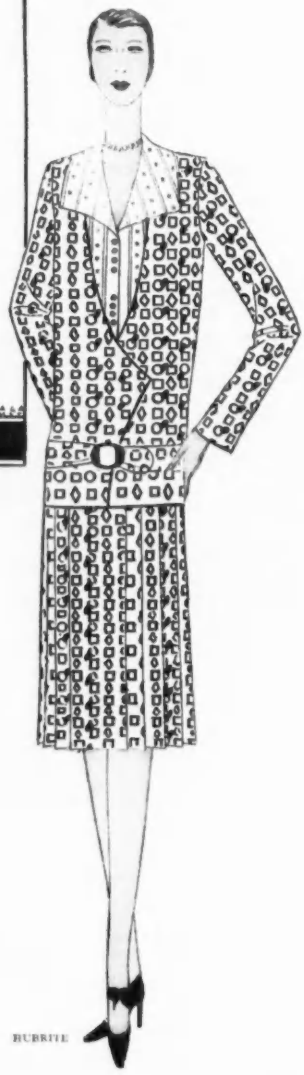
Trade-Marked Dresses To Wear At Home

L'AIGLON CO-ED QUEEN-MAKE

More and more people migrate South, hence the importance of lighter frocks. Linens have a smart following, an excellent L'Aiglon model being shown, above, touched with peasant embroidery

Colored cotton piqué is used in the Queen-Make dress above, cut on [illegible] red lines. The one-piece Hubrite dress of [illegible] print, right, has an organdy vest, hand-embroidered in French knots

This Co-Ed dress, of a printed silk called charcoal, emphasizes the new features of the mode in its flat hip treatment with plaits below, and slightly bloused bodice; hand-fagoted collar set



HUBRITE

HERE are charming dresses for practical wear either North or South, which have the advantage of carrying a trade-mark. This means that you can go into your local shop and find the same smart styles which are to be had on Fifth Avenue, New York City. Every month we show on these pages trade-marked merchandise selected from manufacturers whose distribution is wide enough to insure your finding it in or near your own town. If your dealer has not the particular model illustrated here, ask to see other dresses having the same trade-name, for these trade-marks represent reliable merchandise that is of excellent workmanship and material.

Prints for spring are assured even greater popularity than last year. The Co-Ed silk dress, above, in a charcoal print emphasizes the new features of the mode—flat hips, fulness below in the form of plaits, and a bodice that softly blouses over a wide suède belt. For the Hubrite informal frock, right, a modernistic cotton print was selected to insure its smartness. Intricacy is the keynote to cut today, hence the unusual line of the bodice. Colored cotton piqué, which makes the Queen-Make dress above, belted in white leather, is smart for Southern wear, as is the L'Aiglon frock of white linen touched with colorful peasant embroidery at the neck, sleeves, and skirt.

Color Is Now Smart for Maids' Uniforms

DIX-MAKE UNIFORMS

Celanese moiré, above, in burgundy, green, or purple, is correct for formal dinners; plaited cream net apron. Crisp cleanliness for the nursery, hence white poplin for the nursemaid, left

What could be more cheerful in the early morning than the housemaid's uniform above, in bright-colored, plain or pin-striped chambray—green, rose, blue, or lavender? Chambray apron

To serve luncheon or tea, the waitress wears a plain rayon fabric—green, blue, lavender, gray, or tan, as shown above. Shoulder-straps are required of the waitress' apron, which is of organdy

MAIDS' uniforms demand important consideration in the color scheme of interiors today. Smart women are using color more and more, rather than the conventional black, and the colors presented in the Dix-Make uniforms, above, have been planned to harmonize with modern interiors. They are nationally distributed and can be obtained in your local shops by asking for them under their trade-name.

We show three definite types of uniforms to be worn throughout the day. For general cleaning and chamber work in the morning is the colorful, plain or pin-striped chambray dress, illustrated right above, which includes a plain, or rickrack-edged chambray apron. For waiting at luncheon or at afternoon tea, one of the new rayon or mohair fabrics is worn in a shade to match the predominating color of the room —green, Copenhagen, lavender, tan, or gray. The correct apron has shoulder-straps, with collar and cuffs, and cap of organdy, either tucked, fagoted, or hemstitched, as shown center above. For formal dinner wear smart women are using for their waitresses uniforms of more somber shades, such as burgundy, bottle green, purple, brown, marine blue, or dark gray in celanese moiré, mohair, or crêpe de Chine. Dainty with this type of dress is the plaited, cream net apron and collar set, left above.

By Norma Patterson

LEG

Another Jenny and Veterans'

Illustrated By

"Well, good-by, Jenny. It's been like home here —it's been right sweet." "You'll come back to see us, Bunk? You'll write?" "I expect I will"

NOW was the season of migration.

Jenny knew it, because as she hurried along in the autumn crispness she felt the air stir and heard a sound overhead—a flock of birds going south and pulling after them a small, narrow breeze made by their passage.

To Jenny it seemed the feathered flight of time. Jenny was young, and her heart stood still at the signal of the seasons changing guard, or a year on the wing, or a month's spirited arrival or spirited close. Even night, coming down and putting its people to bed, could be thrilling and impressive. She thought, gazing up at those voyagers, it must be gay to carry one's dreams southward to sunshine and blue seas. And part of Jenny went south with the birds, and part mounted the steps of United States Veterans' Hospital No. 80.

Jake, ambulance driver, was just coming out, and Jenny flashed him a dazzling smile from under the neat, white cap.

"It's a good world, Jake."

"How so, Miss Jenny?" inquired Jake, drawing to an argumentative stop.

Jenny counted the reasons off on her fingers. "Hicks is getting discharged. And Philip is. And Bunk."

"We'll miss the lads."

"Yes—but imagine! Philip has kept his as a surprise for his wife."

"How about Mrs. Hicks?"

"She's coming tonight."

"Buck got any dame?"

The light in Jenny's eyes was diminished and her voice troubled. "He doesn't seem to have anything, Jake. Well"—after a moment's reflection—"it's a good world."

And Jenny passed in through the big doors with a light-hearted swing.

But she wished she felt more confident about Bunk. During her entire term of service in the hospital, which was more than eighteen months, Bunk Kiper was the most baffling case they had handled. Desperately wounded at Soissons, he had been in first one government hospital and then another, landing finally—and happily—at No. 80 under Dr. Huffy's skilled administrations. Dr. Huffy had practically made Bunk a new leg. Of course, Bunk would limp, but the miracle was that he had something to limp on. No one but Dr. Huffy could have done it. The boys at No. 80 said that you could tell a Huffy leg wherever you met it, as surely as if the good surgeon had signed them; they had a certain brisk, surprised fling, as of imprisoned spirits liberated and feeling pretty devilish about it.

Bunk had, besides a leg, a hangover from the war. It wasn't shell-shock. But somewhere in Bunk's mind there were clouds. Nobody knew if it was something Bunk couldn't remember, or something he couldn't forget. So often you met that same haunted look in the eyes of disabled veterans; with some it was best to make them forget, and with others it was best to get them to talk. Jenny's duty was to find out who was which and proceed accordingly. This had been impossible in Bunk's case because there were two Bunks, two faces that looked out at her. One a jolly, likable boy, frank and friendly; the other face held tragic pictures and was afraid. She had the feeling that whenever he forgot and let himself be himself, this shadow crept forward and warned him.

The boys said, "He musta done *something* to have such a hangover." Invariably

The LOST LEGION

Story of Hospital No. 80

Joseph M. Clement

He lifted his cap gravely. Jenny leaned against the stone pillar, watching him limp away. Whatever he had been or had done was lost to them

ending with, "But he *couldn't* have."

And there you were.

For Bunk was one of the finest, straightest fellows ever to make the rounds of the wards. He was of slight build, with sandy hair and sandy eyebrows, and a clear, sandy gaze which held a boyish twinkle—that was the real Bunk. But peering from behind bars, watchful, suspicious, shut away in a region by himself, was this other Bunk.

It wasn't anything in his war record. The Chief Nurse, being thorough, had looked that up. It was written on Bunk's conscience, which is the worst possible place for anything.

"He's sound and well," Dr. Huffy had pronounced, "and there's no excuse for keeping him longer. No doubt it will do him good to rub elbows with people again."

So Bunk would go out into the world.

Now was the season of migration.

John Comet, proprietor of the Sign of the Three Gold Balls, knew it because for the fourth time in a single week a gaunt, dusty figure had shoved in through his door, flung down upon the counter a Distinguished Service Cross, asked, "How much?" and pocketing the dollar (regulation ticket for such) had slammed out, disappearing into the restaurant across the street.

Skinny and Henry knew it because every train—passenger or freight—brought to town new arrivals who found their way unerringly to the Chow Shop, exchanging dimes and quarters for sizzling cups of coffee, ham-and, or a red-hot bowl of chili. In the absence of any kind of legal tender whatsoever—which was frequent—they gave their word of honor as a soldier and a gentleman. Skinny and Henry were soldiers and gentlemen, too. No veteran ever went hungry from their door.

At U. S. V. H. No. 80 they knew it because the Receiving Ward was crowded to overflowing. Consternation lay not so much with the new cases as with the old ones, discharged last year and sent happily on their way; now back, ill, broke, discouraged, down-and-out.

"For all our work," thought Dr. Huffy sadly, "we move in circles. And a war is never over."

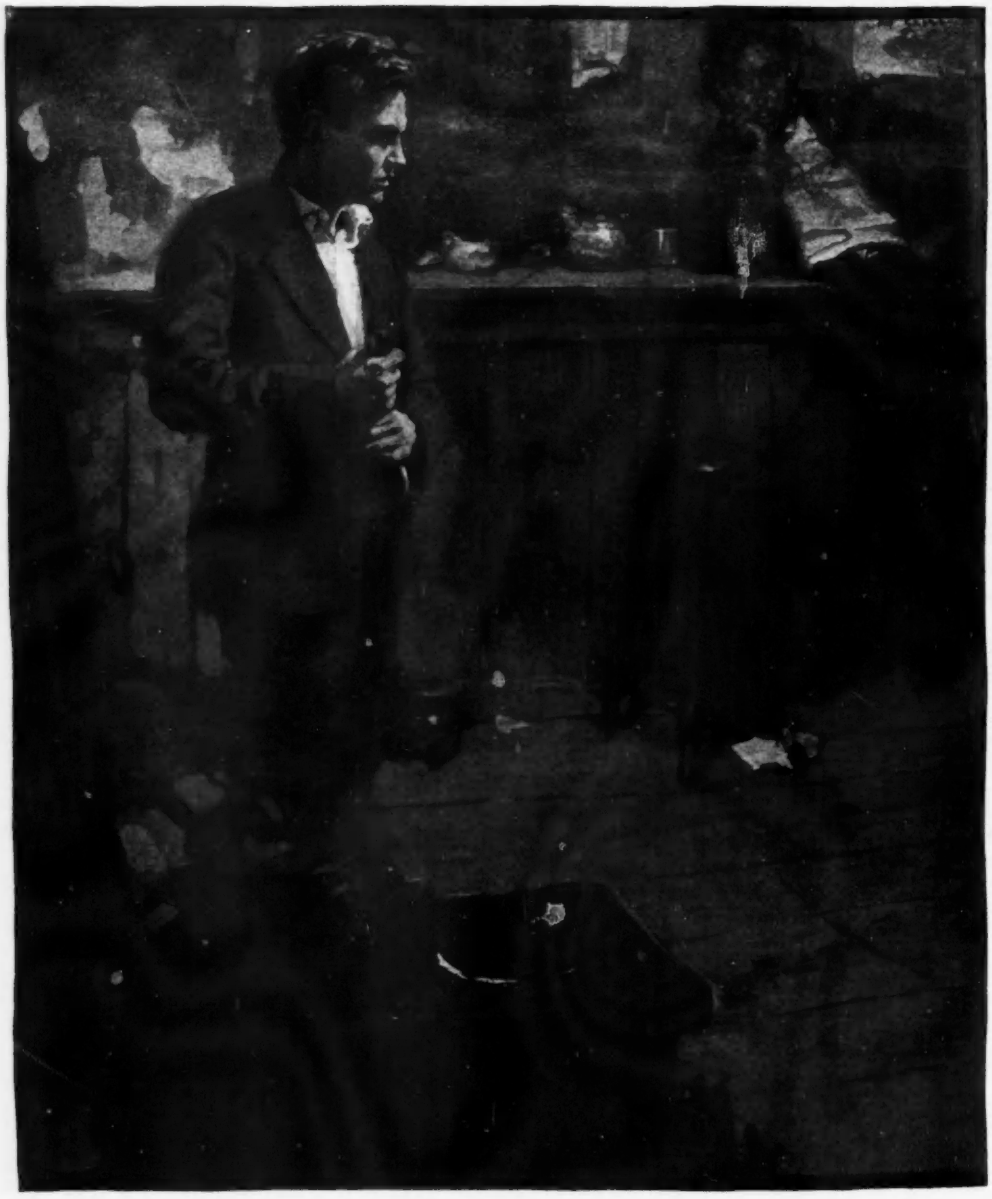
They were not all in the hospitals. The hills were dotted with small shacks. Every train, every motor bus, every road brought them in, dumped them down here where winter is never quite in earnest and spring may be tomorrow—always tomorrow. Year after year the same thing happened. That first bracing air of autumn, and the heartbeat quickened, and something stirred in the veins—hope of a promised land, somewhere. And the trek began. Yet arriving, they met others leaving—those who in previous years had answered the call of sunshine and crystal skies, but had failed to find what they were seeking here.

"Howdy, buddy. How's time?"

"Not so good. Moving on."

Moving on! East or west or south or north. Forever moving on. Ponce de Leons, seeking health and the fountain of youth—the youth that had been lost upon a field in France and never quite despaired of. For that mighty exodus, begun in 1917, had started upon its ceaseless wanderings a brotherhood of nomads—a restless, unending band of wanderers—a lost legion —96,000 strong!

These the wounded, the shattered, the



Every sound in the room blew out. Not a man moved. Bunk stood holding his cap in twisting blue fingers, his eyes glued to Parker's face, guilt written on every line of his weary figure

disabled, the gassed. The boys who had not spared themselves; the runners sent to Advance Message Centers; workers on barbed-wire entanglements; those who went out on the dawn patrols; a buddy who had stopped a moment too long to help a comrade in a bombardment of chlorine and mustard gas.

Well—they had something. They had experienced the richness of adventure. They had been a part of a circumstance unique, perhaps, in the world's annals: a nation sending its countless sons to fight and die for the upholding of an ideal impossible of attainment. This, in the interpretation of history, was Romance. It would always burn about them—a flame to honor; and time and illness and poverty could not entirely extinguish it.

They were fortunate, too, and knew it—those who could rove. For the whole blue sky bent above them, and they had the freedom of the roads, while yonder on the second floor of No. 80 many a patient comrade—members of the Sojourners Club—gazed wistfully through a single window upon that road and thought any one lucky to travel it, and what would it matter where? Watched the autumn changing colors and knew they would not see it again, and some would not see the spring.

Hey-ho! Why growl? It wasn't impossible to make the grade. Look at those robust beggars who swaggered in linen trousers and flopping robe (gray that had been white, or white that had been gray?) about the grounds, or thumping cane or crutch made it over to Skinny and Henry's to join the bunch from the hills. There in the haze of smoke and good-fellowship one could forget the past ten years of ennui in a hospital or of fruitless wandering, and hark back gaily to the days of high adventure; recalling similar gatherings about a small French table, and the golden leniency of a Class C Three-Day Pass, and the sights of Paris, and the wines of Paris, and the women.

"What was your outfit, buddy?"

"The Seventh, of the Third Division." Magic words, ringing words. Surely all the world thrilled yet to hear—Seventh, of the Third Division! *I was one.* "And what were you, Comrade?"

Other proud words. "I drove a lead car in a convoy of camions. Montfaucon."

And to a third, "Son, what was your part in the Great World War?"

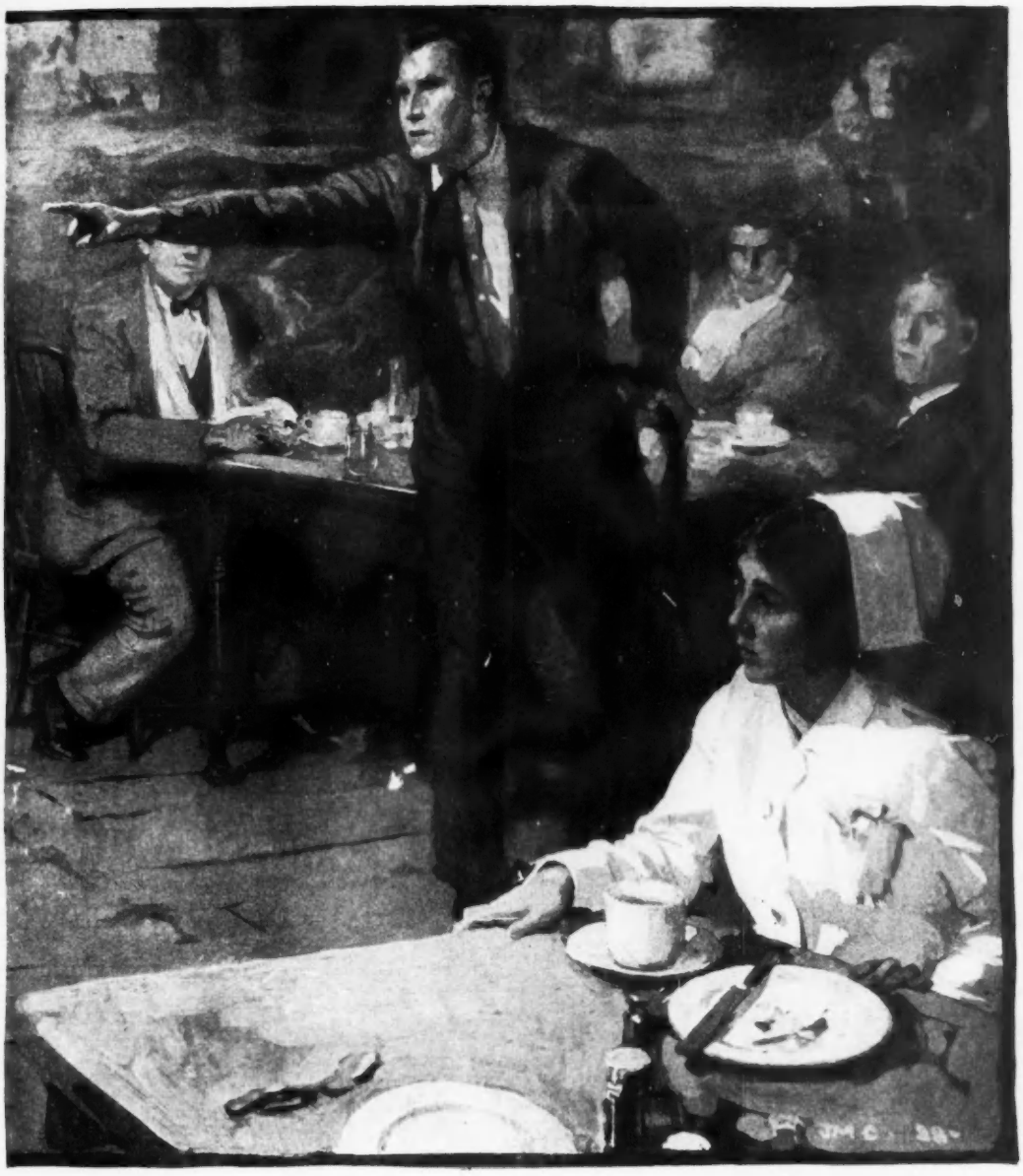
"I cleaned manure off the streets."

Yells of delight. Ah, yes, the funny French! The dear, queer French and their sacred treasures!

"I bet they made you put it back."

"Yeh—but I wouldn't. They had to. I'd take it off in the morning, and they'd put it back at night."

Chairs were drawn closer, eyes danced, wit sparkled . . . For an hour or so, smoke filling the place with the illusion of dreams, they wore again the old insignia, living quickly in that brief hour of hot-headed, uncalculating youth—before thumping back to the hospital cot or out to the shack on the hills where now one



Parker was on his feet, glaring at Bunk. "That's him. That's the fellow I've been telling you about. Shoved me in front of him so I'd get hit and he wouldn't. That's the coward"

fought the everlasting fight. And some would win, and some would not. *C'est la guerre.* Good-night, and God go with you, buddy!

HICKS was leaving. On the records the fact would not look remarkable, but it was remarkable. This time last year Hicks had lain in a darkened room with bandaged eyes and inner despair.

"I shall be blind. What's the use to hope that one more operation can do what the other five couldn't?"

And this morning Hicks was walking out as fit and whole as the best of them. Sally Hicks was with him. They had gone a little wild with happiness. Hicks had cut up like a schoolboy and kissed all the nurses, starting with the elderly and dignified Chief Nurse, and Sally Hicks had thrown her arms about Dr. Huffy and given him a good, sound smack. Then they turned their faces toward the little home that Sally had kept going six years alone.

A bunch of veterans watched their departure.

"There goes a girl for you—that wife of Hicks! Did—did you see her face when she turned and looked at him? Trouble with ordinary couples," one philosophized, "is they don't appreciate just having each other. Now that wife of Hicks, she's got heaven, don't you see, walking by the side of her, and she's not worrying about finery. She wore that same coat when she first came here, years ago. I wouldn't be surprised if it wasn't the same hat."

"She'll have hats now."

"I bet she gets a coat, too."

"I bet she gets a baby, even."

At this picture of domestic perfection seven lonely veterans took their chins in their hands and stared out into the morning sunshine, the thoughts of each busy with his own problem and a woman who had, or hadn't, stuck.

Somebody twanged dolefully on a uke and sang, "Ain't no use of crying . . ." Broke off to inquire, "What's eating on Philip? He hasn't took his head from under his wing all morning."

Pillows were shied at Philip. Jibes. No effect. Stinging epithets, each man trying to outdo the other, warming up in three languages—frog, limey, and boche. No results from Philip.

"He must be dead," said the bunch in awe and wonder.

Any man would turn over in his grave on hearing himself called half of that. And Philip possessed a racy repertoire of his own.

"Jenny!" This was serious. "Jenny! You're needed, Jenny."

Jenny came. She was never far away when some one was needed.

"Look at Phil. He's took a dive under his pillow and won't come out."

Philip Wallace, also, had won his fight with death. It had taken years of uphill battling to do it, and in the face of almost certain failure; but Philip had a wife, and the thought of her had pushed him past what he could have accomplished alone. So far he hadn't (*Continued on page 170*)

Good Housekeeping Institute

Katharine A. Fisher, Director

Tests on dirt-embedded rugs, made by the engineers, constitute but one of the series of tests on vacuum cleaners

After the engineering tests the cleaner is put to daily use. This part of the testing is done by women members of our staff

Testing at the NEW *Institute*

From Two Viewpoints—
The Engineer's and the Woman User's

By George W. Alder

Consulting Engineer of the Institute

WE WISH all of you could visit the new Institute where we are now carrying forward the work that had its start so humbly more than twenty years ago. Because of your response to the service we have given in this long space of years, we have grown from a staff of one to a staff of thirty, and from a single room our quarters have expanded to an entire wing on one floor in the new International Magazine Building in New York City.

Months of planning preceded the actual building of our new home—months of labor to reduce to concrete plans the many thoughts and ideas we had for making a better, more complete Institute. And then we had the thrill that comes to every home builder in seeing things take form. First, the steel building skeleton arose on solid foundations, then came the stone and brick, the floors and partitions. At one time gas and water pipes, drains and conduits of various sizes projected in seemingly wild disorder from floors and ceilings. Then the partitions grew, and as the rooms took shape this mass of power, light, and water arteries disappeared in solid walls; when the plaster and finishes were applied, nothing remained to detract from the appearance.

Finally all was ready. With as great happiness and with the same elation that

Testing at the New Institute

comes to those who move into a new home of their own, we moved into ours.

Now we are carrying on our work in your interests as we have done for so many years, but with better facilities. Because of our expanded quarters we are able to carry on more projects, more investigations, and more testing to make our service increasingly valuable to you.

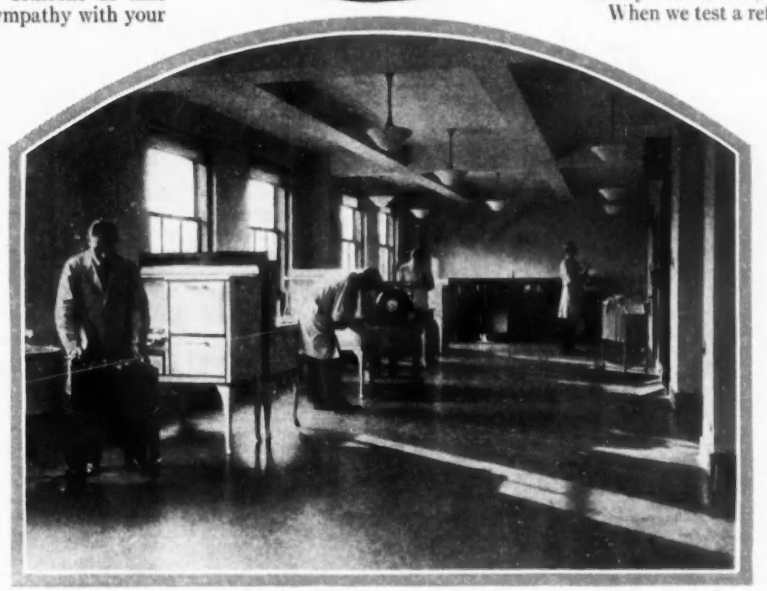
To illustrate how our facilities anticipate your needs for editorial assistance, consider the subject of floors. In your home you have floors of different kinds—wood, tile, linoleum, perhaps others. The care and preservation of each kind is an important housekeeping problem. In our living-room and dining-room we have wood floors which need the same routine care that yours require. In our kitchens and service pantry we have different linoleums. In the laundry and laundry laboratory we have tiles of two kinds. Other types of flooring can be laid in other rooms as the necessity requires. Because the same problems of care confront us that bother you, we are in sympathy with your needs. Our conclusions as to the best labor-saving methods for the care of floors as a direct result of our work in the Institute will be available to you through the pages of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

And in the same way, by actually *doing*, not once as a single experiment, but over and over as daily tasks, those things that must be done in the home, such as preparing meals of all types, caring for walls and painted finishes, washing dishes, clothes, etc., we are constantly gathering information to pass on to you as part of our service.

You know that an important part of our service is the testing of household appliances, utensils, and equipment, and the listing of those that meet our standards to provide a safe buying guide for you. In this work two viewpoints are considered: that of the woman user, and that of the engineer who is interested in efficiency, safety, and satisfactory workmanship. These two points of view, although different, can not be separated, for either would be incomplete without the other. It would mean little to you if we simply found out that a device or appliance was usable and could not also assure you that it was safe, efficient, and well made, so as to insure good value for your investment. On the other hand, our service would be incomplete if we simply told you that something was well made but could not state whether it proved satisfactory in daily use in the hands of women. The great strength behind the seal of approval of Good Housekeeping Institute is derived from a proper balance and coordination of these two points of view, coupled with the thoroughness and integrity of our work.

In planning our new Institute we made provision for the engineering tests by trained engineers, and for the daily use of all equipment under test by the women members of our staff, trained broadly in home economics and widely experienced in working out housekeeper's problems in general. Our facilities for both types of tests are second to none in our field of work. Engineering laboratories, kitchens, kitchen test units, a laundry laboratory, a well-equipped household laundry—all make possible work that is scientific in accuracy and method, but intensely practical.

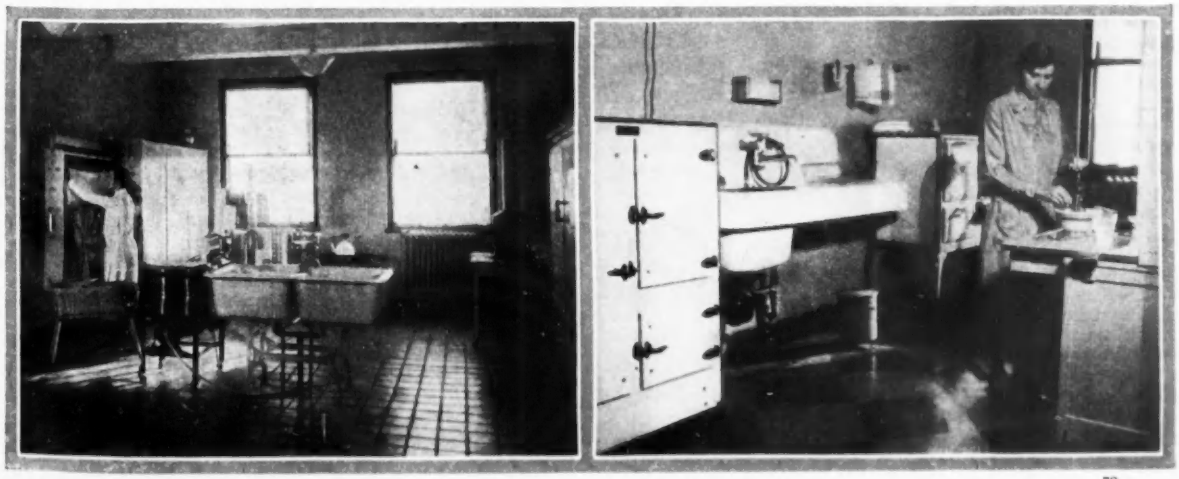
When we test a refrigerator, for example, the engineers' determinations are made first. Then it is put into daily use in one of the kitchens. The engineers investigate those hidden factors that mean so much—the effectiveness of the insulation, the temperatures maintained in the food compartment, the economy determined by ice meltage or current consumption. This testing is done in specially designed rooms where the temperature is kept uniform by thermostatically controlled heaters. These rooms are (*Continued on page 168*)



The laundry laboratory below has all the necessary facilities for testing washing machines, ironers, clothes dryers, and other laundry appliances

Part of the engineering laboratory. Sections not shown include refrigerator test rooms, an air-tight chamber, and a water-heater test section

Below is one of our kitchen test units, where all the various pieces of kitchen equipment are tested with the viewpoint of the woman home manager



What Should We SPEND For FOOD?

By
Katharine A. Fisher, Director
And
Demetria M. Taylor
Of the Institute Staff
Photographs by Dana B. Merrill

THIS is the season for family budgeting, and many are the questions in the air as to the division of the family dollar. Needless to say, one of the questions most frequently asked is, "What Should We Spend For Food?"

Now, food and the money we spend for it are affected not only by the size of our pocket-book, but by the relative values we attach to the things for which our dollars are being spent, by our individual tastes and our nutrition needs, and our ability, when necessary, to make the dollar stretch to meet what we think we need. It is often stated that not more than twenty-five percent of the family income should be spent on food, yet when the income falls below what might be considered even a moderate income, the proportion spent for food may soar well above twenty-five percent, since food claims first place among our daily necessities. As the income rises, however, the percentage spent for food tends to decrease.

We have been able, with careful planning, to prepare well-balanced meals, of reasonable variety, for from twelve to fifteen dollars a week for a family of four, yet these identical meals may vary considerably in weekly cost, depending on market prices and on who purchased and prepared the food. Of course, the above estimate would not admit of much, if any, hospitality, and it is easy—too easy, in fact—to let food costs soar far above this minimum cost.

If a limited food budget makes cost our main consideration in planning the family meals, let us consider how we can best meet this problem and still keep the meals household events to which the family looks forward with anticipation. During the coming months we shall consider the planning of meals when time is an important question and when other housekeeping conditions must be met.

The skill of the cook plays a large part in meal costs, since good cooking is the first essential. We are now giving in these pages a series of lessons on the making of the simple dishes, for after all these are the basis of meals at any cost. A mealy baked potato, a savory stew in an attractive casserole, a crisp salad, a good cup of coffee—these are the types of dishes that make good meals possible. Frequently more time must be spent on the less expensive dishes. For example, a stew, using a cheaper cut of meat, takes longer to prepare and cook than a chop or a steak. And it is only reasonable to expect that, as we cut down our weekly food bills, we also limit the variety of our choice of foods.

Of course, the ability to purchase food wisely counts much in securing an interesting variety at a low cost. If the larger size of package of any one food can be used to advantage, and with no waste, it is usually cheaper than the smaller package, weight for weight. In selecting some of the more perishable fruits and vegetables, especially when they are somewhat out of season in our part of the country, we may pay high for flavor alone. Adding canned fruits and vegetables to our market list at any season will provide for a wider variety of fruits and vegetables at a moderate cost. A knowledge of the different cuts of meat and flavorsome ways of using the cheaper cuts is a definite asset in keeping down costs.

A food may not be high in dollars and cents, but it may be in the cost of the actual food value it provides. At your request we will send you as a guide to the cost of food value a list of foods arranged in order from the cheaper to the more expensive sources of mineral matter and protein, at given prices for the foods listed. We have not in this list included sources of fat, sugar, or starch, as these are usually the cheapest nutrients in food.

The actual edible material in any one food may prove expensive eating. From time to time we have worked out at Good Housekeeping Institute the cost of the edible portion of various foods. We have found, for example, that the edible portion of lamb chops at sixty-five cents per pound may cost as high as two dollars and forty cents per pound, so high is the waste in bones and trimmings. On the other hand, the edible portion of two pounds of lean round steak at fifty cents per pound may be only sixty cents per pound, and the edible material in a four-pound haddock at thirty-five

INEXPENSIVE MEALS FOR THREE DAYS

Wednesday

Luncheon	Dinner
Cheese Custard	Somerville Meat Loaf
Cabbage, Apple, and Raisin Salad	Carrots and Peas Baked Potatoes
Rye Bread Cocoa	Graham Muffins
	Baked Apples Glacé Coffee

Thursday

Luncheon	Dinner
Split Pea Soup with Diced Bacon	Casserole of Lamb and Vegetables
Corn Bread	Cabbage Relish Rolls
Canned Pears Plain Cookies	Rice Pudding Coffee

Friday

Luncheon	Dinner
Oyster Stew	Filet of Haddock—Egg Sauce
Cottage Cheese Salad	Flavored Beets Scalloped Potatoes
Baking Powder Biscuits	Gingerbread with Foamy Sauce
Grapefruit	Coffee

File for future use any menu receiving the enthusiastic approval of the family. It will make meal planning so much easier

A menu of meat loaf, baked potatoes, muffins, and baked apples makes full use of the oven

On the back of each card jot down useful information such as a market list for the menu

cents per pound may cost about fifty cents per pound.

Much so-called "waste" finding its way to the garbage can could have been used to produce appetizing and nutritious dishes. The green stems surrounding the head of cauliflower, so often discarded, make a delicious vegetable, and so do beet greens. Trimmings from chops prepared by the butcher make delicious stews. How many order these sent home?

Cereals—that is, corn, wheat, and oat preparations, such as the breakfast cereals, as well as macaroni and rice dishes, along with the dried fruits and dried beans and peas—lend themselves well to keeping down costs. So do the root vegetables and cabbage, all of which have a long season. Then there are the different kinds of fish, some of which come wrapped in the form of boneless fillets ready to cook. They all add variety and interest to the daily meals. Neither should cheese be forgotten in keeping down costs. We are giving here some suggestive menus for inexpensive meals and have included some of the recipes used.

It has been said that the planning of interesting meals week in and week out is something which invites brain to the fingertips. Most assuredly it is work which calls for creative ability and a lively imagination on the part of the home manager, for it is not easy to keep up an enthusiastic interest in this never-ending daily problem. We all welcome suggestions for varying our meals in interesting ways, especially when we have to keep our weekly food bills down to a minimum. For this reason we shall give in February two pages of suggested menus and recipes for inexpensive meals.

Somerville Meat Loaf. Two pounds of flank or round steak, ground. Add one cupful of finely chopped suet and four small onions chopped fine. Add two cupfuls of soft bread crumbs, two eggs slightly beaten, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth cupful of Worcestershire sauce, one-fourth cupful of horseradish, one teaspoonful dry mustard, one-fourth cupful minced green pepper, and mix thoroughly. Pack into a greased bread pan, cover the top with three-fourths cupful of tomato catsup, and bake for forty-five minutes in a medium-hot oven of 400° F. This loaf can be made with *left-over meat* and is delicious hot or cold. Serves six.

Oven meals like this make for economy not only in fuel but in time

Baked Apples Glacé. Select large, firm apples. Core and peel them about one-third of the way down from the stem end. Place them in a closely-covered, deep dripping pan or casserole. Make a thin sirup, using one cupful of sugar to one and one-half cupfuls of water for six apples, and boil it for six minutes. Pour this sirup over the apples, cover them tightly, and place in a medium-hot oven of 400° F. Baste the apples occasionally until they are tender, but still whole. Remove the cover and place one teaspoonful of sugar in the cavity of each apple, and sprinkle sugar over the peeled surface. Then place the pan under the broiler flame until the sugar has melted and the peeled section is a delicate brown. Basting once or twice makes the apples look as though they had been coated with clear, melted sugar.

Split Pea Soup with Diced Bacon. Pick over one cupful of dried split peas, cover with cold water, and let soak overnight. Drain, add two quarts of cold water, a two-inch cube of fat salt pork, and one-half of a small onion. Simmer three and one-half or four hours or until soft. Press through a sieve or a potato-ricer. In another saucepan melt four tablespoonfuls of fat; add three tablespoonfuls of flour, one and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of salt, and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Stir until smooth. Add the pea pulp and one pint of milk. Just before serving add four strips of bacon which have been cooked and diced. If too thick, add more milk or water. Serves six.

To Make Casserole of Lamb and Vegetables. Cut two pounds of shoulder of lamb in cubes. Roll in as much flour as it will take up and put a layer in the bottom of a casserole. Mix three fourths cupful of diced carrots, one and one-half cupfuls of diced potatoes, one tablespoonful of minced parsley. Add a layer of this mixture, another of meat, etc., until all is used, sprinkling with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Cover with boiling water and bake in a moderate oven of 350° F. for an hour and three-quarters. Ten minutes before serving time, add one cupful of canned peas mixed with one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup. Serves six.

Egg Sauce. To serve with fish, melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in the top of a double-boiler, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until smooth. Add one cupful of boiling water, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and a few grains of pepper. Just before serving add two hard-cooked eggs sliced. Serves six.

Flavored Beets. The following sauce is poured over two cupfuls of sliced cooked beets. Dissolve three-fourths tablespoonful of cornstarch in one-half cupful vinegar; add one-half cupful of sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Let come to a boil, stirring constantly. Cook five minutes, beat in two tablespoonfuls of butter, pour over the beets, and serve hot. Serves six.

For *Gingerbread*, mix and sift two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of ginger, and one-half teaspoonful of cloves. Add one cupful of molasses. Put one tablespoonful of shortening in a measuring cup and fill with boiling water. When the shortening melts, add it to the mixture. Beat well. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs. Bake in a cake pan in a moderate oven of 325° F. for thirty-five minutes.

For *Foamy Sauce*, beat until stiff the two egg-whites left from the gingerbread. Add one cupful of powdered sugar slowly and continue beating. Add one-fourth cupful of hot milk and one teaspoonful of vanilla.

The recipes for Cheese Custard and Bread Pudding are on pages 84 and 154.

Recipes That Call For MUSHROOMS

Both Fresh and Canned

Mushrooms and Spaghetti

½ pound spaghetti
⅓ cupful fat
⅓ cupful finely minced onion
1 pound mushrooms
3 tablespoonfuls finely chopped pimiento
1½ cupfuls stock
Salt
Pepper

Cook the spaghetti in boiling, salted water until tender, then drain. Meanwhile melt the fat in the saucepan and add the onion and pimiento. Cook one minute, then add the stock which can be made from bouillon cubes, and the mushrooms which have been cleaned and cut in halves lengthwise. Cover and simmer ten minutes, or until the mushrooms are tender. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Arrange the hot spaghetti in a serving-dish and pour the mushroom mixture over all. This recipe serves six. For an appetizing luncheon serve with a cabbage, apple, and raisin salad.

Cream of Mushroom Soup

2 cupfuls mushroom stems
3 cupfuls boiling water
4 tablespoonfuls fat
5 tablespoonfuls flour
3 cupfuls milk
½ small onion sliced
1¼ teaspoonfuls salt
Speck pepper

Wash the mushroom stems and place in a kettle with the boiling water and onion. Cover and simmer until the stems are very tender, then strain the mixture and measure the liquid—there should be about one cupful. Next melt the fat in a saucepan, add the flour, and stir until smooth. Then add the mushroom liquor and the milk a little at a time, while stirring constantly. Cook until the mixture is smooth and creamy, then add the salt and pepper. Serve hot. This recipe serves six.

Mushroom Supreme

1 No. 2 can tomatoes
1 small onion, chopped fine
1 teaspoonful salt
⅛ teaspoonful pepper
⅛ teaspoonful paprika
3 tablespoonfuls fat
1 pound mushrooms
1 No. 2 can peas
2 tablespoonfuls flour

Combine the tomatoes, onion, salt, pepper, paprika, and fat in a saucepan. Cook slowly about one-half hour, chopping the tomatoes fine while cooking. Meanwhile slice the mushrooms and add to the tomatoes together with the peas. Cook ten minutes longer, and then thicken with the flour, which has been mixed to a smooth paste with water. Heat well and serve on toasted bread. Serves six.

Scalloped Rice and Mushrooms

2 cupfuls hot, seasoned, cooked rice
1 can condensed tomato soup
1 seeded green pepper
1 four-ounce can mushrooms
4 tablespoonfuls melted fat
Salt
Pepper

Combine the rice, tomato soup, green pepper chopped fine, canned mushrooms with juice, fat, and additional salt and pepper if necessary. Arrange in a greased casserole and bake in a moderate oven at 375° F. for thirty minutes. Serves six.

Mushroom Omelet

1 cupful fresh, sliced mushrooms or canned mushrooms
4 tablespoonfuls melted fat
1 tablespoonful flour
½ cupful milk
1½ teaspoonfuls salt
⅛ teaspoonful pepper
⅛ teaspoonful grated onion
2 tablespoonfuls butter
6 eggs

Prepare the fresh mushrooms which have been stemmed or sliced or an equal quantity of canned mushrooms. Cook in the melted fat until heated (if canned) or until tender (if fresh), turning frequently. Add the flour, stir well, then add the milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one-sixteenth teaspoonful of pepper, and the grated onion. Cook five minutes. Meanwhile beat the eggs slightly and add six tablespoonfuls of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and the rest of the pepper. Melt the butter in a frying-pan or omelet pan, turn the eggs into it, and place over slow heat. As the eggs cook on the bottom and sides, prick the surface with a fork so that the uncooked egg on top will run under the sides. When the entire mixture is set, spread the mushroom sauce over the top of the omelet, fold over carefully, and turn on to a hot dish. Serves six.

Mushroom Stew

2 cupfuls diced mushrooms
4 cupfuls milk
2 tablespoonfuls fat
2 tablespoonfuls flour
¾ teaspoonful salt
⅛ teaspoonful white pepper
⅛ teaspoonful mace
½ teaspoonful celery salt
Oyster crackers

Prepare the mushrooms, which may be either canned or fresh, the latter having been sautéed in butter for three or four minutes. Put the milk in a saucepan, add the mushrooms, and bring to the scalding-point. Cream together the fat and the flour and add the seasonings. Blend with a little milk and then stir gradually into the milk mixture. Cook in the top of a double-boiler for fifteen minutes, stirring frequently. Serve at once with heated oyster crackers. This recipe serves six.

Scalloped Fish and Mushrooms

1½ cupful fresh bread crumbs
2 eggs
4 cupfuls scalded milk
1 cupful canned or fresh sautéed mushrooms
¼ cupful fat
2 cupfuls canned or fresh steamed fish
2 teaspoonfuls grated onion
1¼ teaspoonfuls salt
⅛ teaspoonful pepper

Add the eggs and scalded milk to the bread crumbs. Then add the mushrooms, which have been sliced, the shredded fish, onion, salt, pepper, and fat. Pour into a greased casserole. Set the casserole in a pan of lukewarm water and bake in a slow oven of 350° F. for about one hour, or until a silver knife inserted in the center of the fish comes out clean. Serves six.

Mushrooms and Eggs

1¼ pounds fresh mushrooms
4 hard-cooked eggs
7 tablespoonfuls fat
3 tablespoonfuls flour
4 tablespoonfuls finely-minced parsley
¾ teaspoonful salt
¼ cupful hot water
1 teaspoonful celery salt
⅛ teaspoonful pepper
2 cupfuls milk
½ teaspoonful tabasco sauce
6 slices toasted bread

Melt four tablespoonfuls fat in a saucepan; add the parsley, hot water, and the mushroom stems cut in small pieces. Cover and simmer three minutes. Then add the mushroom caps cut in halves, cover again, and simmer for five minutes. Uncover and sprinkle with the celery salt and half the pepper. Meanwhile melt three tablespoonfuls of fat in a saucepan, add the flour and cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture bubbles. Then add the milk a little at a time while stirring, and cook until well blended and smooth. Add the tabasco sauce, salt, and rest of the pepper, then the hard-cooked eggs shelled and sliced. Arrange the hot mushrooms on the toast and pour the egg sauce over all. Serve at once. This recipe serves six.

Mushrooms and Egg Sandwiches

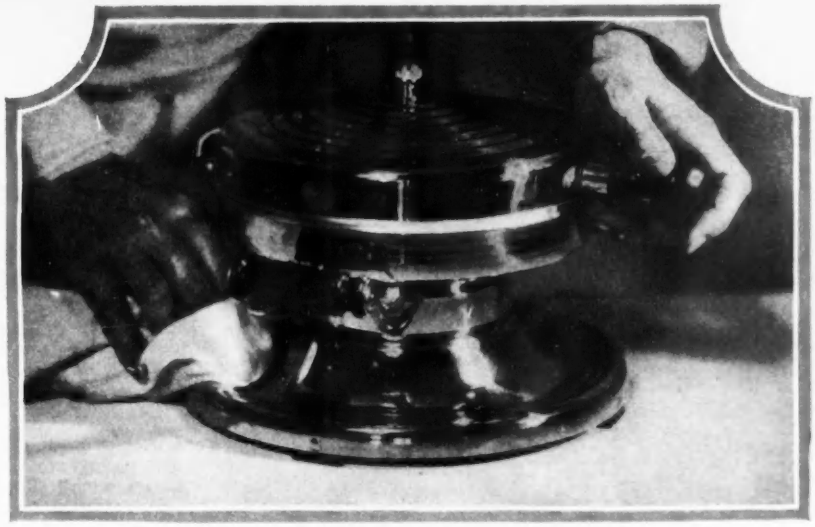
1 cupful minced fresh or canned mushrooms
1 chopped, seeded green pepper
1 tablespoonful butter
½ teaspoonful onion
1 teaspoonful flour
2 teaspoonfuls cream or top milk
½ teaspoonful salt
Speck pepper
1 hard-cooked egg
1 teaspoonful chopped parsley

Cook the mushrooms and green pepper in the butter until tender. Add the parsley, onion, and flour, and stir until smooth. Then add the cream, salt, pepper, and hard-cooked egg finely chopped. Stir until smooth and spread on buttered slices of graham or brown bread.

Mushrooms au Gratin

2 pounds fresh mushrooms
1½ teaspoonfuls salt
⅛ teaspoonful pepper
1 teaspoonful chopped chives
1 teaspoonful chopped parsley
¼ cupful finely sifted cracker crumbs
4 tablespoonfuls fat

Remove the stems from the cleaned mushrooms. Arrange the mushroom caps in a greased baking dish and sprinkle with the salt, pepper, chives, parsley, and cracker crumbs. Arrange the fat in small lumps over the surface and bake in a moderate oven of 375° F. for about thirty minutes. This recipe serves four.



Rubbing with a polishing cloth will help to keep the outside bright and shiny

Christmas Gift Insurance

By

B. Lawson Miller

Of the Institute Staff

Photographs by H. I. Williams

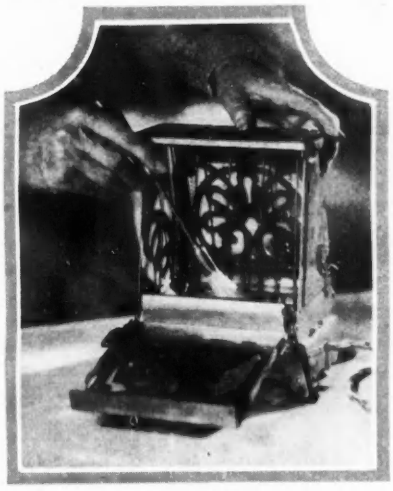
YOUR gifts that you viewed with such pride on Christmas day—where will they be a year from now? Still being used and giving as much joy and satisfaction as when they were new, or stored away in some remote corner, a source of concern each time they are remembered?

The answer to this question rests with you, for the return in service made by any piece of equipment depends upon the use and care given it. Only when this is properly done can the fullest return be expected.

Each manufacturer knows his own product and is in a position to point out the essentials regarding its operation, use, and care. We can not emphasize too strongly the importance of studying his directions carefully. This should be done *before* using any piece of equipment. Keep the instruction card in a convenient place and refer to it frequently. This is extremely important where directions are given for cleaning and for the care of motor-driven appliances.

Particular attention should be given to your electrical gifts, for it has been estimated that about 85 percent of all the difficulties experienced in the use of these appliances is due to the carelessness of the user. Such devices should be used only on the voltage and current for which they are intended. This information is given on the name plate. Read it before connecting the appliance.

Since electrical appliances first came into use, there has been a decided improvement in heating elements, so that we have now a promise of long and useful service. However, it is generally true that there is a definite life to a heating element, and that life is measured in the length of time the current flows through it. Therefore, it becomes obvious that leaving an appliance connected to the circuit when it is not in use is wasteful. Such a procedure not only costs money in increased bills, but also subtracts from the useful life of the appliance. Turn off the current as soon as you have finished using an electrical device, and as a safety feature remove the plug also. When doing this, remember to grasp the plug rather than the cord, because by pulling on the cord you will eventually weaken or even break the connection.



A long-handled brush is convenient for removing crumbs from a toaster

Heating elements that are exposed, as on toasters, are subject to mechanical damage and should not be carelessly handled. In cleaning such devices, avoid touching the element itself, for there is danger of breaking the wire or stretching it out of shape, which might cause a short circuit. If crumbs collect in your toaster, remove them carefully with a long-handled brush or shake them out gently.

If you enjoy good coffee, keep your electric percolator absolutely clean and well aired. This should be done as soon as possible after using. In cleaning, do not immerse the percolator in water, as this will ruin the heating element. This precaution is probably stamped on the bottom of your percolator and is true of all electrical appliances having a heating element. Wash it out with very hot water, using a small brush for the valve and stem. Rinse thoroughly with clean, hot water and air-dry the inside with the cover raised and all parts removed. The inside will stain slightly, but not badly, if coffee is not allowed to stand in it longer than necessary, and if the percolator is rinsed soon after using. Never use anything harsh to clean it, as this is apt to remove the plating. With the exception of aluminum percolators, the universal method of finishing is to plate. Since the manufacturer's directions for care are based on the metals used, be guided by his instructions.

Every electric percolator should have a heat-operated fuse or circuit-breaker switch which will open the circuit should the percolator (*Continued on page 209*)

Custards and WELL

The Fifth of an Institute

Making the

Photographs by

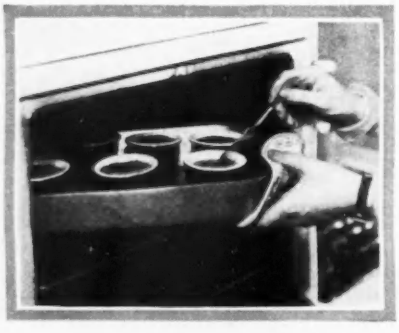
To make individual Baked Custards to serve six, break four eggs into a bowl and beat them slightly

Add one-fourth cupful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt to the beaten egg. Add one quart of scalded milk. Stir well

Flavor with one-half to one teaspoonful of vanilla according to taste, and nutmeg if you wish it

Fill the cups nearly to their rims. Set them in a pan containing about one-half inch of warm water

Grease the cups thoroughly with melted butter so that the custards will unmold with ease



Bake slowly at 325° F. for forty minutes. To test, dip a silver knife in water and insert it in the center of a custard. If it comes out clean they are done

THERE are so many delicious desserts which have as their foundation a custard mixture that it behooves the housekeeper to know the general rules for successful custard making. Once these rules are mastered, infinite variations may be contrived to please the combined tastes of the family.

Custards are always nutritious and, as a rule, quickly made. They should be included in our menus much more often than they are, as they provide an excellent means of getting eggs and milk into the diet. For this reason never consider the custard dessert as an accessory to the meal, but rather as a real part of it.

There are two types of custard mixtures—soft custards, which we prefer to call "custard sauces" because their consistency is that of a velvety-smooth sauce; and baked custards.

To make a smooth Custard Sauce, beat together two eggs and the yolks of two more, saving the two whites for a meringue, or for folding in when the custard is done. Add one-third cupful of granulated sugar and one-eighth teaspoonful of salt. Beat just enough to blend the eggs and sugar. Gradually add three cupfuls of milk which have been scalded in a double-boiler, stirring all the while. Return to the double-boiler and cook for about five minutes, *stirring constantly until the mixture thickens sufficiently to coat the spoon, but no longer*, or the custard will quickly curdle. Pour out at once into a bowl to stop further cooking. Do not allow the water in the double-boiler to boil during the cooking, as the custard is much smoother if cooked slowly, and is much less likely to curdle. However, if it should curdle, remove it from the fire immediately and beat with a Dover-type egg-beater until smooth. A custard that has curdled will never be so good as one that has been cooked perfectly. When the custard is cold, add one teaspoonful of vanilla, mix well, fold in the egg-whites if desired, and chill thoroughly before serving.

Custard Sauce may be served as a sauce for a dessert such as a jelly, or it may be the basis of a pudding, combined with a great variety of ingredients such as fruits, fresh or canned, coconut, crushed macaroons, or diced Maraschino cherries.

In making a baked custard the right proportion of eggs to milk, and the baking temperature, are important. Unless a sufficient number of eggs is used, the custard will not set. Our experience has shown that one egg to one cupful of milk is a good proportion if individual custards are being made, and six eggs to one quart of milk if one large custard is desired. The other ingredients, sweetening and flavoring,

Bread Puddings MADE

Series on the Fine Art of Simple Dishes

Dora B. Merrill

Chocolate Raisin Bread Pudding made with bread cut in cubes has a delicate and custard-like texture

are a matter of taste and may be varied.

The actual preparation of Baked Custard is extremely simple. For individual custards to serve six, beat four eggs slightly. Next add one-fourth cupful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt and mix well. Add one quart of scalded milk and stir well. Flavor with one-half to one teaspoonful of vanilla,

Prepare one and one-half to two cupfuls of cubes and soak in one quart of scalded milk fifteen minutes to insure good consistency

Beat two eggs slightly. Add one-third cupful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt

Add two squares melted chocolate to part of bread and milk. Combine mixtures thoroughly

Add one-half cupful of seeded raisins and one-fourth cupful of melted butter. Flavor as desired

and nutmeg if you wish. Mix thoroughly.

Grease the custard cups so that they will unmold with ease, and pour in the custard, filling the cups to within one-fourth inch of the top. If desired, the tops may be sprinkled with nutmeg or coconut. Place the cups carefully in a shallow pan containing about half an inch of warm water as a protection against the custards reaching the boiling temperature.

Egg and milk mixtures require a low baking temperature to prevent curdling so bake the custards slowly at 325° F. about forty minutes for individual custards, or seventy-five minutes for a large custard. To find out whether or not the custard is done, dip a silver knife in water and insert it in the center of the custard. If the knife comes out clean, the custard is done; if it is coated, longer cooking is necessary.

Variations on the baked custard theme, which are simple and delightful, may be made as follows:

For Baked Caramel Custard, caramelize the sugar—that is, stir it in a pan over a low flame until it is a rich brown sirup—and put one tablespoonful in each cup, pour in the slightly sweetened or unsweetened custard mixture, and bake them like plain custards.

Pour in a greased baking dish. Set in a pan containing one-half inch of warm water and bake at 350° F. for seventy-five minutes. Test with a knife like custard

For Baked Apricot Custard, prepare as for plain baked custard, using five eggs and one-half cupful of sugar. Substitute two cupfuls of unsweetened apricot pulp for two cupfuls of the milk and add more sugar if necessary. If canned pulp is used, omit the sugar.

For Baked Coffee Custard, substitute one to two cupfuls of strong, black coffee for an equal amount of milk, or scald the milk with three to four tablespoonfuls of ground coffee and strain. Proceed as for baked custard.

For Baked Chocolate Custard, melt two squares of cooking chocolate, mix with one-half cupful of the milk scalded, or mix two-thirds cupful of cocoa with the sugar and one-third cupful of water and boil one minute. Proceed as for baked custard, adding the chocolate mixture to the beaten eggs and sugar.

For an interesting luncheon main dish with a custard base try Cheese Custard. Soak one cupful of cracker crumbs or one cupful of small cubes of bread in two cupfuls of milk. Add three eggs well-beaten, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of dry mustard, and a few grains of red pepper. Add (*Continued on page 154*)

That's Where Our Money Goes!

A Husband Speaks on the Management of Family Finances

By
Allen R. Dodd

The beginning of January seems to be a time for making good resolutions, not the least of these being the determination to budget the family income and keep an expense account for future guidance in budgeting. That budgeting is by no means a simple problem for most people is clearly indicated in the many letters coming to Good Housekeeping Institute just at this time, asking for assistance in beginning a budget. And not a few of the letters from our women readers reveal the fact that much serious misunderstanding between husband and wife is caused by the failure of both to work together in the spending of the family income. This is why we have asked a husband to speak on family finances, for he has a story worth telling—of how he and his wife, together, have successfully worked out their own budget, to the entire satisfaction of each.

I CAN remember that period of the Gay Nineties when the "bicycle built for two" was evident in fact as well as in song. I can remember, too, that the person on the front seat of a tandem bicycle always seemed to have the unalterable conviction that the person behind consistently did less than his fair share of the pedaling.

In these later years I have found a similar situation often interfering with the smooth running of that tandem affair called marriage. I have been talked to by husbands convinced that they could get somewhere financially if their wives would only give them some real cooperation in keeping the family expenditure within a reasonable figure. I have overheard wives complaining that while they grew gray hairs in the hopeless attempt to manage a home and save money on insufficient funds, their husbands bought seventy-five-dollar suits and twenty-five-cent cigars and joined clubs or lodges with gay disregard for the limitation of the family income.

Now, in most of these cases, I do not believe there was any intent to be unfair on the part of either husband or wife. The trouble came from a misunderstanding of present-day living conditions and a profound ignorance of where the family money actually went.

When the generation I hate to confess that I belong to was young, a few thousand dollars bought a respectable home, servants were cheap, and almost every family had a Cousin Annie or Aunt Maria to help with the housework, and the butcher gave away liver and dog meat as a goodwill offering. Then a certain amount of casualness in the management of the family finances made little difference, when there was what might be considered a fair income.

Today the cost of decent housing has more than doubled in many places, the price of help is almost prohibitive when it can be had at all, and an extra mouth at the table is something to be reckoned with in dollars. To add to the complexity of living, our standards have changed abruptly. We must have motor cars, radios, tiled bathrooms, and a host of other things that earlier generations never even imagined. These things are all excellent; they have increased our comfort and well-being immeasurably. They have made us broader-minded and more interesting, and life more interesting to us. But they all have to be paid for—somehow.

When my wife and I awoke to the fact that our income fell far short of our needs—or, rather, what we thought were our needs—we decided, as the first step in reorganizing our affairs, to borrow a few leaves from the books of business. We made up our minds that home finances have to be managed as carefully as corporation finances, if unlovely squabbles about money matters are to be avoided.

Generally speaking, financial management in business rests upon two foundations—accurate cost accounting and the budget. Accounts are financial history. They tell what has happened. The budget is financial prophecy. It attempts to tell what is going to happen.

We decided, in talking the matter over, that a reasonably truthful set of accounts and a budget were as essential to happiness in the home as light piecrust and a cheerful disposition, and these were our reasons:

Accounts, in the first place, tell in unmistakable language what you are getting for the money you spend. Are you accumulating a capital that will support you in old age? Are you laying the financial foundation for a home of your own? Are you having a good time now—going to the theater, giving parties, joining clubs, enjoying books, a radio, a car? Are you, on the other hand, not really getting your money's worth—letting your income slip through your fingers in all sorts of little ways that, added together, represent the price of some greater pleasure or worthwhile investment? The answer is in the account book.

In the second place, accounts are the only satisfactory basis upon which to plan a workable budget. How could we, for instance, decide in what ways we would probably spend our money next year, until we knew in what ways we had spent it last year?

Accounts, finally, are a wonderful help in avoiding husband-and-wife arguments about money matters. Does the husband fail to understand why the forty dollars he gave his wife on Saturday is totally nonexistent by the following Wednesday? The account book shows why. It may even convince the husband that he is asking his wife to perform financial miracles he would not expect of any one else. Accounts are the evidence of real partnership and cooperation between husband and wife. They are the wife's certificate of competent management—the husband's proof of fair dealing.

Once my wife and I had decided that accounts and a budget were necessary for the salvation of our home, the next question was, How to acquire them? Beyond such obvious items as rent, insurance, taxes, and doctor's bills, we hadn't the ghost of an idea of where our money was going. We didn't even know where it ought to go.

In the beginning we asked ourselves frankly what we wanted to find out about the money we spent. Certain broad channels of outflow—insurance, rent, etc.—were practically set down for us. Certain others—food, household help and supplies, clothes—appeared almost automatically as divisions of expense to keep track of. It was the more obscure items that worried

BEGIN THE YEAR
WITH THESE BULLETINS

Household Account Record	.25
Step by Step in Budgeting the Income	.10
Household Devices Tested & Approved	.15
The Etiquette of Serving Luncheon, Breakfast and Dinner	.50
Cooking by Time and Temperature Chart	.25
Balancing the Day's Meals—for Adults and Children (Hanger Card)	.10
Daily Diet Diary—four Copies for	.15

us. Was my tobacco bill as small as I thought it was or as large as my wife thought it was? Were we spending too much in entertaining ourselves and our friends? All these we tried to itemize in detail. We were, parenthetically, appalled before the year was half over by the sum total of formerly unconsidered nickels, dimes, and quarters.

One thing we found out quickly. A too elaborate accounting system is almost worse than none at all. There is no sense, we decided, in trying to make household accounts balance as accurately as a checkbook. All we wanted was an intelligent idea of what we were getting for our money, and even if a whole dollar escaped us now and then, the results were close enough for practical purposes.

The system we eventually found most workable had for its basis a summary sheet divided into thirteen vertical columns—one for each month and the last for the annual total—and ruled horizontally according to the following expense headings: Insurance; taxes; rent; gas, electricity and house telephone; food except milk and ice (which we itemized separately) but including family meals eaten outside the home; miscellaneous household supplies and expenses; help; child's school, clothes, and miscellaneous expenses; wife's personal expenses; husband's personal expenses. The last two items we each subdivided into clothes, carfare, doctor and dentist; club dues, tobacco, and the like, as seemed desirable, and posted on separate sheets.

For people new to the game of family account keeping, it is not a bad idea, for a starter, to buy one of the so-called "Family Expense Books," in which the columns and standardized headings are already laid out. I believe, too, that some banks and insurance companies offer account books or account sheets without charge.

For our day-to-day records, I carried a small notebook, and my wife kept a small blank book in her desk. She usually carried a scratch pad or piece of paper in her bag when she started on a complicated shopping tour, so that items could be jotted down before she forgot them. Both my book and hers were roughly ruled into columns according to the branches of expenditure in which we were each particularly interested. This saved the time and bother of writing out the destination of each dime or dollar and then sorting out the whole business every week or every month.

With this system, we found that our account keeping required surprisingly little time and trouble. Five or ten minutes a day, plus a couple of hours once a month, proved ample. In fact, the monthly summarizing developed into a kind of game with "Beat last month's record" the goal.

Photograph By H. I. Williams

Accounts are the evidence of real partnership and cooperation between husband and wife

We made no attempt to lay out a regular budget until our accounts were a year old. Our working principle was, "Find the facts first; then budget." Of course, we made certain redistribution of our income as the story told by our account sheets began to take shape; that is, we actually—though not on paper—drew up three or four rough budgets before the year was over.

When the time came for making our first real budget, we had for tolls our last year's accounts, our next year's estimated income, and—we hoped—a fair and open-minded attitude.

We first put down what we had come to call our "overhead"—insurance, rent, taxes. These were, we considered, unalterable items. Our rent was a bit high for our total income, but it represented a comfortable, healthful, cheerful home for ourselves and our child, and we decided that whatever cutting of expense was done must be done elsewhere.

Next we established a "Sinking Fund" and deliberately assigned to it five percent of our expected income. This was to take care of emergencies and over-optimism in the cuts we planned to make in certain branches of our last year's expenditure. Then, guided by our accounts, we distributed the balance over the other headings, always with the thought in mind before putting down a set of figures, "Is it worth the money?" Finally we wrote "Cash Savings" on our budget sheet, and built up this new item by careful slashes in our proposed living costs. The resulting sum wasn't overpowering, but we felt that we had at least made a start in the right direction.

Of course, our budget didn't work out exactly as we planned it. We had no expectation that it would. We stuck to our estimates as closely as possible, but we had no intention of becoming slaves to them. A budget should be a plan of action—not a set of rules and regulations that must be followed to the letter, come what may.

I believe that it is a good idea, when laying out a budget, for you and your husband to decide, if you can, what the chief thing is that you want your money to do for you not only now but in the future, and then build your budget around that one thing. As to your future plans, it may be an old-age fund, a house, a better education for your children, a trip to Europe, a new car. Whatever it is, keep working toward it in your financial plans, and eventually you will have something worth while.

Remember, finally, that all the accounts and budgets in the United States will not keep you from spending beyond your means if your scale of living is more expensive than your income justifies.

We Americans have too much the attitude that, having already so much of the earth (figuratively speaking), we might just as well have it all. "Keeping up with the Joneses" is a contest that is still financially flooring too many families that should have more sense and self-control.

The truth of the matter is—and it's a truth many of us are not willing to face honestly—that if we spend a considerable part of our money for one thing, we shall have to go without something else. We may be obsessed with the determination to save 20 percent of our annual income, but the cost must be reckoned in a less desirable mode of living and fewer pleasures. We may feel that we simply have to have a car, but we sometimes forget that the only way it can be paid for is by limiting our wardrobe, eating simpler food, and doing our own housework.

Every family must decide for itself what it wants most of (*Continued on page 184*)

RHINE

MARGARET WIDDEMER'S

Story of a Girl Who Could Not Read her own Heart—Until Jealousy Opened her Eyes

CONCLUSION

NOTHING had happened, and yet everything. The triumph, the thrill, the wonderful feeling of complete equality and oneness with these people and surroundings had sunk away. Craig, who loved her, had deliberately managed her. He had detached her from Bobbie—honest, good, common little Bobbie who was her friend. He was managing her into Marion's hands: arranging for a month at Seastones, where, against his aunt's hints and Bobbie's advice, she would be in Marion's hands, made Marion's and Craig's possession . . . She sat silent for a moment. And then the confident, gay Janet who had come so far in search of the rhinestone glitter, and who had been in its midst a moment before, savoring it, loving it, took the helm again, using her common-sense. She mustn't go to extremes.

Craig, she saw, loved her. He meant to be kind. He was giving her the best gifts he knew. And a month at Seastones—why, surely it would be one more wonderful thing! She'd been angry for a moment at being managed. But, after all . . .

The confident Janet who was engaged to Craig, who was asked to be the friend of Marion Ledlie, pulled herself together and smiled down half-mockingly at herself, at the flash of rhinestones crossing her white shoulder. She pushed the scarf deliberately back. She felt herself again the thing they wanted her to be, the thing they enjoyed her for being. Gay, glittering, radiating lightness of heart to people who needed it. Accepting from them in return the sophistication they taught her. After all, when she had children, she'd want them to know everything Craig's kind of people knew. So *she* must.

She laughed lightly across at Craig, stimulated again by the feel of luxury and pleasure: the flowers, the exquisite laces of the table, the candle-light, the array of glasses and silver, the perfection of the small, paneled dining-room; the perfectly-groomed people sitting around her, watching her, valuing her youth and vitality. She began to talk nervously, gaily.

"We *did* help to make two young hearts happy, as you say, Craig," she said. "There's a song Bobbie's Frank used to sing—when we didn't stop him—about Willie, the Weeper. I went down and called on Claribel, the Weeper. She was like a big, plump doll grown to be a stepmother. She cried like a fountain and Made a Little Home for Frank in capital letters. And then I discovered what my Sunday-school teacher used to call a Great Truth, Craig. You and Marion probably know it—you and Marion seem to know everything about the wickedness of human nature, or you say so."

George laughed, though he was watching her keenly.

"That's it, Janet, give it to them. They aren't really the devils they're always trying to pretend."

"Shut up, George. Janet's going to tell us a Great Truth. Go on, you pretty thing."

Craig, leaning forward, was openly adoring her. Janet could see herself, flushed, bright-eyed, abandoned to the pleasure of being admired and listened to.

"The Great Truth is—you needn't really *be* things. Just tell over and over again how bad or good you are, and people believe you. Why, Craig, Claribel was a lazy, selfish pig. She didn't even want to take the trouble to marry anybody. And she rocked and cried and told how she was a wonderful mother to Frank and he owed

STONES

Illustrated By Charles D. Mitchell

Craig's relatives were friendly and kind to Janet, though a little watchful. They all seemed to expect her to amuse them, as if she were a sort of professional jester

her everything. And he believed it, because she'd said it so many times. I intend to practise it, myself, on you."

She looked at him defiantly across the table, as if he and she were alone in the room.

"Remember always that I am the most beautiful, charming, exciting girl in the world. I am about to give up for you a position taming celebrities, which is dearer to me than life itself. I have sacrificed my roommate for your sake."

"Don't forget the rest," Craig said with a curious intensity behind the badinage. "You're giving up entirely the boy back home, the one who brought you up and slapped you when you were naughty—the one who's so crazy over you."

Janet sobered suddenly. "He isn't," she defended him.

They shouldn't drag out David, the most real, most dear thing in her old life, and laugh about him.

Marion broke in a little shrilly. "Don't you do it, Janet! Never give up an old lover. How else can you keep the new one interested?"

"She won't have that to worry over," said Craig ardently.

"This is really getting indecent," Marion mocked. "George, you and I should leave and let Craig have the front parlor—is that the phrase, Janet?—to court in!"

"Oh, we have our lives ahead of us for that," Janet parried feverishly. "And Craig's going to like David."

"You see if I do!" said Craig boyishly, laughing.

He had never been so ardent, so gay, so possessive. If only he wouldn't talk this way of David! Because David was one of the foundations of things, and Craig didn't seem to understand.

There was not much more to the evening. Craig swept her off early.

"We're going to court in your front parlor," he told her, following her up the stairs.

It was a little chilly. He made a fire in the Franklin, sat down in the one big chair by it, and pulled her down on his knee.

"You don't mind being here alone without the Gold girl, do you, dear? Because, of course, you'll give up the place at the end of the month. That's why I want you at Southampton. I want to arrange everything most easily for you. After that month you'll be staying with my aunts a little while, and then we'll be married."

It all seemed very sensible and very kind, as she was held in Craig's arms, with the glamour of his love, and of the evening, about her. She had been silly.

So it worked out as Craig desired. Feeling a little frightened and a little excited, she gave up the position at Mr. Wilkins's from the end of the month; she gave the landlady notice. She had thought that perhaps she would work up to the last minute, but after all, this was better. She would be learning how to be Craig's wife, how to be a mother his children would be proud of.

THERE was only one more day now before she went to Southampton. Day after tomorrow Craig was motoring her

into her new world. Tonight he was sitting with her in the little room that had used to be sacred to Frank and Bobbie. Janet, thinking about it all, had been quiet a little while. She looked up at Craig, quiet, too, and spoke half shyly, with a little effort.

"This is the way home will be."

"You darling! But we are going to travel a lot first, for years and years. I want to see Europe through your excited, romantic eyes."

She did not answer. She was beginning to feel the selfishness Craig had boasted of. Even if she wanted a home?— Oh, well, as Marion said, every man had *someth'ng!* And Craig was so wonderful in many ways, she reminded herself, glancing down at the brown, exquisitely-kept, strong hand keeping hers. He spoke again suddenly, moodily.

"Have you a picture of this Hutchinson? I want to see it."

She went in and got it and put it in his hand. Surely, when he saw David, he would love him.

He stared a moment at the strong, serious, boyish face, then let the picture drop none too gently on the couch.

"One of your earnest souls," he said. "What was the story you told me of his dropping his prospects for some absurd promise?"

It did not occur to Janet that any one with all Craig had could be jealous.

"It wasn't absurd," she said, tingling with loyalty.

She burst into the story, telling it with a more passionate admiration than she had known herself to feel. David was so real, so splendid somehow, so continually in her mind, these strange days.

"It was insanity," Craig said with brief scorn. "You'll learn better some day, you absurd, darling baby! We'll cross him off our calling list, I think; you admire him too much, sweet! I intend to rule alone! Now come back here and forget about everything but me."

He tried to pull her down on his knee, but he had gone too far.

"I think it's time you went, Craig," she said. "Tomorrow is my last day at the office, and I must be early."

He did not notice her sudden coolness.

"Then I must see you tomorrow the moment you're through. It's at noon, isn't it? Child I'm wild for you. The old place, for once? In the park where the letter-tree is? I've turned into a romantic boy, you see, since we have been in love!"

She did not feel romantic. She felt chilled. But she nodded. He kissed her with a certain triumph and ran whistling down the long flights of stairs.

Janet, left alone, bent and lifted David's picture, holding it tightly to her.

"He shan't laugh at my David!" she said.

She went slowly into the inner room and undressed. When she was ready for bed, she took the picture with her. The smooth, cold feel of the glass, even, comforted her.

"I wish I could go home and talk to him about it all," she thought. "I need him so. It would be easier then to come back and marry Craig. I want to go home and see them all, have the babies to hold—oh, my babies! Oh David, it's all so tangly and glittery! I want to go home . . ."

She cried a little. Finally she slept, holding the big picture fast.

NOBODY had told Janet how things were really going at home just now. Thelma's partisanship had done more harm even than she had feared. Burton Renshaw, before their last angry interview, had really acted fairly, according to his lights. But since he had come to believe that Thelma was in love with David, he had deliberately cut into David's practise whenever he could. He had much in his favor. He was older. He had a reputation and years of practise behind him. And he was as hard now as Thelma had reproached him with being.

He had by now taken up his option on the old Meadows place. He had done over an office and a sleeping-room and a bath and lived there. He was more and more highly regarded by the "Fashion Hill" crowd; he had borrowed money for his loan through the town's richest man, John Pennewill. People were beginning to couple Renshaw and Pennewill's daughter, Iva.

Renshaw was getting to be known as a clever surgeon. He planned to be able to drop the general practise, except for a few favored families, within two years at most. His plans were going well. If his mouth was a tighter line, if his viewpoint was a harder one, there was nobody to notice but Thelma.

Thelma said nothing. Her brief blossoming seemed to be over. She affected a boyish style of dress. She did her work perfectly. But she was sharpening. Her danger had always been that of turning too precise, too severe. Janet's easy lovingness had been the antidote till Janet went. Afterward, through the brief summer period of her love-affair with Renshaw, she had bloomed and expanded, only to turn into this silent, almost bitter woman, whose gentleness and sweetness were only for the children. She was armored to all the rest of the world, even her parents and David Hutchinson.

David's practise, of course, dwindled as Renshaw's increased. All the poor people clung to him, the more that Renshaw did not bother with charity patients if he could avoid it. There were, of course, a number of old Dr. Hutchinson's patients who made it a factional issue to stick by him. But he was scarcely prospering.

"Oh, David," Thelma said on a quick impulse, meeting him as she came out of the store one evening and he drew up to the curb to speak to her, "don't you think you've kept your promise to Uncle Doctor long enough? He wouldn't want you to go on like this. I *hate* Burton Renshaw!"

"Do you?" said David, looking at her with a reflection of his old boyish teasing. "Come on, get in, and I'll take you home. That's a good girl. What do you hear from Janet?"

"Do stop being noble!" Thelma said petulantly.

"If I go away, would you take Renshaw back?"

"Not even if he wanted me, and he doesn't any more. Don't."

David stopped being noble suddenly, letting go as he sent the little car ahead viciously.

"Oh, it's such a mix-up," he said. "Nothing's gone right since Janet went away. Thelma—Thelma! It seems as if I couldn't *bear* her marrying any one else. It's like some one else having my hand or head. She's mine—she always will be, whether she learns it or not."

"Write and tell her so. Don't let her slip away from you on a point of honor as you have this. Make one more effort—" she began to say sharply, and was stopped by a choking in her throat.

For the smart little car Renshaw drove had drawn abreast of them and overtaken them. He spoke as he passed, coldly.

David talked on as if he had not seen Renshaw.

"Father was right. I can't go off and leave the poor people; nor the not quite poor—the ones who never get a chance because of being too self-respecting for charity and too poor to pay high fees. I'm getting to feel about them as he did—my people."

"You needn't pretend you didn't see Burton. I've stopped pretending about things," Thelma said with a note of acute misery in her voice. "I'll never get over him, and I despise him. He's scheming to marry Iva Pennewill, and he loves me still . . . Where was he going, do you think?"

"I heard this morning that little Merritt Hodgson was very ill with mastoiditis," David said reluctantly.

"It would be!"

The Hodgsons were the next most influential family in town to the Pennewills. They had been David's patients till now. With them captured, Renshaw had practically won his game.

"Oh, don't worry," David said, misunderstanding her. (*Continued on page 200*)

I THOUGHT

By Cristel Hastings

I THOUGHT *it was high sunset hills that I loved*
And meadow winds soft on my lips—
I thought it was white clouds that sailed a blue sky,
The sea, and its white painted ships—

I THOUGHT—*oh, I thought it was incense at dusk*
I loved in a garden I know,
The note of a song that keeps haunting my heart,
Companion wherever I go—

I THOUGHT *it was trees on a trail winding up*
To a knoll where the wild pansies grew—
I thought it was all of these things that I loved,
But, Dear, all the time it was—You!

The Big Kids and the Little Kids

(*Continued from page 53*)

PETE'S side went out first. Pete was getting all the luck tonight. Red's bunch stayed at the goal. They were watching, guessing, surmising.

"They're going east!"

"Yes, but that doesn't mean anything."

"But they're headed for the ravine."

"Too hard to get out of there!"

Doris was dumb with happiness. It was enough just to be admitted. The Whaley kids were still staring from the edge of the lot, a stubborn, forlorn, unwanted little tribe. And she was one of the big kids. Well, anyway, they were letting her play with them.

Once Red looked at her and tweaked a lock of her hair. "Think you can run, kid?" he said.

Oh, how she worshiped Red! How wonderful if she could be the one to find where the other side was hidden—if she could run the fastest—if she could catch *Sister* . . .

How different the vacant lot was at night! So big and scary and dark. She had crossed it this morning going to town—crossed it, watchful for snakes, by that little diagonal path all the neighborhood had trodden. Then it had lain bright under the morning sun, still a little dew on the thin-stemmed weeds that left mouths all wryly full of knobby seeds when the children made "mustaches" with them. She had stooped down to pick a dandelion and blow the feathery top to see if her mother needed her—but to blow very softly, so that she would have a good excuse to stay in town.

In the afternoon she and Elsie and Vinnie and Blythe had played Going-to-New-Orleans. She wouldn't play that now! Or any of those games played in the daylight with just a bunch of little kids . . . Dark and significant stood the lone elm tree that they had chosen for the goal. She glanced at it nervously. Could she ever reach it? A thrill of delicious fear shot through her, making her hair prickle all over her head.

Red's bunch were getting impatient. The other side had been out a long time now. Common fear and daring drew them close, the girls shivering and giggling, the boys stepping out on little scouting excursions as far as the rules would let them.

"See anything of them?"

"Not a sign."

But it couldn't be long now.

"Listen here, kids." Red gathered them all about him. "We're going to run this thing right. We're going to catch just as many of that bunch as we can. Get me? We've got to beat that crowd tonight! It may be the last chance this summer. Now, I want every one of you to do exactly as I say."

They were in a cluster now in the dusk. They could hear each other breathing, catch the gleam of eyes. They all belonged to the same side. Red's voice was low, fierce, and vibrating. It sent a shock through them. His shoulders were tense, his arms freckled and strong below the short white sleeves, his red hair showing even in the twilight. He was their captain, their leader. All their dependence was upon him.

"I want every person on this side to go after one guy and *get* him. Now, all of you listen! Let the easy ones go. It's the fast ones we're after. I want two of you to run down that Chink Watson and catch him if you have to break your gol-darned necks."

"Who are you going after, Red?"

"I'm going to get that Jessie Thompson!"

Doris crowded in with the others. Her eyes looked up at Red with shining, utter worship. She was almost suffocated with the pride of her happiness. She begged him:

"Who shall I catch? Red! Who shall *I*?"

She would do anything he told her. She would run—she didn't care if her blood vessels all burst, if she really and truly ran her legs off! She would run faster than any of the big kids, because she just *had* to.

He looked down at her. "Gee, I forgot we had you on our side!"

Some one—that horrid fat Mabel!—said impatiently: "Don't let her run. She can't catch anybody."

"I can!" she cried wildly.

Oh, if they should leave her out now—they were all looking at her . . .

"Aw, she can run," Red said grandly. "What does it hurt? You run, kid. Go after anybody you see."

The relief was too sweet. Her devotion to Red hurt her, she felt it so hard.

Some one said, "Sh!" They saw Pete coming. Red drew them about him again with an imperious gesture and gave his last, low, hurried instructions.

"All follow me and all keep close watch—remember . . . and the minute Pete calls 'Run-Sheep-Run'—!"

Excited shivers ran down their backs, as they crowded and promised—and then drew away.

Pete sauntered up to them, carefully nonchalant.

"We know where you've left them. We can go straight to them."

"Think so, do you?" he answered the jeers.

"Well, let's get off, gang!" Red said impatiently.

Red struck across the vacant lot, and his flock trailed after him. The long, wet grass swished stealthily about their shoes. Pete, still nonchalant, sauntered as far as he dared in the rear.

No one paid any attention to Doris. She kept her eyes on Red's white shirt ahead of her in the dusk. To be playing, actually playing Run-Sheep-Run with Sister's crowd! In the passion of her devotion to Red, she hated Pete and the other side. She would be a heroine, bring in the whole other side as captives . . . But as they kept on their stealthy search, going Indian file, her heart began to trip faster and faster, and the sound of her own breathing frightened her.

Pete sang out, "Blue! Blue!" That was the first of the signals.

"Colors, is it?" Red said. "All right, old boy, we'll soon know what your blue means."

"S-sh!"

Pete bent down to pick a long weed and to show that he wasn't worried. They had left the vacant lot now. Red was taking them across Hibbards' lawn. At every little sound—a branch moving, a footstep on the walk—there was a nervous twitter from one of the girls. The other side might be anywhere—in the shadow of the porch, behind those lilac bushes . . .

"PURPLE!" Pete shouted suddenly.

At every one of those hoarse warnings a shock of fear went through Doris. Her knees trembled, and she wanted to run back to the goal. But she must stand it—she was one of Red's side. Next it would be her own side that was hiding—in the dark, left behind by their leader, all crouched and breathing together. She shivered with a thrilling terror—

"Lie low!"

The cry sounded hoarsely above them and trailed away into a moan of warning. Then the others must be close about! The barn, with its perilous shadows? In the long grass of the orchard? There were glints of watchful eyes in the dusk—the frightened breathing all subdued—the feet treading softly through wet weeds. Doris's blood beat in her throat. Her little heart choked her. She saw Red's gesture of warning—his lifted head . . .

"Oh, dear God, let me *catch* somebody."

"RUN-SHEEP-RUN!"

Screams from the girls, a mad stampede—the wild, glorious terror of that shriek! From behind Whites' barn next door they saw the dark figures running. "Get 'em! Go after 'em!" Bolting madly through the grass, leaping the walk, swishing through the lilac branches—they had all started before Doris caught sight of the other side. She ran wildly after them—after some one, she didn't know whom, one of her side or one of the other— Her breath ached in her straining throat, and her thin little legs began to hurt and grow weak at the knees. Oh, she couldn't keep up! She *must*. Her forehead pushed against the rush of cool night air, and her hair blew back as she plunged madly through darkness. Oh, not to be left too far behind . . . Some one had tripped—if she could only—! She was sobbing crazily.

The cement walk, a long, pale line glimmering in darkness . . . and bang into two people! She tried to go on—they caught her.

"What's this? Why, it's Dorrie!"

It was papa and mamma!

"Let me go! Papa, please! We're playing Run-Sheep-Run. I'm *catch*ing somebody."

Like a little fish, plunging and straining, she struggled wildly in their hands. "Let me *go*. I have to reach the goal."

But they couldn't understand. "But why are you out here? And in the dark? Don't you know how late it is?"

"We're playing, mamma! Let me go!"

WEE FIDDLE MOON

By Edith MacDonald Graham

I'LL PLAY *a tune on the wee fiddle moon*
Creepin' up the evenin' sky;
A round little tune that'll end too soon,
Floatin' up the evenin' sky.
Then, sway you very low an' sway you high,
A creepin' up the evenin' sky.

I'LL FIND *a bow where lush rushes grow*
Down by the river's singing,
A lithe little bow that'll sweep to an' fro
Where thistle-downs are clinging.
Oh, sweep you very high, an' sweep you low,
Creepin' up the evenin' sky.

I'LL PICK *a note from a mockin'-bird's throat*
Close where the aspens shiver,
Some sweet little note that'll flutter an' float
Up where the moonbeams quiver.
Oh, sing you every note, every li'l' note
Creepin' up the evenin' sky.

The Big Kids and the Little Kids

"What's all this game?" papa wanted to know.

Mamma said, "Oh, no, you must come with us now."

She explained through sobs. It was Run-Sheep-Run. She was on Red's side. Red had chosen her. The big kids *wanted* her to play. There wouldn't be enough without her. The game would be spoiled if they took her away. And her own side hadn't gone out yet—the game was just starting . . .

But bearing her along between them, each grasping a little, hot hand, papa and mamma just couldn't understand her. Even her crying couldn't stop them, they were so comfortably sure—like older people!—that they knew all about it and were right.

Stay and play? Oh, no, it was late. It was far too late for her. The game would go on without her, they assured her. She was too little anyway. These big children didn't want her.

"You let Sister stay!"

"But Sister belongs with these children."

"So do I. Red chose me on his side."

How she hated their comforting but relentless hands! Wildly she dragged back against them. She could just see a play of dark figures about the elm tree—laughter, a girl's shrill scream—and she had to go home with papa and mamma!

NOW they seemed to have a suspicion that they were in the wrong, for all the way home they tried to console her.

Mr. Thompson said: "You little kids have the vacant lot to yourselves the whole day long. I saw you playing there when I came home to dinner."

She had stopped struggling and was going along with them. What would people in the street think of her?—mamma had asked her. But she stared stonily in front of her. What did they suppose those little games mattered—Old Witch and Statuary—when she had felt the wild taste of the chase in the darkness? She never wanted to play those little kids' games again.

"And tomorrow you'll be back there."

Her father squeezed her hot hand in his. But neither of the parents felt so assured as they were acting. Their hearts were treacherously soft, their ears uncomfortably aware of sad little sniffs in the dark.

"Use your hankie, dear," Mrs. Thompson urged pityingly.

"I haven't got any."

"Papa, give her yours."

"I won't use papa's. I don't like him."

"But, *Dorrie* . . . oh, dear!" Mrs. Thompson sighed.

When they reached home and got into the light, they saw the woebegone tear stains on her face. They tried all their comforts. Did she want mamma to make her a nice glass of lemonade? She was so hot!—Mrs. Thompson sighed, pushing the damp hair from her flushed little forehead. Trying to keep up with those big children!

That made Doris wail again. She *could* keep up, she cried! No, she didn't want anything.

Perhaps there was still a piece of that candy? Papa, look in the top drawer in the buffet. The candy for which she had begged this morning, which mamma had secreted. She wouldn't even say she wanted that. She let mamma put a piece of it into her hand, but she held it slackly and refused to look at it.

"Aren't you going to taste your nice candy? See, papa's eating his. Hm! Good!"

Papa gobbled with noisy gusto. Disdain touched her drooping lips. She sat in forlorn isolation and let the tears stay thick in her lashes.

They pleaded with her. "Don't you see, we have to bring you home, so you can grow up and *be* a big kid?"

"You let Sister stay."

"But, darling, Sister's a big girl now!"

"So am I."

Mamma tried to stroke her hair. "Don't you want to be our little girl any longer?"

"Of course, she does!" papa cried with false, hearty cheer. "Why, we couldn't get along without her. We'd be two old folks if we had to have *two* big girls right away. Like Grandpa and Grandma Brewer. Don't you want to keep your parents young?"

He couldn't make her smile with that.

"Sister," mamma mourned, "will soon be too big a girl to play. After she's through, it'll be your turn."

"I want it to be my turn now!"

"Can't you wait even a little year or two?"

She shook her head dismally.

"But, darling, every one has to wait."

It was no use, however, offering such consolations. She did consent to nibble the candy. But she wouldn't admit that it tasted good. She wouldn't admit that she could ever understand or forgive papa and mamma.

How hot and tired the poor child was! She didn't like to be told that. But couldn't she see, mamma pleaded, that if they let her stay out so late and play so hard now, she couldn't do it when she *did* get big? All the little girls were little still. Why should she get ahead of them? If she got everything too soon, how could there be anything left? There would be plenty of other nights—plenty of time to play Run-Sheep-Run.

Yes, but they wouldn't be tonight. That was the answer.

"Carry her up to bed, papa."

Her little legs dangled and bumped, and she wouldn't put her arms around his neck. She permitted herself to be undressed, but she turned her face away from kisses. Stricken, the two righteous but guilty parents looked down at the desolate little figure.

"Do you want mamma to stay with you?"

The head was faintly shaken.

"Papa?"

She would have no one but her kitty—and mamma, although she disapproved of kittens in bed, made papa call him all through the back yard.

"Here he is! Papa's found him."

Papa came up the stairs triumphant, carrying the kitten the wrong way, held by its furry middle with four helpless paws dangling. At the sight of that, Doris held out her slack arms a little way, and as the kitten plumped down on the bed, she gathered him to her. She squeezed his softness against her cheek in love of him and reproach of papa and mamma, and had the comfort of crying her last few tears into the fluffy warmth of his fur.

"There! She'll be all right now."

With smiling satisfaction the parents tiptoed away.

SHE pressed the kitten's warm side to her and felt a mournful pleasure in the tickle of his whiskers. But he didn't want to stay. He had been snatched from his own kitten enjoyment outside in the summer evening. He was motionless, then he began to struggle mutely. She begged "Stay, kitty!" Then, with mournful acquiescence, she opened her hands and heard the soft thump of his little body on the floor.

Besides, how could he comfort her? Nothing could, ever. What did she care about years and years from now? Nothing could ever bring back tonight. She had just begun to enter her dearest wish, and then she was snatched from it. She could never care so much again. The game could never be so wonderful when the little kids came to play it.

The maple tree stirred and brushed the house outside her window; and away through the clear, cool darkness she heard a shrill cry. They were still playing. She lay at such depths of mournful misery that the misery itself was soothed.

AFTER they had hooked the back screen door, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson came upstairs. Mrs. Thompson tiptoed and looked into Doris's room.

"Asleep?"

She nodded.

"Poor kid!"

They talked while they were undressing.

"I wonder if you ought to go after Jessie. It's getting awfully late."

"No, I've dragged one home tonight, I won't drag two."

"But, papa—"

"Oh, let her play. Vacation'll soon be over. There may not be such another night. She's big enough to come home when she gets ready."

Mrs. Thompson sighed. "I suppose so," she said. "Yes, I suppose it may be one of their last nights to play."

That made her think of many things. "Jessie's growing up so fast. Next year she'll think she's beyond Run-Sheep-Run, I'm afraid."

"Well," Mr. Thompson told her, "let her play as long as she can tonight, then."

Mrs. Thompson got into bed. Her lips smiled, but they were pitiful. She murmured, "Poor little thing!"

But she couldn't think of having *two* of them grow up. Why, that would leave her and papa—!

SHE turned to her husband. She asked him in complaint:

"Why do children want to grow up so fast? And then the rest of us wish we could be children!"

He told her, "You're getting philosophical, mamma."

But she felt she must somehow exonerate herself from the thought of that small, tear-stained face. "She's too little. I can't have her running wild in the dark. I know she'd be a nuisance to the other children."

Mr. Thompson said comfortably, "Oh, well, her time is coming." He, too, was thinking, for he added, "For heaven's sake, let's not hurry it along!" With the easy optimism of the male he added to that, "She'll forget all about it by morning."

Mrs. Thompson didn't answer. They were both silent for some time.

Finally Mr. Thompson murmured into general darkness: "He's selling that lot."

Mrs. Thompson had gone from reverie half into sleep, but, startled, she asked, "Who is?"

"Johnson. The vacant lot."

"Why, I didn't even know who owned it!"

"You didn't?" He was amused by that.

Why, no, she told him, it had been just the vacant lot! She'd never thought of any one's owning it—any one but the whole neighborhood.

"Yes, they're going to put up a house there. Guess this summer's the last the kids'll have it. Oh, well, they'll find somewhere else to play. Kids always do."

"I don't see why he has to sell it!"

She felt a sense of outrage. But she was too drowsy to go into that. She had one little girl safe asleep in her bed in spite of the tears still wet on her cheeks; and the other, whose absence gave her a little gnaw of uneasiness she wouldn't confess to her husband, was coming home now. Away down the street she heard Jessie's shrill, sweet laughter. So both of them were almost safe!

The laughter came nearer. Mrs. Thompson turned over to go to sleep, relieved and secure, but with a little groan, a last drowsy sense that life always kept on going . . . She heard a boy's deep voice in answer.

"Oh, dear, is *that* beginning!"

She turned to Mr. Thompson. But he was already asleep. She would rather have had Jessie stay and keep on playing Run-Sheep-Run!

FIVE EXTRA HELPFUL IDEAS

1.

Decide to take advantage of the extra *help that can bring you sweet, airy, home-washed clothes without hard rubbing.*

[WHICH MEANS FELS-NAPTHA]

2.

Make up your mind to have this extra *help each washday. For then your white clothes will come out so white, and your colored things will stay so fresh and gay, that the neighbors (mean thought!) will envy your wash every time they see it on the line.*

[ASK ANY FELS-NAPTHA USER!]

3.

See to it that you use the good golden soap that will keep your hands, as well as your clothes, looking better.

[FELS-NAPTHA WILL DO IT!]

4.

Determine to get the most out of this extra *helper by letting it lighten each soap-and-water task all through the year, whether weekly wash or household cleaning.*

[FELS-NAPTHA IS AN "ALL AROUND" HELPER]

5.

Be sure to buy Fels-Naptha Soap today and have it in the house so that you can start using these good ideas right now.

for 1929

© 1929, Fels & Co.

FELS-NAPTHA is more than just soap. It is *good golden* soap combined with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. You can smell the naptha! So here are two safe, active cleaners instead of one—two cleaners that work together, in washing machine or tub, loosening

the dirt and washing it away with less work and effort on your part. That's the *extra* help that makes millions of women agree that "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha".

FELS & COMPANY, *Philadelphia, Pa.*

In using advertisements see page 6

HAS ANYONE TOLD YOU?

Or have you discovered that Velvetta Suede will not crock? You hear this everywhere. Enthusiasm runs high because a common annoyance is ended. It's pleasure enough to wear Velvetta for its beauty alone, but it's actual joy to wear suede shoes that keep your hosiery spotless. You have an exhilarant feeling of freshness if you know that your ankles bespeak fastidious grooming. So, when being fitted make certain that you get Velvetta suede. There are new models in every fashionable shade.

A beautifully colored fall and winter style booklet, written by a famous authority, is ready. She describes costumes and accessories to match the popular Velvetta shades. Many fashionable models are shown. There is no charge for this helpful booklet. Please write for your copy.

HUNT-RANKIN LEATHER COMPANY
108 Beach Street, Boston, Massachusetts

YOUR Money's Worth

A Department Conducted for The Sole Purpose of Helping You to Get Full Value for Every Dollar You Invest

A Widow's $15,000

By Ruth Boyle

"I AM a widow," she wrote. "I have a small baby to raise, and my entire income is $40 a month from the United States Government and what income I shall be able to realize on $15,000. My problem is how to invest my small capital safely, wisely, and in such a way as to get the best return on my investment. I am frank to say that I know nothing about the business of securing my money and living on it, too."

This letter set us all to figuring yields on lists of high-grade bonds. It made us regret, too, the necessity for our decision never to name as a possible investment any particular stock or bond. Here was a widow, young and intelligent, but untrained in financial matters, and living in a small town where it is not easy to acquire knowledge about investments except by the slow way of experience. On the way she invests her slender capital so much depends: her own livelihood, her child's bread and butter, and even the important question of whether she shall be free from earning daily bread so that she can give her child the wise and loving care he will need for years.

In some ways, her problem is the problem of us all. These three things she requires in the investment of her money—her capital must be safe, her income must be certain and large enough to cover normal expenses with a margin for emergencies, and her capital should increase enough so that as her son grows older, she can meet the larger expenditures necessary for his education. Those are the qualities all of us want in an investment—safety, adequate income, and the promise of profit.

There is one investment, of course, that any widow with a small baby could put her trust in and have no worries—United States Government bonds. We figured out what Liberty bonds would bring—$15,000 at 4¼—$637.50 a year, or a little less, since they are selling slightly above par. Including her pension, that would give her $93 a month—rather meager when you consider that out of it all her every-day expenses must be paid, and something must be saved for the unexpected and for when the boy's needs will be greater. Besides, there is no chance of enhancing her income. But, without financial advice this is probably the best way for her to invest her money until she knows more about investments.

A larger return naturally will mean greater risk. In order to get expert advice for her on how to reduce this element of risk to a minimum and still realize at least five percent, we asked two investment bankers of high reputation to tell us what they considered the best answer to the widow's problem, considering safety, income, and profit.

They were both as interested as we were, and each of them gave us a carefully thought out plan of investment. Only one item—a foreign bond—appears on both lists, but in certain fundamental respects the two programs are similar. Both are made up of easily marketable securities so that, by consulting the financial page of the daily newspaper, the buyer may easily follow the fluctuations in the prices. In the case of the widow marketability is not absolutely essential, but because of her complete inexperience, it seemed to our expert advisers that she should buy only securities about which it is easy to get information. Each list has broad diversification—both in the type of security and in their geographical location. Neither is composed exclusively of the safest securities—those in the "highest grade investment" or "widows' bond" class—because in the opinion of the experts the required interest of over five percent made this impossible.

The first list, suggested by the investment department of a large bank with branches in many cities, consists of fifteen bonds—four industrials, five public utilities, four railroads, and two foreign governments.

A study of the ratings which statistical services assign to these securities show that only one-third of them falls in the class of bonds which may with reasonable safety be tucked away in the safety deposit box and forgotten. Nine of them are in the "business men's investment class," which require constant watchfulness on the part of their owners. All were under par at the time suggested, and since the bond market as a whole was depressed and prices low, there was a chance of a rise in market value. Most of them (*Continued on page 209*)

A New Investors' Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We have arranged to put at your disposal the services of a company that has been giving financial information for over half a century. We are prepared, therefore, to analyze your securities and tell you how they are rated. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell: we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. *Don't* send your securities.

At sixteen Jane Kendall excelled in riding and every sport. "Beauty and the Beast" this portrait with her Great Dane was called.

At seventeen she studied painting in Paris (for she is gifted as she is beautiful)—and prepared for her "coming out" festivities.

At eighteen came her Washington debut in this Lanvin frock. They called her "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House."

At nineteen her marriage to a distinguished young New Yorker was the outstanding event of the smart Washington season.

"The Prettiest Girl that ever entered the White House"

Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.

Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr., *was Miss Jane Kendall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Kendall of Washington, D. C. Since her brilliant debut her Botticelli beauty has been famous. Her flawless skin is delicate as a wood anemone.*

JANE KENDALL MASON has not long left her teens, but her extraordinary beauty has already made her famous. "The prettiest girl that ever entered the White House" they called her when she made her dazzling debut in Washington. Soon followed her brilliant marriage to a New Yorker of distinguished family.

Clear-cut as a cameo is Mrs. Mason's pale blonde Botticelli beauty. Her purple pansy eyes are dark against her flawless skin, pale as a wood anemone. Gifted and interesting, she is always in demand. From her father's homes in Washington and Maryland to the gay diplomatic circles of Havana where her husband is an important figure, she flits like a butterfly, yet her complexion is ever exquisite.

This perfection of her pale anemone skin she owes to the four simple steps to beauty that so many lovely young moderns follow. "I've used Pond's Creams," she says, "ever since I can remember.

"I dote on them! The Cold Cream is so light and pleasant—leaves the skin really clean and soft. The Vanishing Cream gives such a velvety surface for powder."

Now Mrs. Mason finds Pond's two new products just as delightful.

"The Cleansing Tissues are a luxury," she says. "They remove cold cream perfectly. And the Skin Freshener gives your skin such a lovely glow!"

Pond's Two Creams, Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues compose Pond's famous Method, the sure way thousands of young moderns use to keep their skin always lovely.

USE POND'S Cold Cream for cleansing ★ generously several times a day and every night, patting it over face and neck with upward, outward strokes. It soaks into the tiny apertures; softens and loosens the dust and dirt.

With Pond's Cleansing Tissues, firm, ample, light as thistledown, wipe off the cream carrying the dust with it.

Repeat these two steps until the tissues show no soil.

If you are having a daytime cleansing a dash of the exhilarating Skin Freshener will tone and refresh your face. Apply it briskly. See how it livens and braces the complexion.

Lastly, for the correct completion to perfect grooming, apply just a shade of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. It protects the skin, gives it fine-grained texture.

Pond's four simple steps mean beauty.

If it is possible that you have not used Pond's four delightful preparations, mail the coupon for a week's test supply.

Mail the Coupon *with 10¢ for Pond's four preparations.*

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. N.
100 Hudson Street, New York City

Name_____

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In using advertisements see page 6

Plump, tender chicken, *and so easy to prepare*

Do both of you like chicken? It's expensive to have it on the menu frequently *when you have to buy a whole fowl.* And it's a job to cook and serve properly—but here's a suggestion that helps by reducing expense and work too.

Buy your chicken in fine, plump useable pieces, already cooked and packed in tins by the white-uniformed workers in the sunlit R & R kitchens. A tin of R & R Boned Chicken has no waste. You use every bit. In fact, it's a most economical way of buying chicken, pound for pound of useable meat.

Try it this week. Here's an approved recipe for Chicken a la King, as a first suggestion. Your own cook book will give you many more.

CHICKEN A LA KING

garnished with mashed potato

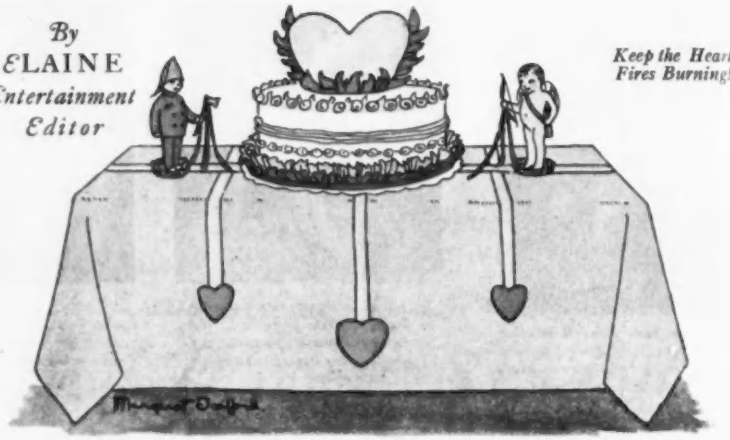
1 tablespoonful Butter, 1 tablespoon Flour, ¼ cup shredded Pimento (a sweet red pepper canned), 1 pint Milk, 1 blade of Mace, 1 small tin of R & R Boned Chicken, Salt and Paprika to taste. Cook the butter and flour in a saucepan for two minutes. Add the milk and mace, and stir until you have a smooth, creamy sauce. Stir into this the chicken, cut in small pieces, and heat thoroughly. Remove the mace and add the seasoning. Place the shredded pimento over the top and serve in a covered dish. Recipe tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Your grocer has R & R Boned Chicken always in stock. Let him serve you today.

★ Richardson & Robbins

Established since 1855 in Dover, Del.

By ELAINE *Entertainment Editor*



Keep the Heart Fires Burning!

Heart Afire Valentine Party

HOW TO ORDER

Send 10 cts. in stamps to Elaine, Entertainment Editor, Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at Eighth Avenue, N. Y. City, and receive instructions for the Heart Afire Valentine Party, including the following:

1. **Fuse Invitations (and way to find partners)**
2. **Sizzling Cinders! Who Dropped the Match? (game)**
3. **The Love Circle (game)**
4. **Language of the Heart Riddles in Rhyme (twelve original verses)**
5. **Combining Valentine idea and Bridge Party.**
6. **Combining Valentine idea and George Washington or Lincoln idea.**

HEART AFIRE TABLE CENTERPIECE: For the middle of the table make a heart-shaped frame of wire the size that looks best in proportion to the size of the table to be used. Cut from pink crêpe paper two big heart-shaped pieces large enough to paste over the wire frame and bulge on both sides. Cut long, slender tongues of flame of different lengths and widths from crimson crêpe paper or crimson silk. Paste spool wires up and down the middle of each tongue of flame so that it will be slightly stiff but pliable. Paste or sew the flames unevenly on the sides and edges of the heart, twisting them to right and left and upward by their slender wires, so that they will curl like real flames.

Stick the point of the heart firmly into a big cake with pink icing. If necessary, fasten a strong piece of wire at the point of the heart to hold it in place. Lay strips of pink ribbon along and across the table. Place the cake in the center of the table. Inside the wire frame of the heart place three or four tiny red electric lights on a long wire, like the ones sold for Christmas-tree decorations. Run this wire under one of the ribbons, down a table leg, to an outlet. Before the guests enter, plug in the lights, and the effect will be that of a burning heart.

CUPID FIRING HEARTS PLACE CARDS: At the places of half of the guests stand little Cupid or Kewpie dolls holding red paper hearts in one hand and little candles in the other. Beside each doll put a card with the guest's name on one side and this verse on the other:

Don't ever say you're not in love,
Lest Cupid call you liar,
For every single person knows
That where there's heart, there's fire!

FIREMEN PLACE CARDS: At the places of the remaining guests place tiny dolls dressed as firemen and wearing firemen's hats of black paper. In one hand place red paper hearts and in the other some piece of equipment such as tiny ladders, pieces of hose, hooks, and so on. Beside each of these dolls place a card with the name of the guest on one side and the following verse on the other:

Heart afire,
Oh, hose and cart!
Hook and ladder
Save my heart!

MENU SUGGESTIONS: Hearts of lettuce salad with Russian dressing. Heart-shaped sandwiches filled with cream cheese and pimientoes. Strawberry or raspberry ice-cream in heart-shaped molds. Little heart-shaped cakes and cookies; the cakes covered with red icing, the cookies dotted with red cherries.

For any leaflet below address Elaine, Entertainment Editor, Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N.Y.C.

BRIGHT BOWKNOT BOOKLET: a brilliant little booklet of parties and games for entertaining children.....20c

BRIDGE RULES IN RHYME PARTY: including twenty of the most important rules in short verses 10c

GAMES LEAFLET: a collection of miscellaneous games for all ages 10c

MOTTOES AND MASCOTS BIRTHDAY PARTY: parties for every month.....10c

THOUSAND STAR BRIDE'S SHOWER.....10c

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY VERSES.....10c

Pick up the pieces and SMILE
THIS FLOOR WON'T STAIN!

It's Accolac Processed Armstrong's Linoleum Stain-proof—Spot-proof Worry-proof

AN accident . . . and a tale-telling stain. That *was* the story. But not today in homes that boast floors of Armstrong's Accolac Processed Linoleum.

This new-type linoleum is spot-proof, stain-proof. Things that to other floors spell tragedy cannot mar the satin-smooth finish of Accolac Processed Linoleum.

Even when hot grease spills—a little water, a cloth, and your Armstrong Floor is spick-and-span again. Usually all the care these dirt-resisting floors need is a daily dusting.

This new Accolac Process provides a lacquer finish that permeates the linoleum surface. This finish penetrates the tiny pores and forms a tough, protective seal. It *keeps in* all the freshness of the rich colors; it *keeps out* all the grime and dirt that make floor cleaning a drudgery.

There are other virtues to an Armstrong Floor—*beauty,* the work of skilled artists; *comfort,* quiet and springy to the step; *warmth,* no drafty cracks; and *wear,* not a penny for refinishing once your new Armstrong Floor is cemented in place over builders' deadening felt.

The cost depends upon the size of your room and the pattern you select. Any good department, furniture, or linoleum store merchant can tell you exactly. Remember that once installed, Armstrong's Accolac Processed Linoleum puts an end to floor-refinishing bills, to floor-cleaning ills.

Be your own home decorator *—You can see exactly how the new Armstrong Floors look in well-appointed rooms if you write for Hazel Dell Brown's helpful book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration." This book tells you how to plan correct color schemes, pictures the work of good decorators, even offers you personal help without charge when you are planning home decoration. Just send the cost of mailing, 10¢, for your copy. (Canada, 20¢.) Address your request to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 913 Nevin Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.*

Look for the CIRCLE A trade mark on the burlap back

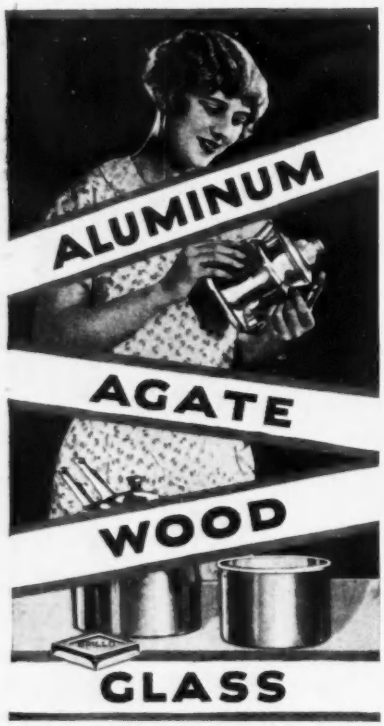
Even hot grease wipes right up from Armstrong's Accolac Processed Linoleum. No spotting. No staining. And no more heavy cleaning care!

Armstrong's Linoleum
FLOORS
for every room in the house

PLAIN . . . INLAID . . . EMBOSSED
JASPÉ . . . PRINTED . . . ARABESQ
and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

In using advertisements see page 6

★BRILLO cleans



Come out of the kitchen sooner!

Why allow old-time, muss-and-fuss methods of cleaning to tie you down to your kitchen? Adopt the quick, modern way of cleaning! Use Brillo—the soft fibre lubricated pads and pure, free-lathering soap—for *aluminum* and all other utensils; nickel, brass and copperware; stoves and refrigerators. Many other uses. Sanitary and economical, too—Brillo pads can be rinsed over and over.

What a difference Brillo makes—in work, in time, in money, in results!

BRILLO GUARANTEE

A new aluminum or other cooking utensil free for any BRILLO fails to clean.

BRILLO is sold at Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory and all 10 and 25c stores; and at leading department, hardware and grocery stores.

Generous trial package—10c —write for it!

Brillo Mfg. Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

4 Brillo Pads and Brillo Soap 10

Our January Forum

Offers Timely Suggestions, Some From Distant Lands

To Help You Remember

I have adopted a plan to help me remember the birthdays and anniversaries of my friends and acquaintances. Early in January each year I take a calendar and run through each month, marking the dates I wish to remember. Then, as each month comes, I am able to see at a glance the special dates and am able to get a gift or card at my leisure, instead of at the last minute. *Mrs. J. W. B., Hyattsville, Md.*

"Isn't that fire insurance due today?" inquires the head of the house with a worried look. "I think I have a notice at the office." Or maybe it's "I believe the educational policy should have been mailed yesterday." To prevent our memories from causing trouble, at the beginning of the year I borrowed one of the children's color crayons and drew a ring around the date on the calendar on which any of our insurance premiums were due. It does not take many minutes to mark every month in the year thus, and then the calendar is hung in some conspicuous place to act as a silent reminder. *Mrs. D. A. H., Hartwell, Ga.*

My Gift Chest

My "Gift Chest" is such a joy to me that I want to pass the idea on to others. The notion originated when, after a shopping expedition, I found I had purchased several attractive little articles for which I had no particular use at the time; woman-like, I had been unable to pass by these bargains. Not long after, I received a telephone invitation to a "shower" which had been arranged hurriedly for a friend who was leaving town the following day. The little traveler's kit, with its tiny spools of colored thread, needles, and thimble, which I had bought and had no use for, made a charming gift and saved me a shopping trip.

It was then I determined I would have a "Gift Chest." I brought into use an old cedar chest too small to be of other practical service, and gradually it became a veritable treasure house. Dainty bootees, bought at a church bazaar where one must buy something; a fancy apron; several beautiful handkerchiefs; a little framed picture picked up at an art store bargain sale; a silver vase, temptingly displayed in an after-Christmas clearance sale; and so on—all found their way into the old chest.

I never deliberately shop for my "Gift Chest," and I never buy an article which might be considered a fad. It is only when I run across something that is especially attractive—and a bargain—that I indulge myself.

To my collection of potential gifts I have added white and colored tissue-paper, ribbon, fancy cord, and cards. With this equipment at hand I meet undaunted the birthdays, anniversaries, "showers," and so forth that come my way. *Mrs. M. D., Juneau, Alaska*

Snaps for Children's Gloves

The season approaches when the repeated disappearance of one of a pair of woolen gloves or mittens brings despair to mothers' hearts and makes a big hole in pocketbooks. I have to keep four pairs of little hands warm and dry all winter, and the loss of one glove became a frequent and annoying occurrence. However, I noticed that the gloves with snaps that could be fastened together when not in use seldom became separated, and it gave me an idea. I bought a card of large, coat-size snaps and sewed one section of each snap on the wrist of each of a pair of woolen gloves. With a little oversight the children formed the habit of snapping the gloves together as soon as they took them off, and now I seldom have any trouble.

Mrs. H. M. H., Greenwich, Conn.

To Freshen Pecans

If you have some pecans that are beginning to taste stale, pour boiling water over them before cracking. Let stand ten minutes, then drain and dry, and you will find them greatly freshened. *Mrs. E. L. W., Roswell, N. M.*

The Children Pop the Corn

My small children found it difficult to hold a corn popper at arm's length without letting it occasionally drop into the ashes, so I drove a nail in an inconspicuous place in the mantel. Then I made a loop in one end of a piece of picture wire and attached a picture hook to the other end. The end of the popper handle nearest the fire can rest on the picture hook spread to fit, and the popper is easily balanced even by the kindergartners.

Mrs. E. T. S., Peking, China

Keeping The Snow Outside

As my small daughter can not use a regular broom to brush the snow off her overshoes, etc., I keep a whiskbroom hanging beside the outside door, and she and her playmate thoroughly enjoy using it, so now no snow is brought inside. *Mrs. B. W. L., Sherrill, N. Y.*

An Attractive Typewriter Cover

For those who have typewriters on their desks in a sitting-room or bedroom where color schemes prevail, the somber black leather cover which protects the machine is often out of harmony with the generally cheerful effect desired in living-rooms. A cover of silk or chintz, made after the pattern of the leather one, can be slipped over it, thus creating a beauty spot in the room. If it is made to fit snugly, it comes off with the leather cover as one piece, not as a double covering.

Mrs. A. H. T., Jamaica, N. Y.

A New Cookery Guide

Those who like to know the why as well as the how of things will be interested in "Hows and Whys of Cooking," by Evelyn G. Halliday and Isabel T. Noble. The authors have endeavored to "put into words the essentials of each cooking process down to the smallest detail, if such contributed to success." The description of each step involved is so clear that even the person with little experience in cooking ought to be fairly successful at the first trial. The book has been illustrated with the thought of making complete success ultimately possible.

"Hows and Whys of Cooking" should make an especial appeal to students of Home Economics and those interested in research in cookery. It is published by The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois.

The Institute can not acknowledge or return recipes and discoveries. If you have not received payment within one month, you may feel free to submit your material elsewhere.

LOVELY HANDS ✦ no matter what you do ✦

SHE does a thousand interesting things with her hands—the modern woman. She keeps house, she gardens, she paints, she designs, she models. She drives a car, she makes clothes for her babies. Her hands have to be swift, supple, sensitively alive, to follow the wingèd flight of her mind. Above all, they must be beautiful,—for everyone looks at them! How can she keep them soft and smooth and apple-blossom white, through all their tasks?

THERE is a way to have lovely hands in spite of everything! A fragrant healing preparation which you apply every time you have had your hands in water, rubbing it gently and deeply into your skin, giving especial attention to wrists, knuckles and finger tips. The results are marvelous. First of all, every bit of dryness or harshness disappears. Chapping is almost instantly healed. Your hands come to have a beautiful, soft, smooth texture—lovely to look at and touch.

This wonderful preparation soothes your skin into dazzling whiteness

WITH the first application you feel its effect! No matter how rough and irritable your skin has become—it is cooled, soothed, comforted the moment you rub in Jergens Lotion.

Two powerful skin restoratives—used in medicine for generations—blend with other healing ingredients in this fragrant silvery liquid, giving it wonderful power to soften and whiten the skin.

Care for your hands regularly with Jergens Lotion, using it every time you have had them in water,—and you can keep them smooth and white, no matter how much you use them. It is pleasant to use, for it leaves not a trace of stickiness.

When your hands get badly soiled or stained, follow this effective method:

First apply Jergens Lotion generously. Rub it well into the stained or badly soiled places, so that it will soften and partly dissolve the dirt or stain. Then wash your hands in warm (not hot) soapsuds, letting your hands stay in the soapsuds for two or three minutes. Rinse, dry lightly, and again apply the Lotion. Repeat this until your hands are smooth and white again.

You will like the new Jergens bottle. Its clever top permits just enough to be poured out—and no more. Convenient and economical.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today! Sold at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

JERGENS LOTION ★

Made by the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap

FREE

A new trial bottle · A beautiful booklet!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3201 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, *"Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada, send to The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 3201 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

In using advertisements see page 6

(No. 4 of a series)

The REVOLT of ROLLO MEEKER

Records show that Rollo Meeker last lost his temper in the month of May, 1897.

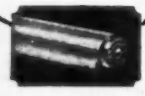
But look at him now. Roaring! Raging! Ramping! Rampaging!

For five years, he's been politely urging his wife to do something about those window shades. *To get rollers that would really roll.* This morning—as usual—it took him fifteen minutes to get the window shades in the living room adjusted. And, suddenly, he just naturally boiled over.

WHEN your patience with those old shade rollers (the jumpy, squawky kind) is exhausted, go to your shade man and tell him that you're through juggling with old-fashioned rollers. Tell him you want the NEW *Columbia* Rollers on your shades—the kind with 30% to 40% reserve power — nickel plated ends — RUST-PROOF—self-lubricating bearings that are QUIET

Columbia
SHADE ROLLERS

Used Everywhere in Beautiful Homes



Made by the makers of *Columbia*

Window Shades and Shade Cloth

© *Columbia Mills, Inc.*, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York

DR. WILEY'S *Question-Box*

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered by Dr. Wiley only if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

Toying With The Truth

I have been told recently by a physician that milk or cream added to mashed potatoes causes a chemical change that makes them very injurious. I question very much if this is true. Will you kindly tell me if there is anything in this theory?
Miss M. A. I., Ohio

I am sorry that any one of the medical profession could make such a statement as you have quoted. It is not at all possible that any chemical change can be produced by adding milk or cream to mashed potatoes. I suppose there are members of the medical profession who have not been properly educated in medical chemistry, and who may think it is not wise to mix milk or cream with mashed potatoes. Nevertheless, to make such a statement is toying with the truth. It has absolutely no scientific background to warrant its utterance. Milk or cream added to mashed potatoes improves their palatability and wholesomeness.

DR. WILEY has prepared for distribution an important series of pamphlets: for children, "Artificial Foods for Infants," and "The Feeding of Older Children"; for adults, "Constipation," "Reducing Weight," "Increasing Weight," "Diet in Pregnancy and Lactation," and "Hyperacidity and Fermentation." These pamphlets will be sent for five cents in stamps each and a stamped, addressed envelope. All those interested in health should send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the questionnaire designed for The League for Longer Life. With its aid, your exact physical condition may be determined and improvement made

Apply To The Local Health Service

Will you please tell me how to test water? I have just finished a well and would like to know if the water is all right for drinking.
Mrs. J. L. T., N. Y.

There are two ways by which you can have the water of your well tested. First of all, you can employ a commercial chemist. If you will address your inquiry to the Chemist Club, 52 East 41st St., New York City, you can get the addresses of commercial chemists who will be glad to do this work for a reasonable fee. In the second place there is a State Health Department at Albany, to which you can apply as a citizen of New York, requesting that a sample of the water be examined to see if it is injurious to health. It would require both a chemical and a bacteriological examination. You should not take the sample yourself except in harmony with directions received from the health officer. Nearly all the large cities in New York have local health officers. I do not know if you have any in your own town. You can easily find out. The local health officers are more likely to respond to your request than the state officers in Albany. It would be impossible for you, unless you are a chemist, to make the analysis, even if full directions were given you.

It All Depends Upon The Person

How much chocolate or cocoa a day can be safely eaten by persons in fair health? Is there any sleeping powder I can safely take when I just can't sleep?
Miss E. S. B., Ind.

The amount of chocolate or cocoa that can be taken by persons in good health, assuming that they are grown persons, depends upon the person himself. The active principle which is to be feared in chocolate or cocoa is theobromin. Some grown people are very slightly affected by theobromin and can endure considerable quantitites thereof without apparent injury. It is not the amount of chocolate that is so important, therefore, as the sensibility of the person himself. It is the individual, therefore, that you have to standardize and not the cocoa. Of course, you understand that chocolate and cocoa are the same substance. The cocoa bean contains a large quantity of oil, sometimes almost half of its weight. The bean ground up whole, with all of its constituents, is called chocolate. To make cocoa, about one-half of the natural oil in the bean is pressed out. Therefore, cocoa, the common beverage called by that name, contains considerably larger quantities of theobromin than chocolate.

I do not know any kind of sleeping powder which does not act directly on the nerve centers to diminish their sensibility and thus purchase sleep at a price which is dangerously high to pay. If you have any weakness in your heart, you should never resort to sleeping powders of any kind except under the supervision of a competent physician. You may sleep better if you do not use cocoa or coffee for your evening meal.

Boiled Milk Has Some Advantages

Dear Friend of the Question-Box Folk: For some time I have heard that boiled milk is constipating. Would that make custard and milk pudding unwholesome for children?
Mrs. G. F. R., N. Y.

One reason why milk may sometimes be constipating is because it is so easily and perfectly digested. It may leave an insufficient amount of the waste material necessary to promote normal peristalsis. When milk is used with whole-ground, unbolted cereal, this danger is avoided. Boiled milk may be a little more constipating than fresh milk but it has this advantage, that all pathogenic germs are thoroughly destroyed; and if the boiling is continued for some time, the spores of the germ may also be destroyed. The milk is therefore even safer than when pasteurized. Artificially soured milk is sometimes used to prevent constipation. There are two lactic-acid bacilli which are usually employed in making artificially soured milk: one is the Bulgarian Bacillus, which is more commonly used, and the other is the Acidophilus Bacillus, which is more effective.

No Way Of Avoiding Them

All my life I have dreamed at night. Sometimes the dreams are unusual—other times, ordinary. At times my rest is so disturbed that I am as tired when I get up as when I retire. I have done everything prescribed by dietitians and physicians here, but without effect. Can you suggest anything?
G. H., W. Va.

With regard to dreaming, psychologists tell us that we do not dream except just at the moment of going to sleep or at the moment just preceding awakening. There is no way of avoiding dreams. They are natural. You are resting while dreaming. It is the unconscious and uncontrolled activity of the brain. The best way to solve your problem is to forget it and to cease worrying about it.

Do Not Tamper With It

I have a little girl six weeks old who has a large red mark on her thigh. It was there at birth. Can you tell me what causes it, if there is anything that will remove it, or is it likely to go away as she grows older?
Mrs. S. C. K., Ga.

Birthmarks are freaks of nature. My impression is that they will not disappear with advancing age and are not amenable to treatment. In this case it is not visible and should be let alone.

Tooth paste starts Baby's bank account with a $3 deposit

Sounds strange, doesn't it? But it really isn't. Figure it out this way: by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube, instead of ordinary dentifrices costing twice as much, your average saving per year is $3. With this $3 you can open a savings account for your youngster. Or you can buy yourself gloves, or hosiery. There are countless items to choose from—the choice is yours.

A *remarkable* tooth paste at a *remarkable* price

You be the judge

Large Tube 25¢

AS makers of Listerine, we learned much about the requirements for firm, healthy gums, and beautiful gleaming teeth.

We felt that there was room for an improvement in the quality of tooth paste—and a real demand for a lower price.

Therefore we created a first class dentifrice suitable for all types of teeth. Listerine Tooth Paste is its name, and its price is but 25¢ for the *large tube*. Such a price for such a paste is possible only because of ultra - modern methods of manufacture and mass production.

The moment you begin to use Listerine Tooth Paste, you will be conscious of the delightful, fresh, clean and healthy feeling of your mouth and gums. And in a very short time you will note a marked improvement in your teeth—a new gleaming whiteness.

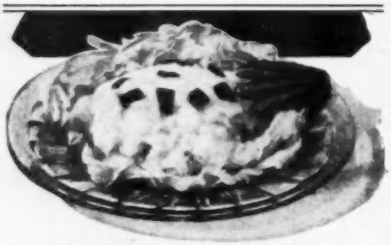
* * *

And remember, Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes an average saving of three dollars a year per person, assuming that a tube a month per person is used. Think how substantial is the saving, when there are several in a family. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

In using advertisements see page 6

"I Never Knew Canned Corn Could Be So Good"



Such approval is worth the 12 Years we took to develop this new breed

DEL MAIZ

The New Sweet Corn

ITS fascinating, unique fresh corn flavor appeals at the first taste. Its big-bodied, tender kernels embedded in the rich corn cream are a treat scarcely ever found in canned corn. And the absence of chunks of cob and other tough particles, due to the specially bred tall DEL MAIZ kernel—what a relief, what a pleasure this new corn is.

After years of the most advanced experimentation with the finest of the older varieties of corn, we found we could not get all these delectable qualities we felt would be so appreciated. It was necessary to call on Nature to help us—by intensive and expert seed breeding, through 12 patient years, to develop an entirely new and distinct variety or breed of corn.

The result has more than justified the effort. The tall tender DEL MAIZ kernel, not only permits a deeper cut without including the usual unpleasant tough cob particles, but contains a delicacy of flavor and richness of consistency that delights the palate to the utmost.

You'll relish DEL MAIZ any way it is served. Just try it in this recipe.

DEL MAIZ Salad

1 can Del Maiz	Salt and pepper
1 bunch celery	Paprika or sliced beet pickle
1 onion	½ c. mayonnaise
1 sweet green pepper	Lettuce

Chop celery, onion, and green pepper. Drain can Del Maiz. Add salt and pepper. Mix all thoroughly with mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce leaf, garnish with paprika or sliced beet pickle. Recipe tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Should your grocer not yet have DEL MAIZ, send us 25c to defray shipping charges, and we'll send you prepaid two 11-oz. cans and a dozen delicious DEL MAIZ recipes.

DEL MAIZ is grown and packed only by the

MINNESOTA VALLEY CANNING CO.

Le Sueur, Minnesota

★Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.

CUT COUPON HERE

Minnesota Valley Canning Co.
Le Sueur, Minnesota

Enclosed find 25c for which send me prepaid, two 11-oz. cans DEL MAIZ and doz. delicious Del Maiz recipes.

Grocer's name .....

Grocer's address .....

My name .....

My address .....

Health and Beauty
White Hair

By Ruth Murrin

THE prettiest hair in the world is the pure gold given to many children and a few lucky grown-ups. Next to that undoubtedly is the silvery white that goes with wisdom, experience, and maturity. They are the loveliest, and they are the hardest to care for. The golden head worries constantly about the darkening that comes to tarnish her bright locks; the older woman must be always on the watch against anything that will discolor or dim the soft, shining whiteness of her hair. She must spend a double effort to keep it from becoming thin and sparse; she must care for it so well that it will not look coarse and harsh; she must shampoo it often and with special precaution so that it will never have the ugly yellowish hue one so often sees. A coiffure of white hair, well cared for, fine, and abundant, is always beautiful in itself and makes a becoming frame for the mature face. By contrast the skin looks rosier and younger and the eyes brighter than they would if the hair were a youthful black, brown, or red.

The thickness and beauty of hair at all ages is largely influenced by health. Illness, fear, worry, and prolonged grief or overwork all are apt to show promptly in the condition of the hair. Falling hair, premature graying, and the loss of life and luster are usually the result of physical or emotional disturbances. It is easy to see why this is so. The hair, like all the other structures of the body, is nourished and kept healthy through the blood stream. Anything that impairs the quality of the blood is soon evident in the hair. Consequently the woman who has vigorous health, and who has cultivated poise and a philosophic mind, is apt to have nice hair.

But the care of the scalp and hair makes a great difference, and the older one grows, the more painstaking one should be. A few minutes of vigorous brushing twice a day, until you feel a glow, not only cleans and polishes the hair but livens the circulation of the scalp. Brushing is the simplest and the sanest hair tonic I know. Gray or white hair usually is most becoming when it is waved or curled softly about the face, and it is a pity that heat has such a disastrous tendency to give it a yellow tinge. If you have a permanent wave, choose only an operator who you know has been successful with white hair. A well-known specialist recommends the following method: If you must curl your hair with an iron, wrap the shaft of the iron with yellow—not white—tissue paper, twisting the free ends so that they will stay in place. Use a low degree of heat and take time to the curling. Then open the iron just far enough to slip off the paper, twist the ends together, and leave for a few minutes. If this method is carefully practised, there is no danger of turning the hair yellow.

White hair, like blond, must be shampooed often to keep its silver quality. Use a good liquid shampoo, or make one by flaking half a cake of soap into a pint of hot water, letting this simmer until melted. With this wash the hair twice. Rinse thoroughly, using a bath spray so that you can keep water playing on each spot until you are sure every bit of soap is gone. Put a few drops of French bluing in the final rinse to make the hair brilliantly white. Do not dry in the bright sun, but using warmed towels, rub it well, then lift it up strand by strand and let the air absorb the moisture.

If you need a tonic, use one which has no tendency to darken the color. One hair specialist makes a tonic especially for white hair, which will not change the color in the least.

YOUR BEAUTY PROBLEMS

The leaflet, "Caring For Your Hair," will tell you how to keep your hair glossy and healthy. Ruth Murrin will send it to you if you enclose a stamped envelope. "A Primer of Personal Loveliness" is a booklet giving up-to-date information on all good looks problems. Send 25 cents to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City

HEALTH *and* HAPPINESS CLUB

A Service for Mothers-To-Be and the Mothers of Wee Babies

Conducted by

Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M. D.

Premature BABIES

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

We have discussed the care of the child from various aspects, heretofore, but never the care of the baby prematurely born. This event, always unexpected, precipitates matters to such an extent that, unless the family have prepared for months ahead for the birth of the baby, they usually have a difficult time.

We speak of any child born before the full nine months as "premature." It has never been proved that an eight-months baby has less of a chance to live than one born at the seventh month, although there is a popular superstition to that effect.

The weight of a baby at the time of its birth is most important. Roughly speaking, those weighing four pounds and over are easier to rear, while the baby weighing less than four pounds is so delicate that it needs the utmost care. Premature babies usually remain consistently below the weight curve for the average baby during the first year, although they may make quite phenomenal gains for their size. They are tiny in every respect, but often catch up with the weight and measurements of their full-term brothers and cousins by the end of the second year. Their adult height is apparently not influenced by the degree of their prematurity.

It is often difficult to tell what starts the contraction of the uterus which presages labor. Some of the apparent reasons given are sudden over-exertion on the mother's part; a long, fatiguing motor ride over rough roads; severe shock; accidents; illnesses; or the taking of too strong cathartics or other medicines. The physician may advise that measures be taken to start labor before full term if there is an acute toxic condition in the mother which necessitates that the baby be born at once to save the mother's life. In other instances it may seem important that the baby be born while small (before it has added the additional weight which always comes during the eighth or ninth month) because of some disproportion between the size of the uterus and the baby's head; or labor may be induced to save the baby if the indications are that everything is not progressing as it should.

With the modern improved methods of caring for these small babies, and the more frequent good results which now repay one's efforts, prematurity is not the handicap it once was, although the care of such a baby is always difficult. Their initial loss may be greater than the average, and their nutrition may suffer because they are so feeble, and often can not suck with sufficient strength to take the breast or to nurse enough to stimulate the further production of breast milk. Their power of digestion is feeble and is largely influenced by their body temperature. For instance, when the temperature is very much below the usual body temperature of 98.6° Fahrenheit, you will find that it is better to make all effort to warm the baby thoroughly and to give the next feeding only after the circulation becomes good and when a rectal thermometer shows that the temperature has risen to normal. Otherwise the food may remain in the stomach and be vomited later unchanged.

These small babies have little power of resisting diseases and are especially susceptible to chest conditions (pneumonias, etc.) or to diarrhoea. We know now that they are practically always anemic when born too early, because they are deprived of their storehouse of iron which is formed during the last few weeks. Part of their difficulty in reaching a robust normal babyhood may be due to this poor blood condition. The usual baby diet of breast or cow's milk can not do much to improve this. Therefore the anemia is apt to last several months. With this possibility of anemia in mind, sun baths are given if the baby reacts well to the sun and air. Sun-lamp treatments can be begun early, and in either summer or winter. The sun lamp offers better chance to keep the baby thoroughly warm while undressed and is therefore used whenever possible. Also, forms of iron tonic are given with the food. For a very feeble baby, or upon indications that the baby is not doing well, transfusions of blood are given directly into the baby's blood stream. Iron-containing foods are added early if the digestion can stand it, such as yolk of egg, vegetable juices, etc.

Children's hospitals have a splendid equipment for taking care of the prematures. A room equipped for six or eight babies may have a self-regulating ventilation and heating apparatus. This incubator room has superseded the individual incubator, because it is so much easier to regulate the air supply. Such a room will have glass partitions between cribs to prevent cross infections, and an anteroom where the babies will be oiled, dressed, and changed. No one enters or comes in contact with them except the nurses especially trained in their care. Relatives see the baby through a glass doorway. The babies are usually oiled every second or third day (not bathed), and clothed in a cotton wadding jacket or some similar warm, all-enclosing (*Continued on page 160*)

SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Always ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." It will be sent promptly. Layette patterns included.

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, N. Y.

DO YOU USE A WASHING MACHINE?

When you wash your clothes by machine you should always use 20 Mule Team Borax, for it really does make the soap and water do better work.

Borax is a wonderful product. A water softener — yes — but more than a water softener. It is a cleanser, a mild antiseptic, a deodorant and a whitener of white clothes. Borax is safe.

If, during the winter months, you dry your clothes indoors, remember that 20 Mule Team Borax by its whitening and purifying action actually helps to take the place of sunlight.

Why not put "20 Mule Team Borax" on your order list for today?

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 472
100 William St., New York City

Please send me a copy of your helpful free booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name_____

Address_____

In using advertisements see page 6

Rhoda

(*Continued from page 59*)

knew something about her and might tell."

"I don't know anything about any girl that's disappeared," protested the boy. "Say, who are you?"

"I'm the reporter Conley's expecting in about fifteen minutes. I got here before he was quite ready for me. Didn't you see a girl—a red-haired girl? Didn't you answer some questions of hers or take her somewhere? A girl with a sort of overcoat on and her hands in her pockets, and a little, round, blue cap without any visor?"

"Sure!" said the boy. "Forster was expecting her. I took her up to the top floor to the private elevator. Conley ran her up from there. But I didn't get fresh with her. She was a nice kid. She wouldn't have put in any complaint about me."

"Of course, she didn't. That was just his excuse for laying you off."

"The dirty pup!"

THE boy's indignation was natural, but Martin hadn't time for it.

"How do you know Forster expected her?" he asked.

"Because we ran her right up the minute she gave her name. Miss White, it was. She didn't know Forster owned the hotel, and she seemed sort of scared when she found she was going up to that bungalow of his on the roof. Conley came down in the private elevator to take her up. And she kind of backed away when she saw him. But she got in and rode up with him just the same."

"What time was this?"

"I don't know," said the boy. "This afternoon sometime. It was after three, because that's when I come on duty. Say, do you think they're keeping her up there?"

Martin nodded. He hadn't thought so until a moment ago. An ordinary hotel room was no sort of place to keep an able-bodied, courageous girl like Rhoda locked up in. But a bungalow on the roof offered opportunities.

"I'm going up to see if she's there, anyhow."

"How you going to get in?" the boy wanted to know. "The private elevator's locked up except when they run it themselves. The only stair—except the service stair—comes down into Forster's office on the top floor. That's all locked up now. The service stair would take you right up into the pantry, and they'll be serving his dinner just about now. I don't believe you *can* get up if they don't want you to. They say the old man's scared to death some one will get him, sometime."

"How about the fire-escape?" Martin asked.

The boy's face lighted at this suggestion, but chiefly, Martin was disappointed to discover, in admiration of the reporter's nerve in contemplating it.

"There's a fire-escape landing outside the window right at the end of the corridor on the top floor. And there's a steel ladder goes up from there that curves over the sort of stone railing at the edge of the main roof. I've never been up there, but one of the other boys got fired for doing it, and he told me about it. The ladder doesn't exactly lead anywhere, because the bungalow doesn't come out to the edge of the building. He said the windows were too high to see into, but maybe there's some way you can climb up. Or perhaps there's a door—though it would probably be locked. And that ladder must be pretty scary, climbing right up over the edge of nothing."

It may be confessed that it struck Martin that way. But all he said was that it looked like his best bet. He said it a little abstractedly, for reaching into his pocket for the tip the boy had so well earned, his fingers had closed upon the one limp dollar bill which was practically all that was left of the money he'd borrowed from Babe that afternoon. Penniless again! Well, it couldn't be helped.

"Say," said the boy as Martin held out the dollar, "are you doing all this just to get a piece for the paper?"

"No," Martin admitted, "the paper hasn't anything to do with this. She happens to be my girl."

"Gosh," said the boy, "I don't wonder you're going up to get her. I don't want the money. I'd like to help if I could."

So Martin shook hands with him instead and walked away, with the best air of unconcern he could assume, to the elevators.

The captain was busy trying to explain something to a dull guest.

"As far as you go," Martin said in response to an inquiring glance from the elevator boy.

He hoped the phrase would conceal his ignorance of the actual number of the top floor, and it did. He perceived, though, that even the briefest hesitation on his part when he stepped out of the elevator at the top would be fatal to his plan. The boy would ask him whose room he was looking for. He must choose in advance which way to turn. Very well, he'd turn to the right.

The car stopped, the boy opened the door, and Martin, in the unseeing manner of one who had been that way a dozen times before, walked out and made his precalculated turn.

It seemed at first that he had made a disastrously bad guess, for he found himself walking straight toward a transverse partition of glass and oak with a door in the middle of it marked "C. J. Forster." These were the offices the boy had told him about. But the door was ajar, and there was a light inside. The elevator hadn't started down. The boy was certainly watching him. The only thing he could possibly do was to push open the door and walk in and see what happened after that.

Nothing happened. The first room he entered was empty. In the next room, also lighted, some one was moving about, and a lucky glance revealed to Martin who it was. Just inside the door stood a pail with a wringer attached to it. The scrub-woman! He heard her coming heavily along toward the room he was in. At the same instant he heard the elevator boy start his car down. There was a cupboard in the corner, but he was afraid to chance the creak of a hinge or the click of a latch. Three swift strides, carefully noiseless, took him to the wall, and there he turned and waited. If she'd finished with this room and was simply coming to pick up her pail on the way out, there was a good chance that she wouldn't see him.

IT HAPPENED exactly like that. She snuffled across the room without turning her head, punched out all the office lights at a switch beside the door, picked up her pail, and went out, pulling the door shut after her. Martin drew a long breath and squeezed the sweat off his forehead with his hands. This was better luck than he could possibly have hoped for.

A sense that he had no time to waste all but betrayed him into a mistake. The project that was on the rails of his mind was to get out the window at the end of the corridor on to the fire-escape, and he had followed the charwoman to the outer office door, and had his hand on the knob when the thought of something else halted him. The helpful bellboy had spoken of a stairway leading from the offices up into Forster's apartment. He turned back at once and started through the suite of offices looking for it.

He had pictured, naturally enough, a more or less secret stair that would be pretty hard to find in the only slightly modified dark. So when he saw it going boldly up from the second room he entered—evidently the stenographers' room, since there were four typewriter desks in it—his first thought was that this was too easy to be true. It wasn't so easy as it looked, however, for he found at the head of it a solid mahogany door, locked. The knob, when he tested it cautiously, didn't give at all. It wasn't like the door to Rhoda's studio with its flimsy cabinet work. No chance to work Max's knife trick here. It would take a competent burglar with a full set of tools to get in that door, he thought despairingly.

He gained one advantage, though, from its solidity. There would be no harm in making a light and having a look at it. He got out his cigarette lighter and struck a light. There were two small pieces of electrical apparatus screwed to the wall above the door. One of them he recognized as an electric buzzer, and this, as he thought about it, seemed rather queer. Why wasn't it the other way around—the push-button on this side and the buzzer in Forster's apartment? Why should any one already in the apartment have to ring a doorbell to get into this public office? The door was locked against the office and into the apartment. Well, then, it wasn't a door-bell.

OF COURSE, it wasn't. It was a signal, and since it sounded in the stenographers' room, it seemed a reasonable inference that it was Forster's way of summoning a stenographer. But what good was it to buzz for her if she couldn't get through the door? Was the door left unlocked during office hours? No, a man as timid as Forster would want to feel better guarded against intrusion than that.

Martin held up the lighter again in an attempt to identify the other thing. He had a hunch that it would be worth looking into. He wasn't much of an electrician, but he thought he ought to be equal to this.

He'd have to have something to stand on, though. The edge of the door was two feet above his head. The top step wasn't wide enough to balance a chair on, but one of those big, steel waste-paper baskets down in the stenographers' room would probably hold him up and would just about give him the added height he needed. He brought one of them up and tried it. It was going to be a pretty precarious perch, and the easy possibility of his falling the whole length of the flight with the basket on top of him wasn't a pleasant one. Well, there was no use thinking about things like that. He had to have a look at the little sheet-iron box that was screwed to the wall beside the buzzer.

He got out his penknife and dropped it, open, into the side pocket of his coat. It and the cigarette lighter were all he had by way of tools. Then, putting one foot on the rim of the basket, he made a sort of spring and clutched the top of the door frame. There he was and there the basket was. By unexpected good luck he'd avoided kicking it out from under him. He found he could hold himself with one hand, so he got out his cigarette lighter, lighted it, and stood it on the ledge made by the door frame.

He recognized the little sheet-iron box now. It was a transformer such as he'd had when he was a small boy to run his electric train with. The 110-volt house current came into one side of it from a steel cable. A pair of low-voltage wires went out the other side, connecting with the buzzer, but also going down through a hole in the door frame. Well, he understood it now. The door was held by an electric catch like those used for the inner vestibule doors of apartment houses. A button, probably on Forster's desk, sounded the buzzer and released the catch. It meant that the stenographer had to get to the door before Forster took his finger off the button. The girls must hate that thing.

But what afforded Martin a broader grin than this was the thought of Forster's precious security being thus betrayed by the careless electrician who had put the transformer outside the locked door instead of in. All Martin had to do was to scrape the insulation off the wires and close the circuit, and the door would

Rhoda

be unlocked. Wait a minute, though. He'd have to disconnect the buzzer first. He nearly forgot that.

He turned cold for an instant at the narrowness of his escape. But two minutes' work with his penknife—he had to break one of the blades in order to use it as a screw-driver—sufficed to accomplish his purpose. As he twisted the two bare ends of the wire into contact, he heard a sharp click which announced that the door was unlocked. He sprang down from the basket, luckily once more without kicking it down the stairs, and opened the door. Luck was still with him. There was no one on the other side. The whole corridor was deserted.

For a moment after he'd closed the door he stood still and listened. The sound his imagination was tuned to hear was of a young girl crying. The sound that did come faintly to his ears a moment or two later was not like that at all, and he recognized, the moment he heard it, that it was much the likelier thing to expect. When you stopped to remember what Rhoda was really like, it was hard to imagine her crying even if they had pushed her into a closet and locked her up. This was a man's voice momentarily raised in anger; not an old man's voice, and not Conley's voice, yet again one that he somehow felt that he should remember. It guided him down the short, transverse corridor he stood in and to the left down a longer one, until it brought him to a halt outside a door. At that point the words became distinguishable, and the voice identified itself at the same time.

"Oh, to hell with the three hundred dollars! All right, I took it. What are you going to do about it?"

The speaker was unmistakably Max Lewis, and it seemed equally beyond doubt to Martin that the person he was speaking to was Rhoda. With no warning knock he opened the door and stepped inside.

There was a good deal more light in here than in the corridor, and he had to blink his eyes into focus before he could see very well. It was a girl Max was talking to, but she wasn't Rhoda. She was facing him, and before Max could turn she rapped out:

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

Martin would never forget that voice. It was Claire Cleveland.

He realized, as she stared at him, that she could have no idea who he was. She'd never even glanced at him before. All she could recognize him by was his voice. He didn't answer her question, but turned to face Max. Claire turned back to him in the same moment.

"Have him wait outside," she ordered with a nod of her head toward Martin. "I haven't got through with you yet."

"Stay right where you are," Max said to Martin. His face was blotchy with rage, yet there was a vicious, sneering look of exultation about it, too. "You've come to exactly the right place. I've got something for you."

Then he wheeled on Claire. "You can get out, and you needn't wait! You needn't come back, either. I'm through with you."

A NEWSPAPER reporter has heard by the time he has finished his apprenticeship in the police courts plenty of bad language, but the stream of vilification which Claire in her fury now turned upon Max had elements of novelty in it even for Martin.

Max made no attempt to answer her, but after perhaps a minute of it he went to the door and threw it wide open.

"You'd better go quietly," he said. "If my uncle finds you're up here you'll be riding in a patrol wagon before you know it."

The opening of the door not only silenced her; it seemed somehow to harden her, to bring her to a decision. She stood still, considering for a moment, before she walked out. "All right," she said, "I think I'll just let him know I'm here and see what he does about it. You see, you really are too much of a fool."

Max was startled, and it looked to Martin as if he meant to haul her back into the room after all, but he closed the door instead with a shrug of bravado. He was ready to say something, but Martin spoke first.

"I've come up here to get Miss Rhoda White," he said. "It will save time and argument if you will take me to her."

"You're too late for her," Max answered. "She was here, but she's gone away. I saw her out myself. Did you think that was what I had for you? Well, it isn't. It's something else. You'll save yourself the worst of it if you'll hand over what you and that other girl stole from me this afternoon. Don't stand there trying to look as if you didn't know what I meant. I mean a railroad ticket and a trunk check. Come across now! Quick!"

Martin hadn't been trying to look as if he didn't know what Max meant. The vacant expression the man referred to was due to a sudden realization of his folly in coming into Max's presence with the ticket and the receipt for Rhoda's trunk upon his person. There was no misunderstanding what Max meant to do. Martin, who was no boxer, and indeed no physical match on any terms for his antagonist, tried to slip around him and get to the door. But Max was quicker than he was, and he met his rush with a blow on the jaw that was like the kick of a mule. A crashing sound accompanied by a brilliant display of lights was the last thing Martin was conscious of for several minutes.

THE next thing was a stream of cold air and wetness and a pair of light hands exploring beneath his unbuttoned coat. It was the last phenomenon only that provoked any response from him, and even this was purely instinctive. He did not remember Rhoda's trunk check and ticket, which Max had said he meant to get, but all the same he tried to push the hands away. Even as he did so, the fog lifted enough for him to realize that they were a girl's hands and that they weren't picking his pockets.

The shaky voice that said, "It's all right; lie still," sounded like Rhoda's, and the face he giddily saw bending over him looked like Rhoda's.

It couldn't be, could it? What would she be doing here? Where was this, anyhow? And why was his head drenched with water? It was Rhoda. She was getting clearer every minute—little blue béret and all.

"It really is you, isn't it?" he said.

She nodded and said, "Don't talk. Lie still."

He felt sure he mustn't lie still, though he wasn't yet collected enough to know what the urgency was. He said, "I'm all right," and tried to raise his head, but Rhoda held him down easily.

There was a pillow under his head, but he was lying flat on the floor, and she was sitting, with her legs curled up under her, beside him.

As his vision cleared and things got less swimmy, he saw that she'd been crying, and the shock of that discovery lifted the fog from his memory. This was the room where he'd encountered Max Lewis.

"What's he been doing to you?" he asked.

"Max? Nothing. He didn't know I was here. He thought I'd gone, just as he told you."

"But you must have been here to have heard him tell me so."

"I was in that room in the dark. Claire was in here waiting for him, but she didn't see me when I came in. I was running away, you see, and I heard him coming, and dodged in here right into his sitting-room. And I slipped back into his bedroom just as he turned on the light in here. So I heard all he and Claire said while they were quarreling. But they were both so angry, each with the other, that I could hardly tell what it was about."

It struck him that he ought to know the framework of their quarrel; probably he would, when he'd come to a little better. But what he was really aware of now was how nice it was to have Rhoda sitting so close beside him, with one precautionary hand on his chest to keep him from trying to get up. He must make an effort, though, to put things together, and presently, as the result of a moment of rather feeble thinking, he asked,

"Why was he chasing you around the place if he thought you'd gone?"

"He wasn't," Rhoda said. "I wasn't running away from him. I'd had a long talk with Mr. Forster. I found out a lot from him, Martin. Then I talked with Max. All he wanted was to get rid of me, and he thought he had. And then I heard my uncle talking to Mr. Forster, and I simply bolted in a panic. It was perfectly silly, but I'm glad I did, for otherwise I wouldn't have been here now."

Except for the extreme soreness of his jaw, the effect of Max's blow was pretty well past. He could see all right, anyhow. He could see Rhoda's sweet young face with the traces of tears still upon it. There was nothing in what she'd told him to account for those tears.

"What had they been doing to you?" he asked. "They must have done something, or you wouldn't have cried."

She didn't answer his question at once; just sat as she was, looking down into his face. He saw her eyes getting brighter and her mouth twitch in a funny little grimace that tried to be a smile. Then, with a sob, she put her head down on his chest and clung to him.

"I thought Max had killed you," she said.

The words had a surprising effect upon him. In the moment before they were spoken he had felt a throb of clear rapture tempered only by a breath-arresting incredulity that anything so like the last page of a fairy-story could really have happened. But what she said went down horribly the wrong way. He saw himself from the view of a disinterested spectator, ordering Max to turn Rhoda over to him, perceiving what Max's intentions toward him were, trying to dodge around him to the door, and getting knocked cold by one punch. He felt completely ridiculous.

"You aren't likely to be killed by getting a sock on the jaw," he said. "I wish you'd let me get up."

He wanted terribly to take her in his arms and kiss her, but he wanted to do it as her champion, not as a dying duck. She sat erect and stared at him, a perfect surge of bright color flooding her face, and then sprang to her feet. He couldn't spring to his, but he clambered up as quickly as he could. Disconcertingly he found himself swaying as he straightened up, and he was aware that she started, and then instantly repressed, a movement to support him. Luckily this giddiness passed in a second or so, and he was able to put crisply enough the question he wanted to ask.

"What happened after Max knocked me out?" He was already exploring his pockets.

"He took an envelope," she said. "Out of that pocket; the first one he felt in. I suppose it must have been the ticket and trunk check he said you'd stolen from him. He didn't look inside. Just crammed it in his pocket and went out as quickly as he could."

"HOW long ago was that? I mean, how long was I out?"

She turned away from him as she answered.

"I don't know. It seemed a long time to me. I brought two glasses of water from the bathroom and threw them in your face. It must have been several minutes. That's why I got rather silly about it."

He'd have caught her up in his arms at that, if she hadn't moved a step farther off and asked in a very cool tone,

"Was it something important that he got away with?"

"Won't you forgive me," he said, "for acting like a dog just now? It was because I was so

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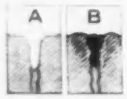

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Rhoda

furious with myself for being such an ass."

She smiled rather uncertainly at this zoological mixture, and he, deciding to be content with that, went on to tell her as swiftly as he could how he'd seen Max carrying off her trunk, and the stratagem by which he and Babe had got it away from him.

"And then," he concluded, interrupting her attempt to tell him how clever she thought he'd been, "instead of leaving the thing in a safe place, I came walking in here with it in my pocket and let him take it away from me. The thing for us to do," he decided, "is to get out of here and beat it to that baggage room as fast as we can."

"Do you suppose we can get out," she asked, "without their catching us? There is a little private elevator, but I couldn't make it work."

"I know the way to the stairs," he told her. "That's how I got in."

Her hand slipped into his (he must be partly forgiven, anyhow) as after a reconnoitering glance they stole out into the corridor and took the first turning to the right.

"That's the door to the stairway," Martin whispered, "right ahead."

But almost as he spoke there came from behind the door he pointed to the clatter of a metallic object falling downstairs. Somebody on the other side of that door had just had an unforeseen encounter with Martin's waste-paper basket. Then, as they involuntarily stopped with held breath, they heard a key driven into the lock. Right at hand was a door a little ajar, opening into what was probably a closet. Martin, catching Rhoda up with one arm as if she'd been a package, fairly lifted her inside and shut the door after them. They heard the stair door open; they heard steps come along the corridor. But instead of going by, the steps paused outside the closet door.

CHAPTER XIII

THAT pause had a galvanic effect upon the pair in the closet. Martin's arm was still clasped around Rhoda, and the embrace which had begun as a strictly utilitarian one changed its quality a little as Martin shut the door. If the steps had gone on by, it's reasonably certain that he would have kissed her, and she was aware, by the sixth sense of lovers, of this intention of his when the steps stopped outside the door. The consequence of that awareness was that she broke sharply away from him and huddled back against the wall. Martin, a little chilled by the bruskness of her action, backed away in the opposite direction. His position was better chosen than Rhoda's, since if the door opened he would be behind it.

Why didn't it open? Why should any one stop in front of a closet door and not do anything about it?

The next moment the click of a key supplied the answer. For some reason this closet was supposed to be kept locked. What sort of closet was it? Did they keep anything special shut up in here? It seemed ordinary enough. It was pitch dark now, of course, but there were clothes-hooks behind Martin; what felt like an overcoat was hanging from one of them. And his right hand reaching into the corner rested on a cane. That might come in handy, he thought, and he gripped it.

The door swung open, letting in quite a lot of light from the corridor, but at the same time cutting off his view of everything but the inner face of the door. He heard a gasp from Rhoda and a growled "What the devil!" in a man's voice. Conley's! There was a click of a switch, and the closet light came on overhead.

"So this is where you've got to, is it?" Conley said. "I had an idea you were still on the premises. Well, the old man will be glad we haven't lost you."

He added with a sudden accession of truculence that brought another gasp from the girl,

"Come out of there!"

At that Martin shifted his grip on the cane, noting as he did so that its rubber-shod ferrule was heavily weighted, and kicked shut the closet door with a slam.

The unexpected and unaccountable sound of that door slammed to behind him must have frozen Conley for an instant, for he and Rhoda presented, as Martin first saw them, the effect of a *tableau vivant*, Rhoda backed flat against the wall—only was it a wall or was that middle panel in it a door?—Conley gripping her by one arm in the midst of his arrested attempt to haul her away. The next instant he turned, saw Martin, and jumped for him.

Martin, who had already shortened his grip on the cane, knowing that he wouldn't have room in that closet for a full swing, met the rush with a back-hand stroke at the side of his assailant's head. With an ordinary walking stick this would have been a perfectly futile blow. Martin had recognized it as a real weapon the moment his hand had found it, but even so he was amazed and rather appalled at the effect of it upon Conley. Thanks to the thick rubber cap with which the ferrule was shod, the impact was practically noiseless, but the big detective wilted and went down under it.

Rhoda and Martin gazed at each other aghast across him.

"It's all right," Martin said. "It's just another knockout, I guess. I must have caught him on the jaw, too. He'll start coming to in a minute, and then we can beat it out of here."

"Yes," Rhoda agreed, "that's what we'll do. I'm sure he'll be all right in a minute."

It may be noted that it didn't occur to either of them to go off and leave him before he showed some signs of coming to. He lay there in a deep stupor a disconcertingly long time. Rhoda, Martin noticed, was getting rather white. By way of diversion he asked:

"Why do you suppose they keep this place locked up? What did he come in here for? There's nothing here but a couple of overcoats and this cane I hit him with."

"When he opened the door," Rhoda said, "he was coming straight toward me as if he knew I'd be standing right here. But he didn't know, because he jumped when he saw me. Martin, I can't stand it like this. Let's do something. Can't we open the door?"

HE DIDN'T answer instantly, nor move. He was looking at the outlined panel in what appeared to be the wall behind her. She swayed slightly and caught for support at the nearest of the clothes-hooks; then uttered a little voiceless outcry of astonishment as she started to fall, not forward but back. The thing she was leaning against *was* a door, and it was swinging open behind her.

Martin sprung over Conley and caught her. Without a word the two of them stood staring into the strange little chamber which the opened door revealed, staring and drawing deep breaths of air that seemed, after the overwhelming stuffiness of the closet, fresh and cool.

The first thing Martin did was to reach back and switch off the closet light, for there was plenty of light, of a diffused, filtered sort, in that strange little chamber to see by. It conveyed the impression of a high, very shallow stage with a flight of three steps leading up to it, and with an opening like a small proscenium arch into an audience room. At their right, in the same wall with the proscenium arch but before you went up the stairs, was a narrow door.

The place was oddly furnished, too, in a manner that suggested a stage set. It comprised one solid-looking chair, a small, square oak stool that evidently served the occupant to put his feet on, an oak table with a telephone, and an ash-tray. The proscenium arch, which wasn't an arch but an oblong opening, didn't come clear to the floor of the stage. It stopped thirty inches above it, and it wasn't an opening

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January 1929 Good Housekeeping

Rhoda

since it was filled by an enormous sheet of plate glass.

Rhoda, to Martin's consternation, said after she'd stood staring at it beside him for a minute, "I know what this is," and walked boldly up the three steps on to the stage.

Martin was so sure that she had completely betrayed their hiding place to whoever might be out in that audience room where the light came in from that he darted back, stepping over the still unconscious Conley, to the locked corridor door, ready to fling it open for their flight. But Rhoda seemed perfectly at ease up there, looking out curiously through the glass. When she noted that he hadn't followed her, she beckoned him imperatively to come.

He was more deeply mystified after he had obeyed her gesture and stood beside her, for it seemed to him that the man she was gazing at—an old bird whom Martin instantly recognized as the man he'd had a glimpse of in the limousine that morning—would see them as plainly as they saw him, the moment he turned his head their way. He was sitting sidewise to his desk smoking what was probably an after-dinner cigar and reading, though with rather lightly held attention, a business document of some sort.

"Isn't it great?" Rhoda whispered. "He can't see us, no matter how hard he looks."

"How do you know he can't?"

Martin had pitched the question low, but it wasn't voiceless, and she shot an apprehensive glance at the man in the swivel chair. "I don't believe he can hear us either," she said, "but we'd better be careful. Why, I know because I was in there—hours, this afternoon. This thing we're looking through is the picture over the fireplace. Conley must have been in here all the time Mr. Forster and I were talking. That's why he always came in at the right time. I thought he was listening, but he must have been watching instead. That's why there had to be an imitation fire instead of a real one. It's in this box."

She put her hand, as she spoke, on a wooden protuberance that was where the prompter's box would have been if this had been a grand opera stage.

"I thought," she added, "that that picture looked sort of like stage scenery, but I couldn't see through it at all. And there's glass on the front of it as well as on the back, so I don't believe he can hear."

IT STILL seemed rather incredible even after Martin knew how the trick was done. There was a thin screen of theatrical gauze between the two plates of glass. You could see it was painted, since it wasn't equally transparent all over, and the strong cross-lighting from just above the frame, which accounted, no doubt, for the curious filtered look of the light in the observation post, would be enough to prevent anything being seen through it, unless there was a light back here.

He checked his impulse to ask Rhoda what she'd been doing for hours and hours in the room they were looking into, and what she meant by saying that Conley had always come in at the right time. What his mind fastened upon was her conclusion that Forster's bodyguard, stationed here where his eye could command the whole room, was not able to hear what the actors in the scenes he watched were saying. If that was true, the converse was probably true also—that Forster wouldn't be able to hear any ordinary sounds.

"He must be a timorous old rabbit of a rascal," he remarked, rather low but in his natural voice.

Rhoda was rather startled at this and admonished him to be careful, but she smiled in agreement with his characterization of Forster. And when she saw that Martin's voice hadn't reached the old man's ears, she said in a tone that matched his:

"He thought for a minute, this afternoon, that I'd come up to shoot him; made me take my hands out of my pockets. And Conley was in the room through that little door down there almost before I'd had time to do it. Only I don't see," she added, "why he wouldn't want him to listen as well as look."

"I think I do," Martin told her. "The poor old goat lives in terror of physical violence, you see. They know that downstairs. Your friend, the bellboy, told me about it. But in spite of that I imagine he's something of a crook. He must have to have lots of talks with people he's afraid to be left alone with. Well, a spy who could hear everything they said would have a pretty good hold on the old man if ever he wanted to use it—blackmail, don't you see? But he can watch from up here, ready to come in if he sees anybody make a pass at him, without ever knowing what it's all about."

It still seemed queer to be talking this way about a man as plainly in their view and as near as Forster was, and now he startled them both by a swift glance straight in their direction and a perceptible motion of the head that must have been some sort of signal. They both started back precipitately, and Rhoda collided with the table, which moved with a protesting grunt much louder than their voices.

"It's all right," Rhoda said; "he didn't hear."

"I think I heard something, though," Martin said quietly.

BEFORE he had finished speaking, he knew what the sound was. "Conley's coming to, down there in the closet. We'd better beat it out of here while we have a chance."

This was to him so obviously the only thing for them to do that he started carrying it out at once. He was at the foot of the little flight of stairs before he realized she wasn't following. Conley was by now well along the road to recovering consciousness. In another minute he might again be formidable. Turning back impatiently to learn why Rhoda didn't come, he saw her gazing out through the glass with the utmost intentness, bright-eyed with excitement, utterly oblivious to their pressing need for haste.

"Hurry!" he called. "It will be too late if you don't."

She answered without turning her eyes away from whatever she was gazing at in the room. "I can't. Something's happening that I've got to watch. Claire Cleveland's in there with him."

If Martin could have been sure that he dared leave the prostrate detective alone long enough to dash back, pick Rhoda up, and carry her out by force, he probably would have done it. He'd have liked to do it. He was furious with her just then. But already Conley had rolled over prone and was trying to get to his feet. Martin had just time to bestride him and drop hard with both knees on the small of the man's back. In almost the same instant he snatched his wrists and pulled them around so that they crossed behind his back. Conley's head, probably some part of his jaw, hit the edge of the step pretty hard, and he went limp once more.

"I've got him now," Martin called to Rhoda. "Only for heaven's sake come along."

"I can't," she answered. Incredibly in the next breath she added, "I wish you wouldn't keep talking to me."

If she wouldn't come along, he must manage to find out what she was doing up there. Some vague memory, probably of the movies, suggested an expedient. Holding the crossed wrists with one hand he unbuckled the man's trouser belt with the other, pulled it out through the loops, and managed, after a little experimenting, to bind his arms together in a way that he thought would hold.

He was about to leave him thus when a faint groan suggested another necessity, and simultaneously the sight of a white-silk muffler dangling from the pocket of one of the overcoats hanging in the closet suggested the means of using it. He'd never gagged anybody

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Rhoda

before and wasn't quite sure how it was done, but he succeeded in getting several folds of the thick silk between the relaxed jaws, and tied the ends tight at the back of the man's neck. Then he sprang up the steps to Rhoda and stood beside her, looking out through the glass at the scene she was so absorbed in watching.

Forster was still in his swivel chair, sitting almost as he had sat when Martin looked at him before. The Cleveland woman had only that moment seated herself in a chair at the end of the desk which faced the fireplace, and the two watchers behind the glass. From the way Rhoda reached out and squeezed Martin's hand when she saw Forster's visitor coming to rest in this particular chair, Martin perceived that this choice pleased her, though he didn't yet see why.

"She's looking wicked," he commented. "What do you suppose she's up to?"

Rhoda squeezed his hand tighter and said: "Don't talk! Listen!"

And though this struck him as absurd, her earnestness enforced obedience.

THE woman was worth watching, anyhow. It was his first good look at her. She had put on her hat and coat since leaving Max Lewis's sitting-room, and as she sat down in the chair, she opened her bag before she put it down in her lap. There was something so insolently and viciously feline in her look—like a cat with its ears back—that Martin didn't wonder at old Forster's cringing in his chair and shooting a look at the picture behind which he must still suppose his spy to be on watch.

However, if she had a revolver in the bag, she was content to leave it there for the present. What she produced from it now was a long, amber cigarette-holder and a package of cigarettes, one of which she proceeded to light. It appeared that these preliminaries irritated Forster, for he spoke with an impatient jerk of the head, telling her, no doubt, to state her business and be quick about it.

Her only response to this was a theatrical laugh, not very convincing, and an elaboration of the processes of making herself comfortable in the chair. When presently she did begin to talk, it was with an affectation of lazy good-humor, her eyes not upon him but upon the shred of blue smoke from her cigarette.

But it was Forster's face that Martin's gaze rested upon. He appeared at first to be genuinely, even blankly, puzzled as to what the woman was getting at, and he broke in upon her two or three times with sharp, impatient questions to which she paid no attention whatever, continuing to eye her cigarette and to go evenly on with her narrative, if that were what it was. But it wasn't long before Forster's appearance changed. His body was rigid in his easy-chair, and the laugh by which he attempted to dismiss something she said as an absurdity was a ghastly failure.

Now, though, Martin's attention was sharply diverted from both the actors in the play by a sob from Rhoda. Turning to her in consternation, he saw her trying vainly to blink away the tears that were blurring her vision. She said furiously, when he asked her what the matter was:

"Don't talk! Give me a handkerchief, if you've got one."

He had a fresh one in his pocket, and he was handing it over to her with dignity, inclined to feel a little hurt by the way she was treating him, when with a suddenness that literally almost took him off his feet she flung herself upon him, put her head down upon his chest, and hugged him as hard as she could. This amazing and blissful state of things lasted while she was drawing about three long breaths, and then, just as suddenly, she went, so to speak, into reverse again, flung herself away from him, snatched his handkerchief, dried her eyes, and began watching the scene through the glass with the most intense concentration.

He thought, during the instant before his gaze followed hers, that nothing in the world but Rhoda could be worth looking at just then, and nothing seem of any importance except the question of how long it would be before she would come back into his arms. But he did look through the glass, and what he saw effectually held his attention.

The woman had abandoned her affectation of lazy amusement, and at something Forster must have said to her had burst into a rage. She had sprung to her feet and was fairly pouring vituperation over him by the bucketful. It was plain that he was terrified of her. If she'd been less absorbed in her own passion, she must have seen that he was signaling for help, for, feebly but with no concealment at all, he was looking and waving his shaky hand straight toward where Martin and Rhoda stood.

There was a comic element in this scene which Martin had been enjoying, but now the woman made a move which startled him. She stepped back out of the possible reach of Forster's hand and, snatching up her wrist-bag from the corner of the desk, jerked it open.

"If she's got a gun in that bag, she'll shoot him," Martin said to Rhoda, and would have jumped for the little door which led into the room, if she had not clutched his arm.

"No, she won't," she told him. "It's a letter she's looking for. I wish she would shoot him, though. I'd like to, myself. He deserves it."

She had told what the woman's intentions were with a degree of confidence that was almost convincing. All the same, it struck Martin as rather uncanny when, seconds after Rhoda had finished speaking, he saw Claire actually produce a letter from her bag and, still taking care to keep out of Forster's reach, begin reading it aloud to him.

"Rhoda, darling," he cried, "how did you know she was going to do that?"

She stood looking at him now, face flushed, eyes bright with tears, leaving the scene they had been watching so intently to play itself out unregarded.

"I know all about it now."

She stood wavering a moment and then came into his arms again, clinging to him, her face buried against his chest. He couldn't make out the muffled words very well, but he thought she was saying:

"Aren't you glad we know? Aren't you glad the nightmare's over?"

Mystified, but none the less blissful, he said he was, and as he bent down over her, she held up her face for his kiss with a simplicity that brought unexpected tears into his own eyes. This was something settled, anyhow, for good.

A RAUCOUS voice now broke in upon them—Conley's!—declaring, with profane elaborations, that he would be damned. They'd forgotten his very existence and had allowed him to come to and work out of his bandages at leisure. There could be no doubt of his intentions, particularly toward Martin, as he came bounding up the steps toward them, but an outcry and a gesture of Rhoda's deflected his attention toward what was happening in the big room.

Forster, rummaging desperately with his half-palsied hands in the shallow drawer of his desk, had pulled out a long-barreled, old-fashioned revolver, and when, directed by Rhoda's cry, they looked, they saw the old man trying to point it at Claire.

She flung herself upon him and grappled with him for the possession of it. This was a clear call of professional duty for the detective, and he abandoned, though with visible reluctance, the private project with Martin to go to the rescue, springing down the steps and bursting open the door beside the fireplace just as the old-fashioned revolver, with a prodigious bang, went off.

(To be concluded)

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Sacrifice

(*Continued from page 25*)

"Some of the things that go on nowadays are so topsy-turvy they are almost incredible. You remember Mrs. Outherwaite? She had nothing against her husband, but he bored her, so she married Jim Fenning. And now, when Jim is busy, he calls up Tom Outherwaite and says, 'Tom, can you take our wife out to dinner tonight?'"

When they had finished laughing, she said tentatively, "You really don't approve of my marrying, do you?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "How long will it last?"

"What has that to do with it?" She began to tease the Persian cat. "Nothing is decided," she said at last.

SHE looked at him meditatively. She wanted to discuss Carl with him, but she did not wish to give him the impression that she herself was committed.

"He's a nice boy, but I dare say nothing will come of it. I'm rather capricious, you know, Dan."

He began to count on his fingers with a sardonic smile. "At least seven in five years—and I'm only reckoning the great passions! What attracts you this time?"

"I wanted him when I was a girl."

"Oh, yes. Those things stay in the blood."

"It's like the aroma of your cigar now. I love it because it brings back my father to me. Association, I suppose. Then, too, he's my type." Her shoulders moved in a little alluring movement. "Every woman has a type. I'm rather surprised to find how it gets me. But it does."

"So you won't be happy till you get him," he said, smiling.

"He's quite innocent, like most Americans, but a thundercloud hangs under his eyebrows that tempts me. I should like to set it loose." She shivered and sat up nervously, regretting perhaps that she had said so much. "Well, that's how it is. I do like him, Dan—yes, terribly. There, is your curiosity satisfied? Tell me something about yourself."

"The news is that there is no news."

"Still no *grande passion?*"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't inspire them."

She reflected a moment. "That's more true than you intended."

He raised his eyebrows. "Why?"

"Because you are eternally keeping behind the scenes."

"Nothing is more amusing."

"Yes, yes," she said, sitting up; her eyes began to sparkle at the thought that she had found a vulnerable spot. "That is you in a word! Behind the scenes! You would never believe in us, and you have to believe in a woman to inspire a great passion. That's queer," she said, pausing all at once. "I suppose that's why I never fell in love with you."

"You were a little once, you know," he said to turn the tables.

"Oh, I tried."

Before he could reply, the little Breton maid appeared at the door.

"Monsieur Baring, Madame."

Mrs. Daikes looked swiftly at the clock, and in her perturbation he perceived that she had miscalculated the hour. She nodded to the maid and looked at Lavery, who, sunk in his chair, showed no sign of moving. Her lover was sure to betray himself to those shrewd, ferreting eyes.

"Do you know Carl Baring?" she inquired casually.

"No. Is he the husband of the lovely Sabina Baring?"

"You know her, then?" she said quickly, not entirely pleased.

"I know the portrait by Zuloaga. Who doesn't?"

"They are sailing tonight for Paris. They are two of my oldest friends."

"I see."

She rose in order to bring Lavery out of his seat, and began to move about the room, listening for the sound of footsteps. The time was short, and she grudged every moment of it, even to Lavery. She had not expected Carl for half an hour and was visibly disturbed at the prospect of his finding her tête-à-tête with another man. Carl was inordinately jealous. Her attention switched so quickly and so completely that even a less astute observer would have perceived the situation.

"So that's how matters lie!" he thought, rising and glancing at his watch to reassure her. The idea came to him that she must be unusually in love to give herself so completely away. But his curiosity in meeting Carl was the lively curiosity in meeting Sabina Baring's husband.

Mrs. Daikes meanwhile had been turning over in her mind various subterfuges calculated to throw her visitor off the track. While she was still in the throes of indecision, she heard Carl's step on the stairs.

"Stay a moment," she said, turning to Lavery. "I want you to know each other."

He bowed in appreciation of her adroitness in thus dismissing him.

Mrs. Daikes passed out to the landing, and he heard her cry:

"Look out, Carl. The stairs are awfully steep. Where have you been all this while? I've been keeping an old friend to meet you."

CHAPTER VII

CARL BARING, on leaving his home, had gone directly to his office. At thirty-three he was already one of the vice-presidents of the Atlantic National Bank—an immense concern whose organizing influence reached out into the industrial life of the country. He had worked single-mindedly and indefatigably up the various steps, building soundly and deserving his success. Baring was liked by his superiors and by his subordinates, but what was more rare in these days of destructive warfare, he was respected by his competitors. He had a dominating sense of fairness in his business dealings that was always ready to give the other man a square deal. Added to this, his good nature, his unhurried thoroughness, and delightful sense of humor made his contact with men easy and profitable. In private life, secretaries, head-waiters, and servants adored him, some for the generosity of his open hand, and not a few for the quality of his smile.

He had a word of greeting for the doorman, discussed the chances for the Yankees with the elevator boy, and took a moment to learn from Miss Betts in the front office how she had enjoyed the play to which he had sent her and her young man the evening before. His office on the twenty-third floor was filled with sunlight, the steaming vagrants on the Hudson minutely below him. There was a large, flat desk of burled walnut with only three telephones and a memorandum pad to suggest business. On the wall hung a foggy portrait of his father, General Maxfield Baring, in the full glory of his regimentals. The male principle was strong in Carl. He adored the memory of his father as his future was centered in his son.

There had been a tragedy in his father's life that he had not known until long after its occurrence: General Baring had married late in life a charming and vivacious girl, who after four years of suppression had eloped with a good-looking ne'er-do-well. Instead of shooting the destroyer of his home as the world half expected him to do, General Baring had taken back his wife and covered the escapade with the mantle of his silence. Carl had only a shadowy recollection of his mother, who had died when he was eleven—a silent, flitting figure crushed by the weight of so much magnanimity. But the personality of his father was vivid in his memory, especially on this day when his conscience troubled him.

Before ringing for Miss Clarkson, he went to the desk and took a cigar from the drawer, lit it, and stood by the window, looking down on the city. The day had been decisive. He had turned his back finally on the home he loved. He was profoundly moved, not only because he cared tremendously for Sabina, but because he saw clearly that his children would have to suffer for the happiness he craved. He was aware of two natures within him, the love of order and dignity that was his father, and the turbulent, impelling restlessness that was his tragic inheritance from his mother. He knew that he was a prey to forces beyond his control, he was not sure but that the end would be disillusionment; yet he was powerless to resist the impetus of his own acts. He had committed himself, and there was no drawing back now even if he had wished.

He left the window and sat down at the desk. Two photographs were before him—Sabina with the children and Sabina as the young girl he had courted and married impetuously the first year out of college. He had a haunting fear that she cared for him more than she would admit. He hoped not. He could not bear the thought of hurting her. But he never knew what lay behind her slanted eyes. They had lived apart for three years. The war had been responsible—he had been too young, too long away, too curious of the freedom other men had taken with their youth. Upon his return she had divined the change in him. He had confessed without equivocation, and acquiesced as a matter of course in their changed relations. Her calm had astonished him. For a time he had suffered in his conscience, not long. He craved the liberty he had tasted in Paris, that had been denied him by his early marriage.

He reached out his hand and, happening upon his private telephone, hesitated, frowning. He wanted to call up Eileen and hear her voice. The impulse had been in him all morning, even in the mixed emotions of his home leaving. He had been a little ashamed of the persisting desire at such a moment and resisted it. On his way he had stopped at a florist's and sent her a great mass of chrysanthemums with a little note. They had dined together the night before, and he was going to her at the close of the afternoon, yet he felt restless and impatient.

HE YIELDED to his impulse, called her number, and found that she was out. He pushed the telephone away and sat staring at his hands. Their romance was a turbulent one. Eileen persisted in being jealous of Sabina. She had combated the idea of their going to Paris together and refused to credit his assurance of Sabina's complete acquiescence. Perhaps even now she was piqued because he had not telephoned before. Perhaps she was at home and wilfully refused to answer. He dreaded the separation that was inevitable, the long weeks when he would have no means of knowing what she was doing, whom she was seeing. He was inordinately jealous of her caprices, of her need of attention, of the physical attraction she exerted over every one who came into her presence.

He unlocked a private drawer and took out a dozen envelopes addressed to her, with a word for each day. He marked them carefully and put them in his pocket. On his way uptown he would leave them at the florist's with instructions for the flowers that were to be sent to her every morning, so that he could recall himself to her every day.

He had known Eileen Pelton from his school-days. In the beginning he had not approved of her and once or twice had remonstrated with

Sacrifice

Sabina on their friendship. As a young man, and during his early married life, he had been remarkably strait-laced in his conduct and uncompromising in his judgment of women. Eileen Pelton had then been entirely too advanced in her standards to suit him. This had been the result, no doubt, of her bringing up. Her father, Sam Pelton, had treated her more like a son than a daughter and had instilled in her his own airy disregard for conventions. Eileen from the first had been in the spotlight of publicity. Knowledge of the world, which is often knowledge of evil, had been spread before her in the night life of Paris, in the pleasure-seeking groups of Monte Carlo, Deauville, and London. She had gone with certain young married sets more talked about than others, and her admirers had often been men of shaky reputation. She had been reported engaged a dozen times, and her photographs blazoned in the newspapers beside those of actresses and notorieties of the day.

HE LOOKED back now at that puritanical phase with an incredulous amusement. The very things that had repelled him then fastened him to her now. He was fascinated by the trenchant understanding of men that had come to her in her contact with the international world of pleasure. He was still innocent enough to experience the seduction of a woman to whom intrigue was an instinct, and fascination an achieved art. He knew the danger. He doubted how long he could hold her. Yet he was fascinated by the very danger he perceived. For she had known how to awaken in him a fierce, uneasy desire of possession such as no other woman had aroused before. He was infatuated to the point where nothing else mattered, where the image of her brought disorder into his days, where for the brief thrill of her presence he would have to suffer the pangs of uncertainty and the empty restlessness of separation.

He waited a moment, hoping that with the arrival of his flowers she might relent and call him up, and then touched a button. Miss Clarkson came in with a bundle of papers. She was a well-groomed, quiet girl in the late twenties, bright-eyed and soft-spoken, who would have had her hand cut off rather than betray a secret of his. She had been with him five years and knew without any word of explanation from Carl his relations with his wife, his infatuation for Mrs. Daikes, besides several minor interests of a volatile and brief nature which she had, at the proper moment, discouraged over the telephone. She had his monthly budget at her finger-tips, the extent of his holdings in the stock market, his intimate friends, the progressive illnesses of his children, and kept him reminded of the dates on which he should visit his dentist and his oculist. She was a little in love with him, and therefore rigorously adopted toward him an attitude of spinster-like severity for fear that he would discover it and send her into exile.

With her arrival Baring returned into the alert and unruffled man of business, dictated his correspondence, made his financial arrangements for his period of absence, provided for his Christmas gifts, and went over the final details of some business interests which would take him into Serbia and Vienna on a tour of investigation. By diligent application he was able to leave his office half an hour earlier than he had expected and, happy as a boy at a sudden windfall, flung into his coat and rushed uptown.

Lavery's car and Lavery's hat in the hall took all the zest out of his coming, and as he went up the stairs he felt a swift flash of anger. On his last day, for the last fleeting moments, Eileen really might have kept her time free for him. This feeling was increased when he realized that she had been *en tête-à-tête* with another man in the intimacy of her studio. He entered and noticed at once the proximity of the armchair to the sofa and the smoldering butt of Lavery's cigar on the silver ash-tray.

"I only half expected you," said Eileen, for the benefit of the third party. "You're a dear to drop in. Shall I see Sabina at the Nortons' tonight?"

In the hall she had laid her perfumed hand over his lips with a gentle pressure, and kept her arm through his as she brought him into the room.

"Funny you don't know each other. Dan Lavery, Carl Baring—my oldest friend."

Baring bowed gloomily. Lavery held out his hand with heightened interest. He liked Baring at once and felt sorry for him.

"It is odd we haven't run into each other before."

Baring resented the facile type of society idler who paid court to Eileen, but perceiving at once that Lavery was a man of power and authority, his face cleared.

"We were to have dined together at Mr. Gunther's once," he said courteously. "Something prevented my going."

"You are sailing tonight, Eileen tells me."

"Yes. On a business trip to Central Europe." He said it stiffly. "Another one who calls her 'Eileen,' " he thought to himself.

"I am going over in a couple of weeks. Perhaps we shall meet. An interesting development is going on."

Lavery chatted easily for a moment, staying just long enough not to make his leave-taking seem obvious, and departed after shaking hands with Baring, whose natural good humor had reappeared the moment he realized that Lavery was going.

"When am I to dine with you, Eileen?" Lavery said with intentional malice.

She reflected that too early an invitation would displease Carl.

"A week from Monday. I'll get some one interesting to amuse you."

"Clever wretch!" his eyes seemed to say, as he bowed to her and went out.

On his way downstairs he thought, "How the devil did that unsophisticated boy with his charming wife get himself into such a pickle?"

He forgot that he, too, had once been a little under the spell.

CHAPTER VIII

"HOW long has he been here?" said Carl, who wanted to see whether Eileen would fib to him.

"A quarter of an hour—hardly that," she said casually.

He pointed to the open box of cigars and the stub on the tray, for he wanted an excuse to vent his real resentment that she had not called him at his office.

"Jealous of Lavery?—What an absurdity!" she replied, vexed that he had caught her.

They stood eyeing each other with resentment and irritation in their hearts.

"Good Heavens, Eileen, don't let's quarrel on our last day," he broke out suddenly. "Well, if you want to know what's hurt me, really, I think you might have called me up when you came in—if you *were* out."

"If I '*were*' out?"

"Well, I called you at half past two, the first chance I had. I couldn't call you from the house—surely you know that."

An expression of extreme annoyance crossed her face. "Yes, I was in."

"There! I knew it."

"And do you think I didn't put in a miserable morning waiting to hear from you?" she returned hotly. "Do you think you are the only one who can suffer from jealousy?"

But already the irritation that had been heaping up during their separation had begun to yield to the craving to be in each other's arms. Each, perceiving that the other had suffered, felt resentment slipping away.

"Eileen dear," he said gently, "why torture yourself over nothing?"

She came to him swiftly.

"You are right. Take me in your arms."

She felt herself drawn up and merged into his inflaming strength. A shiver went through her body, and she closed her eyes under his ardent lips. She had played for him thoughtlessly and won him, but in the playing she, too, had been caught. There was no reasoning against it and no tranquillity possible now. He was her man, dominating her and intoxicating her as no other man had yet had power to do.

"What children we are, Carl!" she said happily, opening her eyes and smiling up at him. "Yes, I am jealous. Insanely jealous! There, I've never said that to any man before."

The reference to his predecessors did not altogether please him, but he smiled back, grateful to have the pain and ache of the day ended. They sat down on the sofa, crushed against each other, while he held her hand to his lips.

"BUT, Eileen, you are so unreasoning," he said, as he would have chided a lovely child. "I have told you—yes, a hundred times—there has never been a moment's opposition on Sabina's part. If you could have heard the way she spoke of you only this morning!"

"So they have been discussing it again this morning," she thought, instantly on her guard.

She felt in her heart too disloyal toward her friend to have any sense of security. It was unthinkable to her that Sabina would let him go tamely. She had a dread of those coming weeks when they would be in Paris together. But on that point she had been unable to swerve him. There was a side to him that Sabina possessed and would always retain. Eileen knew it, resented it, and her passion grew on it.

"Why did you have to talk me over again?" she said suddenly, though that was the last thing she intended to say.

"Well, it's natural on the eve of such a decision," he began carefully, trying to seek a phrase that would spare her feelings. "It is natural that certain things should be said between two persons who are going to readjust their lives."

"What things?"

"Well, for one thing—I asked her point-blank if she would go through with it."

"Yes?"

"It was rather a foolish question, I suppose. She laughed and said it was the only decent thing to do. Where you make a mistake, Eileen," he continued earnestly, for in his loyalty to Sabina he wanted her friendship with Eileen to continue, "is in thinking that you have anything to do with our separation. Sabina herself made that quite clear this morning."

"She did!"

Her imagination was busy visualizing all what she felt he was leaving unsaid.

"Sabina is the most candid person in the world. When she says a thing, she means it, and there is no need of seeking below the surface," he went on, frowning because he was impatient to be through with explanations. "She told me solemnly that what she wished was my happiness and that I must believe it was part of her real affection for me. One can't say more than that. Moreover—" He hesitated, remembering an early misgiving as to the wisdom of carrying messages. "Moreover she particularly asked me to give you her love, and spoke of you with the greatest admiration."

Eileen nodded solemnly. Then she disengaged herself and went to the table for a cigarette, while Carl experienced that irritation that comes to a man when he feels he has failed, for no perceptible reason, to carry conviction. She saw at once all the advantages that Sabina had established over her in his mind—if not now, at some future date in Paris, when he would stand off and judge them impartially.

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Sacrifice

He felt that he had not been entirely tactful and added: "Don't look so solemn. It was all very casual. Why, Sabina herself, to tease me, pretended you had always been in love with me."

She laughed—a necessary laugh. "And of course you were flattered?"

"Not at all. I am not so stupid as to believe that."

She came back so gaily that he congratulated himself on this last touch of diplomacy.

"Sabina is a dear," she said lightly. "What do you think she will do—afterward?" she added carelessly.

"For a while, nothing."

"But you thought—perhaps—Sandhurst?" she said impatiently.

This was the crux of the situation. Sabina divorcing so that Carl could remarry was a threat; Sabina intending to marry, herself, would be reassuring.

"There is no doubt in my mind that Sabina will remarry in a year or two, Sandhurst or another," he said carefully.

"But—Sandhurst?"

"Oh, he wants her undoubtedly."

NOT even in this moment did he for an instant think of betraying Sabina's confidence. With this Eileen had to be content.

"This has been a hard day for both of us," she said. "My nerves are unstrung. I wish there weren't all these complications."

"It's the children that make it hard," he said incautiously.

Eileen Daikes was convinced that she had a kind heart. She was willing to admit that she was selfish, but not that she could be capable of cruelty. She was certain that it was from the most generous intentions that she wanted Sabina to have entire charge of the children. Sabina's insistence that Carl should share them had been a great surprise to her. However, the future would take care of that.

"You haven't told Tam yet?"

"No. Caroline will bring them over later. You don't know what a trump the boy is."

He related with pride the incident of Tam's jumping the pony. She listened, trying to picture him with his children in her home. It was a side that she never could quite visualize, that somehow, when it was conjured up before her, left her cold and full of uneasy forebodings. An hour before, in her guarded revelations to Lavery, she had not felt certain how far her aroused emotions would carry her. She was a little distrustful of her own capricious reversals. But now the feeling that she had still to fight for Carl, the conviction that Sabina was still in the background, a mystery and a threat, aroused her pride and a sense of caution. Above all, he must not feel that she was definitely his for the asking.

"You are not listening," he said impatiently.

She jumped up nervously. "I can't help it, Carl. I dread your going off to Paris. I've told you so a dozen times. You should have listened to me." She shivered and, picking up a shawl, drew it about her shoulders. "I'm afraid, Carl, I'm afraid."

He rose and came toward her, but she put out a hand to restrain him.

"I couldn't help it, Eileen," he said bluntly. "I don't want to leave you, either. But what can I do? Sabina has been too awfully decent, making things easy for us. I couldn't tell her how to do it, could I?"

"I'm afraid," she repeated, looking into the fire.

"I give you my word of honor, Sabina wants her liberty as much as I do."

She gave him a curious look, veiled by her lashes.

"That's not what I am afraid of, Carl," she replied quickly.

"What, in heaven's name, then?"

"Of myself."

He stood staring at her, the dormant fear in his heart leaping to his eyes.

"Afraid of myself," she repeated, beginning to walk up and down. "Not when you are here. It's different then. You dominate me. But when you are away? The last thing in the world I want to do is to hurt you. I can't be alone, Carl. I never could."

The suggestion which arose out of her instinct of self-preservation was too close to his own thoughts to be hotly resented. He stopped short, leaning against the mantel and gazing at the floor with such an expression of weariness and depression that she returned to him suddenly and tucked her hand into his arm with a tender contrition.

"I'm sorry."

"No, it's true," he said gloomily. "I know it."

"You ought to have insisted on Reno," she said obstinately.

He did not feel that this justified an answer. He was thinking with a dull wonder how little of the careless rapture he had dreamed of there was in these meetings of the last weeks. Heartburnings and unrest, days of suffering. There was nothing tranquil or serene in their passion. Nothing but the sense of combat. He turned to her.

"There is no easy way out for us," he said gravely. "We'll have to make the best of it. But you could come over—to England, perhaps."

"Carl, don't be absurd."

"Nonsense. I would join you a week after the divorce. We could be married in London and go off for a month alone—away from every one!"

His spirits suddenly rose, and he began to smile with the boyish eagerness she loved. She yielded to his whim, for, having made him suffer, she now wished to see him happy.

"Perhaps—we shall see!" she said mischievously, holding back her head from him as he caught her in his arms.

"And if I jumped on a ship and ran back to see you just for one day?"

"I'd adore that."

Her eyes sparkled, met his, and capitulated . . .

A LITTLE later, when the fire was running in her veins, she was subtly aware of a sudden abstraction in his embrace. She opened her eyes and perceived that he was looking with alarm at the clock on the mantel. She tore herself away and stood before him, trembling with anger.

"It's time for you to go!"

"Eileen!"

"No—no. It's time for you to go!"

He was late already, but for another half-hour he was forced to combat her sudden flare-up of jealousy, to meet her shifting moods with protestations, and patiently win her back to him. It was after seven when at last he was able to leave her and hurry out to his taxicab.

"Drive like the devil," he cried and flung himself down in a corner, his nerves on edge, his spirit conscious of a deep fatigue.

CHAPTER IX

SABINA came out of her room serenely as he bolted into the drawing-room with a guilty glance at the clock just striking the hour of eight.

"Terribly sorry," he blurted out. "Couldn't make it sooner. Just one thing after another. Go on, and I'll follow you as soon as I can. Please forgive me, Sabina."

"There's nothing to forgive," she said lightly. "And don't worry. Every one is late at Mimi's. Besides, it's a buffet dinner, and if we get there at nine, what's the difference? You look jumpy. No wonder. Take a tub and lie down for ten minutes."

"All sorts of things came up," he said, not looking at her.

He drew a long breath, smiled, and began to

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Sacrifice

relax, relishing her good humor. "I'll take a long bath and a couple of whiffs. By Jove, you look stunning."

"Stretch out here and close your eyes a bit."

She divined the scene that had upset him, and the resentment she felt toward the woman who could make him suffer increased her misgivings. Poor Carl! For his craving for liberty what a price he would have to pay!

"Watch the time for me, will you, old girl? This is a life-saver."

"I telephoned Tam at seven," she said, wondering if he had forgotten.

He sat up, genuinely distressed. "What was I thinking of?" But immediately recalling the scene which had disarranged his schedule, he checked himself and frowned. "What time is it now? Do you think I could?"

"He'll be asleep, but I explained to him what a rush you'd be in. He understood."

"Confound it!" He was moved to confide in Sabina, but a sense of pride checked him. He rose. "I've simply got to call him up. Nanny will have to wake him. Do you mind?"

"No."

She knew that Tam would probably be lying awake anyhow.

HE PUT in the call and went to take a shower while Sabina waited by the telephone and regarded it thoughtfully. To have forgotten Tam, Carl must have been terribly upset.

She had never liked the idea of Carl's marrying Eileen, nor believed in the possibility of her bringing him happiness. On this one subject she had not been frank with him. It was a difficult subject for them to discuss. Furthermore she was not sure she could do Eileen justice. Even as young girls they had been rivals, for by some curious fatality they attracted the same men. In spite of this they had been intimate friends for years, and now, when their natures had led them diverse ways, her memories remained loyal.

Loyalty was deeply ingrained in Sabina. It alone made comprehensible her continuing intimacies with friends she had outgrown. She liked Eileen because she detested smugness, and there was a brilliant audacity about her friend that stimulated her. She enjoyed her wit, her sophisticated point of view, and her defiant amusement in the progress of life. Sometimes even she envied in her the full play of certain qualities that had been unawakened in her own nature. But whenever she visualized Eileen's marriage to Carl and the projection of her personality in his life and the lives of her children, she had a violent revulsion.

It was not only her pride that was involved, though she knew that Eileen had always wanted Carl, but her genuine affection for her husband. She distrusted Eileen. She was not even certain that once the way was opened to her, she would marry him. And if she did, how long would it last?

At this point in her reflections the telephone rang, and Carl, in his dressing-gown, came out eagerly to answer it. She watched the light in his face as, his voice softening, he talked to his son. She felt a sudden warm desire to put her arm around him and shield him from an impending danger.

"Tam wants to say goodbye to you again," he said, turning to her.

She went to his side and by an impulse laid her arm on his shoulder as she bent to the telephone.

"You see, Tam, Daddy didn't forget you. Goodbye, darling, just for a little while."

Carl took the receiver and repeated her words. "Just for a little while, old sport."

He put up the receiver and rose. Their eyes met in a long, troubled silence. Life that had drawn them apart still held them by the child they had created together.

Sacrifice

He hesitated, leaned over, and patted her shoulder. Then his eye fell upon the clock, and, whistling to rouse his spirits, he went back to his room.

"I feel a lot better now, Sabina. Ready in five minutes."

CHAPTER X

THE young married set in which the Barings lived had as its outstanding characteristic an unsophisticated adjustment to the materialistic life which did not lack a certain elastic standard of ethics. The women achieved a perfection of luxury in their clothes and the charming interiors of their homes. The men flung themselves into the pursuit of wealth with the ardor of a sport, accepting success without arrogance and meeting their frequent reverses with Britannic fortitude. They made money to enjoy it, and lived to the full of their incomes. Their minds revolved about this fixed idea like squirrels turning on a wheel. They were not brilliant nor profound, but they certainly were not dull, even though their catch phrases savored of the current music-hall success and the columnists of the day. There was no perversity in their lawlessness, rather the naiveté of the collegian's adventure into the world.

In a confusion of standards they had evolved an elemental code; certain things were done, and certain things were not. Friendship was a religion, rigorously maintained despite domestic readjustments. If a young wife revolted against her husband's flagrant excursions into bacchanalian pastures, the community expected a divorce as a matter of course. An amicable facilitation and open-handed generosity were expected of the husband, with the minimum of publicity. The friendship for both remained unimpaired, nor did the presence of one exclude the other. It deplored divorce, but when it was resorted to, for the sake of the children, for the least disturbance of community ties, it demanded that it should be amicable. For the most part its marriages, founded on little passions and the pursuit of pleasure on the surface, were surprisingly successful. People had children and were devoted to them, and avoided the danger of monotony by occasional flirtations under tropical moons, from which they returned sentimentally relaxed to the security of their charming homes.

MIMI NORTON was the *enfant terrible* of this group. Nothing that she did surprised her friends. She had been the first of Sabina's set to marry, an elopement with a boy still in college, Carter Boynton, son of a newly arrived steel magnate who had ended a tempestuous career in an automobile crash with two young ladies whom the papers generously referred to as "actresses." She had married within the year Fritz Norton, who did nothing but did it very well, having sufficient income to be concerned only with the spending of it. Five years of the pursuit of pleasure together had ended in the pursuit of pleasure separately. He had gone abroad to prepare for an amicable divorce, while his wife privately announced her engagement to Robert Keating, a boyhood admirer who was of a serious turn of mind, a corporation lawyer, considerably older, who every one hoped would at last be able to master her caprices.

When the Barings arrived, the party was in full swing. It was a duplex apartment at the top of one of the newer buildings on Park Avenue, lavishly furnished in a jumble of Oriental and European styles that produced an effect of topsy-turvy luxury with brilliant reds and golds predominating. The evening was warm, with the lingering sultriness of summer. Long windows stood open to the adjoining roofs, where a negro orchestra was crooning softly to the thrumming of the ubiquitous jazz melodies, without which a party at Mimi's was inconceivable.

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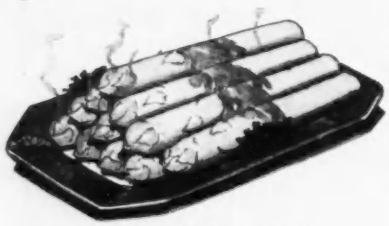

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Asparagus

Sacrifice

"We'll have to leave at eleven," said Baring to his wife as they went upstairs. "Even that is cutting it pretty close."

Sabina nodded. "Half-past ten would be better, wouldn't it?"

"Yes; besides, there'll be a dozen to go down to the ship."

They went together into the dining-room, where a buffet was spread at one side, surrounded by late arrivals. It was an intimate crowd in which the feminine accent was dominant. The women approaching thirty of a privileged New York class, schoolmates for the most part who had come out together, had formed a little social nucleus, keeping together as they married and drawing into it men of varied interests.

The entrance of the Barings produced an excited ripple among their old friends, who had been busy for the last hour debating their relations. Carl's infatuation was known. Why was Sabina accompanying him to Paris? To give him a divorce or to terminate his affair with Mrs. Daikes? Sabina, aware that every movement would be watched and variously interpreted, met the rush of greetings with a smile, excusing her lateness adroitly.

"Carl, poor boy, has been going like mad all day. It's a wonder he ever got through." She laid her hand on her husband's arm. "Get me a cup of bouillon and something simple, will you, dear? I'm the worst sailor in the world, so take no chances. And get a glass of champagne first for yourself. You need it."

She was greeted enthusiastically and immediately chided on her prospective desertion of the social season. For Sabina was as necessary to her friends as they were to her.

"Well, my permanent sister-in-law!" exclaimed a jovial voice as a large, blond man put his arm around her.

"Hello, Joe," she said, perceiving Jacqueline's former husband balancing a champagne glass.

He drew his arm under hers and announced: "I've given up one wife for my country, but I'll never give up my sister-in-law. Words with you." He led her to a corner and fixed her with a magisterial stare. "Don't fib now to your brother. What are you going to Paris for?" he demanded, rushing in, for treading with the angels was not among his habits.

Sabina, being prepared, announced, "We're going to be divorced to satisfy our friends and then remarry to get another honeymoon."

"Is that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing of the truth?"

"Joe, are you squiffy already, or has Jacqueline been putting nonsense into your head?"

His mind at once diverted, he replied in an injured tone. "Honest now, Sabina, did you ever hear of such an old crab as Braganzer? If he only knew what he owed to me! Who trained Jackie, I'd like to know? Didn't I have a solemn talk with her and explain all the mistakes she'd made with me? Jealous! Why, he ought to send me a present every Christmas."

"Quite right, Joe," she said laughing. "The second husband never knows what he owes to the first."

MIMI NORTON fluttered up. She was in black, in a robe-de-style, a little Infanta of Velasquez, limpid black eyes, a dainty nose, and a queer, twisted, little smile.

"Isn't it divine, my dear?" she cried, in pretty clipped accents. "It's like an Irish wake. I'm the corpse. The corpse departs, and the friends go on dancing."

Seeing that she was out of earshot, she said: "I want you to make a great impression on Ted. Be *terribly* serious and conventional, Sabina! You will, won't you, dear?"

"Why?"

"I'm terribly in love. He's a wonderful man, so stern and strict! Don't laugh. Really, he's adorable, just the man I've *needed* all these years. But just now he is frightfully upset about my being in Paris with Fritz. Now, Sabina, I just couldn't go to Reno, could I? Louise Weston said it was frightful beyond words. She almost died of loneliness. She said she would never do it again. Imagine six precious months out of your life! All the same—" she checked her prattling, and her face broke into the gamin smile that was irresistible—"don't make any reference to good times in Paris, you understand."

"I understand."

"But won't it be fun, darling? I half wish you were going to divorce, too."

"Thanks."

"Well, you know what I mean. Such a lark, playing around cafés and restaurants with our departing husbands! Fritz is wonderful in Paris—" She sank her voice with a warning glance. "He speaks French wonderfully and knows the queerest places. My dear, I just couldn't miss it, could I?"

She stopped short, pinched Sabina's arm, and said, "Dignity now."

SABINA looked up to perceive Mr. Keating, whom fate had designated as the next of his sex to attempt the destiny of Mimi.

"Here is the unfortunate man," said Mimi Norton, slipping her arm through that of a short, powerfully-built man of forty, who looked through his spectacles at Sabina with a little defiance, estimating this new influence to be combated or accepted.

"Mimi tells me you are to be congratulated."

He bowed defensively. "It's a little ultra-modern, but I believe it's not unusual nowadays."

Sabina thought his smile a little grim.

"Of course, we're letting only a few into our confidence," Mimi explained hastily with a conciliatory glance.

Mr. Keating smiled grimly. "Otherwise, you understand, Mrs. Baring, it is a profound secret."

"There! He likes you! It's all right," Mrs. Norton exclaimed joyfully. "If he didn't approve, he'd shut up like a clam. A perfect bear, my dear. I shall have to watch my p's and q's. Imagine poor little me!" She cast a glance at arriving guests and started to move away. "I leave my reputation, dear. Don't hesitate to warn him. He knows *all* about *everything!*"

Sabina wondered how much of this was true. There was a solidity and a purpose about the man that baffled her. What strange perversity had sent him into such an entanglement? There had been a wife—recently divorced—a plain, unromantic nest-builder who had passed through the hard days with him. What then inspired in him the desire to possess this elusive butterfly?

"Wait two years," he said, studying her face.

She was disconcerted by the astuteness with which he had read her thoughts.

"Are you going to reform Mimi—" she said lightly, "take her away from us and build a wall around her?"

"Not from you."

She looked at him with interest, comprehending that he had accepted her at once.

"Do you want advice?"

"No."

"That's lucky. I don't know what I should have said."

"I'm glad, though, you will be with her in Paris," he said bluntly. "I don't like that part of it, naturally. But keep her out of as much trouble as possible, won't you?"

She felt a note of suffering in this appeal that moved her to answer. "My dear man, you must take Mimi as she is, you know. You must do it with your eyes open."

"Right," he returned quickly to his defences. "My eyes are quite open, I assure you."

"But sometimes it is necessary to shut them."

"For the present, yes." He looked at her, read her thoughts a little, and said, "You are rather astonished!"

"No, I have found an explanation."

Sacrifice

"Can you tell me?"

She shook her head. In loyalty she could not go further. It had been on the tip of her tongue to ask him if he had ever played with dolls. Successful American men around forty seemed so inclined to revert to the playthings of their childhood! All this had been said rapidly in a tone of badinage. Her thoughts were preoccupied. She had caught a glimpse of Eileen Daikes, a vivid figure in flame-colored chiffon, entering with Alan Tarney, a bachelor to whom she had often been reported engaged. She searched anxiously for her husband and perceived him gloomily set in a doorway with eyes on Eileen, who, surrounded by her usual court, was the personification of gaiety.

"If he stands there much longer, looking like that," she thought, "they might as well announce their engagement."

She made an excuse and went to her husband.

"Dance with me, Carl, please."

He came out of his abstraction, looked confused, and offered his arm without a word.

"Don't show your feelings so plainly," she said in a low voice.

"It's that Tarney fellow," he said between his teeth. "Why the devil did she have to turn up with him of all people in the world?"

Her husband's irritation puzzled her. She remembered how upset he had been that afternoon on his return. Could anything have happened between them? What a boy Carl was! She was determined that at least he should not advertise his jealousy.

"A woman must have some regard for appearances," she said quickly. "Eileen is not Mimi. She isn't going to stand up and announce: 'Ladies and gentlemen, congratulate us. Just as soon as certain preliminaries are over, I am to be Mrs. Carl Baring.' "

He laughed despite himself.

Joe Stacy asked her to dance. Carl and Eileen danced once around the room and went out on the roof garden. Sabina was cut in on once or twice by men who, from being more or less devoted, had been transferred to the loyal legion of her friends. Then Carl reappeared. In reality he had been absent only a moment, but the interval had seemed interminable. She knew by the furrows about his eyes that Eileen had made him suffer.

She felt suddenly depressed, out of key with the light note of the evening. This was a different Carl from the well-ordered, unemotional comrade of her married life. Love to Sabina had been no wild stirring of the senses, with the ache and the unrest that come from an obsession, disorganizing the balance and control of a lifetime. She had responded pleasantly and gratefully, to being loved by different men, in different degrees. Some had suffered as Carl was suffering now, without her ever quite believing in that suffering. But tonight she felt there was something she had missed, something she would probably always miss as she saw ahead the figure of Sandhurst in her life . . .

"TIME to be cutting out," said Carl, coming up to her. His voice sounded tired.

"I'm ready. Let's go."

At the door she came face to face with Eileen, radiant and starry-eyed.

Sabina put out her hand. "Coming down to see us off?"

Mrs. Daikes' brilliant smile flashed to the surface. "Oh, dear, no! Goodbyes are dreadful. I always avoid them."

They measured each other in a glance, Eileen's quick eyes seeking to penetrate the mask of her baffling acquiescence, Sabina with a flash of intuition divining the reason for Alan Tarney's resurrection.

"She has no intention of committing herself," she thought, "and she is afraid of me."

"It's a superstition with me. I'm sorry," said Mrs. Daikes, dropping her glance. "You'll understand, won't you, dear? Goodbye! Wonderful time—Paris—envy you," she murmured mechanically as she moved off.

Sabina felt irritated at this persistent avoidance of the situation. Why were such subterfuges necessary when she was doing the generous thing in setting Carl free?

Their car was packed with those who had decided to see them off. She had no opportunity for a word with Carl. Possibly it was for the best, in the mood in which she found herself. Eileen treating her as an enemy aroused dangerous instincts.

The brine of the sea was in her nostrils, as she went up the gangplank, the feeling of adventure through the mystery of the night. Mimi Norton was waving to her from the deck, excited as a child at discovering a dozen acquaintances. She caught a view of Keating's drawn face in the bevy of merrymakers. She heard a voice pronounce her name in surprise, as she went into the churning mass that eddied on the stairs. The crowd swept her apart from her friends. Carl, seeing her predicament, made his way to her side.

"Here, let me help you. This is worse than a subway rush."

"Please do. I am quite helpless."

SHE clung to his arm and suffered him to pilot her up the steep steps, warding off the shock of strange masses. She felt breathless, terrified, and weakly grateful for his protection. She was letting him go because her philosophy maintained that she had no right to keep him, because his happiness demanded it, but he would never be far away. A world without Carl in it for times of need was unthinkable . . .

"I've arranged for a separate table for you and Mimi," he was saying to her. "We get in half a day ahead of you, so don't worry about customs and baggage. I'll be waiting for you. I'll wireless ahead for a motor, and we'll run up to Paris. You'll find a lot of friends on board. Why don't you take Mimi in with you after you start?"

Did her face look so woebegone, she wondered, that his voice had become so solicitous, or was he, too, feeling the things she felt? They were back in the group without further opportunity for conversation, keeping up a running fire of banter that left her fatigued and restless. She wanted to be alone with Carl.

She heard at last the cry of "Visitors Ashore" with a feeling of intense relief. The comedy was getting beyond her strength.

"Don't stay to see the boat off," she said nervously to a dozen friends. "It's bad luck. Promise you won't wait."

She embraced every one, shook hands again and again, laughed, joked, hurrying them on. At last she was alone with her husband.

"Come over here a moment where I can watch the gangway," he said, leading the way to a protecting pool of darkness.

They stood leaning over the taffrail, gazing at the immeasurable drop into the black, oozy gap of waters and the shadowy crowds on the electric-lit wharf. The creak of donkey engines, piping of whistles, hoarse commands struck against their ears with the sudden realization of the hastening of their fates.

"I feel in a terrible funk," he said at last.

"It's harder than I thought," she admitted.

"It's all my fault."

She did not reply at once. She was wondering if that were true. This evening had brought home to her things she had not understood before. Why had she not known how to reach the elemental in him as that other woman had done?

"No, dear. It's no one's fault," she said earnestly. "It's just life. We change, I suppose."

She stopped. She was thinking that the break had not been now, but long ago. This was but the realization. Eileen or another. But this she could not say to him.

"Between you and I, I would love to go but a woman like I has to divide her time between so many affairs, and I only have twenty-four hours a day"

She *thinks* she is speaking Correct English!

Can you find her FIVE mistakes?

IF YOU were introduced to an attractive, prosperous-looking man or woman who constantly made crude mistakes in grammar and pronunciation, what would you think? You could not *help* thinking that this person was sadly lacking in education; you would feel that he, or she, belonged on a lower social level.

And yet, unless you have made the correctness of your own speech a *habit*, you never can be sure that *you* are not unconsciously making errors which may cause others to lower their estimates of *your* education and refinement.

You may not make such glaring errors as *I ain't, you was,* and *between you and I,* but perhaps you commit other mistakes which offend the ears of those who know, and cause them to judge you unfairly.

Perhaps you sometimes use *who* for *whom,* or *would* for *should.* Are you always sure whether to spell words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "y's" or with "ei" or "ie"? Do you ever say, "I did it already"—or, "He don't mean what he says."

What Can You Do?

For many years Sherwin Cody studied the problem of creating the habit of using good English. After countless experiments, he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day.

Under old methods rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Soon the rules themselves are forgotten. The new Sherwin Cody method provides, on the contrary, for the formation of correct habits by constantly calling attention only to the mistakes you make—and then showing you the right way, so that correct English soon becomes "second nature." Already over 50,000 people have used this method with the most marked results.

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A new book explaining Mr. Cody's invention is ready. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, or if your vocabulary is limited, this new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English," will prove a revelation to you. Send the coupon or a letter or postal card for it now. SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, 821 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

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In using advertisements see page 6

beans!

a wonderful new kind with the real "*baked-in-the-ground*" taste

Here are beans with a new flavor—a flavor that heretofore could be enjoyed only in beans as they are baked in the Maine woods.

You know they bake beans in an outdoor oven in the ground called the "bean hole," there. They fill the big round-bellied bean pot with flavor-rich ingredients—beans, sugar-cured prime pork, molasses and brown sugar.

Then they bury it in the hot earth of the bean hole, where it cooks all night in a bed of embers.

Never was such baked-bean flavor! Until now—in Bean Hole Beans!

Now you can have that same wonderful woods flavor—a touch of fragrant forest air; seasoning of camp fire smoke. The very same ingredients are used in Bean Hole Beans.

They're like no other beans you've ever tasted. Enjoy this new deliciousness—give your family a Bean Hole Beans dinner one of these evenings! They'll call for repeat dinners! Your grocer has two sizes, medium 15c; large 25c.

They bake beans in the ground in the Maine woods

BEAN HOLE BEANS

January 1929 Good Housekeeping

Sacrifice

"If I ever get in bad, I shall always come to you, Sabina," he blurted out.

"Do, Carl. I can always help you."

"Certain things between us, you know, can never change."

"I know."

"While I am in the world—"

"You don't need to say it, dear."

Then he said hurriedly, "Relay the messages from the kids, won't you?"

"Of course, every day."

He put his arm around her.

"There isn't much more time."

"Yes, you had better go now," she said, wondering if Eileen had relented at the last moment and was waiting for him outside.

She put her arm around his neck. "Be happy, Carl."

"Good luck, old girl."

"Good luck always."

He kissed her wet cheek, murmured something incoherent, and went hurriedly down the gangplank. At the bottom he raised his hat, turned, and disappeared. She stood a moment until she could control herself, and went down to her cabin. She sat there in a long moment of weakness, her hands in her lap, staring about her. Adeline came and went, silently picking up things and putting them away. She felt a sudden shiver run through the ship. The waking tremor of the great engines underneath. A slow,. gradual slipping away and the roaring announcement of the whistles . . .

"We're off."

She rose, ran her hand over her forehead, and turned to Adeline.

"Who sent the flowers?"

"Mr. Baring, Miss Sabina."

"How lovely they are!"

The door opened, and Mimi Norton, flinging herself into her arms, burst into tears.

"My heart is breaking. I don't want to go to Paris! I don't want to see another man as long as I live. I tell you I shall die of misery. My dear, I've never, never really loved before in all my life!"

For half an hour Mimi held her, rattling out the details of her romance while she listened, at first bored, then amused, finally grateful for this interruption to her own dark thoughts. But all at once Mimi stopped, looked around her sharply, and said,

"Why, where's Carl?"

"Carl, my dear, is coming over on the *Mauretania*."

"Carl—the *Mauretania*!" She sprang up suddenly, seizing Sabina by the shoulders. "Sabina, you are going to be divorced, too. Why, how perfectly divine!"

(*To be continued*)

Fashions

(*Continued from page 154*)

red, green, and yellow, as well as deep blue, although usually the blue is smarter in chiffon. Lace is exceedingly smart this year in all colors. The evening mode continues to be extremely important, as it is radically different. Not only are the skirts uneven in length, but the drapery varies with each model, and in the newer frocks dips at the sides, although we find many smart models with long backs and panel-like trains which may touch the floor at the back or at the sides. Printed chiffon in large, all-over designs promises to be as popular and as smart a fashion as it was last year.

Jewelry will not be too important in the daytime for Southern wear, but the reverse is true for evening. Many more earrings than have been seen for several seasons will appear, and many more important real stones, such as diamonds for chains and for bracelets. Emeralds are smart, too, and of course, pearls. But for those who do not have real jewelry, there are crystals, really lovely ones, the newest called baguettes, which is the way they are cut.

from breakfast time to the dinner hour

—a Score of Uses for the New KitchenAid

Preparing just one ordinary day's meals will give KitchenAid at least twenty opportunities to serve you. You'll use KitchenAid more than your washing machine, vacuum cleaner or ironing machine . . . more, even, than all of your household appliances combined. Every day is a KitchenAid day . . . every meal is a KitchenAid meal.

Every woman knows that the really fatiguing part of getting a meal ready to serve lies in the actual *preparation* of the food . . . and preparation is KitchenAid's job. *All* the food-preparing tasks that you've been doing by hand, the new KitchenAid will do for you, better and far more quickly—and with *none* of the exhausting labor . . . And when KitchenAid does the work, there are fewer utensils to wash.

At the snap-of-a-switch, KitchenAid mixes dough—mashes potatoes—beats eggs—cuts shortening into flour—creams butter—whips cream . . . mayonnaise—strains fruits—sieves beans or peas for purees—chops meat—grinds coffee . . . cereals—shreds cabbage . . . nuts—slices fruits . . . vegetables—extracts orange juice—chips ice—freezes ice cream. All these things—and more.

Today, in thousands of truly modern homes, KitchenAid is lessening the food-preparing labor of the housewife who does her own work . . . and simplifying the servant problem of the woman who entrusts the kitchen duties to others.

Finished in French gray lacquer . . . compact and sturdy . . . light in weight and easily handled . . . occupying only one square foot of space . . . KitchenAid plugs into any outlet and operates at a cost of but one cent an hour.

The KitchenAid Manufacturing Co., 203 Olive Street, Troy, Ohio

Sales agencies in principal cities. Consult your telephone directory.

★ **KitchenAid**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Electrical Food Preparer for the Home

A New Model — A Lower Price

Recently a *new model* KitchenAid, at a substantially *lower price*, has been introduced. The coupon below will bring to you, promptly, its complete, fascinating story . . . and, if you desire, full details of our unusually liberal Household Budget Payment Plan.

I am interested in knowing more about KitchenAid. Please send your booklet to:

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(105)

In using advertisements see page 6

Its SEALED-IN FLAVOR
-THE TALK OF THE TABLE!
Taste that natural richness in Flavor-Sealed Ham! Then you'll know why it's "the talk of the table" wherever served. Flavor-Sealed Ham is vacuum cooked by the exclusive Hormel process in the sealed container in which you receive it. This new way, all its original goodness—natural Flavors, Juices, Vitamins and Tenderness—is wholly retained!... A valuable reserve food supply, instantly ready to serve cold. No bone, no skin, no waste.
At the leading stores, or write—
Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.
Exclusive Packers of Flavor-Sealed Products
HALF SIZE 3 TO 5 LBS BAKES - IN 30 MINUTES
WHOLE HAM 6 TO 10 LBS BAKES - IN 60 MINUTES
HALF SIZE PACKAGE
HORMEL Flavor-Sealed HAM
HORMEL Flavor-Sealed HAM

The City of Golden Doom

(*Continued from page 19*)

He waved his hand in a gesture of dismissal. "I spoke of suitors for thy hand—in marriage. Soon I must find thee a husband—a grandee of Spain with wealth and titles, and one who stands high in the favor of His Most Christian Majesty, the King."

For a long moment Luisita was silent. And when she spoke, her voice had an uncertain tremor. "My uncle, what does it mean—this mysterious thing called marriage?"

He was a little nonplussed at that. "Mean? Why, thou little simpleton, hast thou not seen the gaiety of marriage fiestas here in Panama—the processions and the high mass, and the banquet that follows? Thy cousin, Doña Elena—"

"Ah—my cousin Elena—" the girl's voice caught in her throat—"she wept! I saw her! Even the darkness of the black cosmetic about her eyes could not hide the redness of the lids. If *that* is marriage, O dear uncle—"

The Presidente interposed hastily. "Foolish tears, quickly dried, as you will see. Doña Elena was married to a man—ah—somewhat older than she. But for you we shall find a young man, a handsome man, one who will satisfy thy heart, and who will have my blessing."

"Yes—Felipe!" Once more her voice was untroubled and assured.

"*Felipe?*" Don Juan Perez stared down at his niece with darkening eyes and contracted brows. "What child's nonsense is this? The boy is not of our race—thou knowest that well. He is an Indio, a savage—"

The girl's young face suddenly flamed. She flung back her head with a passionate, queenly movement. "He is a prince," she cried, "an honored guest in this our city, and thy ward, O worthy uncle!"

IN THE commotion of the next few days Don Juan Perez had no thought for the personal problems of his household. For terrible news had come through the jungle trails from the eastern shore of the Isthmus. That dreaded English pirate, Enrico Morgan, who had preyed upon the coast of Campeche the year before, had gathered a following of more than a thousand unholy ruffians from the Indies and had returned, this time to lay siege to Puerto Bello. Puerto Bello was the fortified city that guarded the eastern entrance of Panama. It was deemed impregnable. And so the Presidente at first had merely laughed at Morgan's insolent demand for a ransom of one hundred thousand pieces of eight, in payment of which the city might escape his violence. He sent five hundred soldiers instead—and they were defeated. Wounded stragglers came limping back along the terrible, hot jungle road with the news that Puerto Bello, the impregnable, the unassailable, had been taken. The garrison had died fighting grimly, determinedly.

Morgan had ransacked the city with hideous mercilessness. No one was spared. Churches were gutted of their relics, priests and nuns were slain, people were tortured to reveal secret hiding places of gold and treasure. It was an orgy of blood and lust and horror. Puerto Bello had fallen. The eastern coast was now unprotected.

The City of Panama was in a turmoil of grief and terror. There was mourning for friends and loved ones who had been butchered in the doomed city. But heavier than the pall of personal sorrow was the imminent threat of what might come to the proud capital of the southern coast. On three sides, the sea; on the fourth the savanna—and the jungle!

The nobles and the clergy clamored for the Presidente to act in the city's defense. But still he would not build fortresses or a wall.

Instead, he chose to placate the English buccaneer. To soothe him with fine words so that he would not turn his greedy, gold-lusting

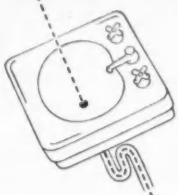
—*another* thing that Drāno does

It cleans the grease-crusted roaster to a bright newness—without so much as a scrape

ROASTER sticky, crusted with burned-on grease . . . But you can have it clean—greaselessly clean—in no time at all—with no work at all. Just a Drāno soaking. A rinse. A rub with the dish-cloth. That's all. Think of it—the hardest part of dishwashing now the easiest.

Booklet with our compliments

Of course, you are using Drāno to clean and open drains—to keep them free-flowing. But do you know of its many other labor-saving uses? Write for your copy of our new booklet—"Twenty-two Easy Drāno Ways of Cleaning," and learn how Drāno makes light work of the heavy part of cleaning. In the meantime, try Drāno on that hard-to-clean roaster. The simple directions are printed here. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



To remove burned-on grease from roaster

INSIDE ONLY

1. Put two (2) cups of water in bottom of roaster (any kind but aluminum)
2. Add ¼ can of Drāno
3. When Drāno has dissolved, add enough water to cover area to be cleaned
4. Let it soak three or four hours, or overnight
5. Pour off solution into the sink
6. Rinse the roaster—then wash in hot soap-suds

BOTH INSIDE AND OUTSIDE

1. Put roaster in dish-pan (any kind but aluminum)
2. Put two (2) cups of water in bottom of roaster
3. Add from ½ can to a full can of Drāno, depending on size
4. When Drāno has dissolved, add water to roaster until overflow is high enough to cover outside and inside to be cleaned—if crust is on top, turn roaster upside down
5. Let it soak three or four hours, or overnight
6. Pour off solution into the sink
7. Rinse thoroughly, then wash in hot soap-suds

Drāno *will not harm porcelain, enamel or plumbing*

CAUTION—Drāno dissolves animal and vegetable fibre—keep away from hands, face and clothing

DO YOU KNOW that porcelain and enamel can now be cleaned without danger of deadly scratching and dullness? With Dawn!—the new, finer cleanser that dissolves as it cleans, therefore cannot scratch.

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

. . . keeps them free-flowing

25¢ *a can*
Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. States
35¢ *in Canada*

In using advertisements see page 6

How to say

"Good Night, Sweet Dreams"

to A BRAND NEW BABY

CRIB SHEETS can express, far better than words or smiles, the comfort and security you wish to give Baby. The firm-woven, smooth, exquisite texture of a Pequot sheet says "Good-night, sweet dreams" in terms that Baby can understand!

Crib sheets, of course, should be selected first for their durability. It is reassuring that Pequot crib sheets are exactly the same strong, sturdy fabric as full-sized Pequot sheets, which often wear for six, eight, even twelve years!

But the essence of your wish is in the soft, smooth "feel" of a Pequot sheet. Baby sleeps so many hours a day! Sleep is second only to food in his necessities. And the exquisite texture of Pequot sheets will make a genuine contribution to his first sweet dreams.

You will find Pequot crib sheets in the very *newest*, most dainty of wrappings. A charming box—quaintly printed in soft, baby-like colors—gayly picturing the first toys of babyhood!

Practical, lovely—Pequot crib sheets carry your message perfectly to Baby! Either pure white, or with dainty 2-inch hems of pink or blue. The former set contains 4 sheets, the latter 2 sheets and 2 pillow cases. They come in one grade only—the Pequot label is your protection.

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January 1929 Good Housekeeping

The City of Golden Doom

eyes upon the city of Panama. For this purpose he needed a messenger to go to Puerto Bello on the east coast, where Morgan and his men remained, satiated for the time being with slaughter, and occupied with dividing the plundered spoils.

And he sent—Don Felipe de Darien. Such a plan, thought the worthy Don Juan Perez, who fancied himself a clever diplomat, would serve a double purpose. It would take the lad away from the environment in which he unconsciously threatened the Presidente's domestic peace. Felipe knew the jungle trails as no Spaniard knew them, since he spoke the Indian languages and was regarded by the savages as their true liege lord. And then, too—the boy might not come back. He might take the opportunity of escaping into the wilderness, back to his own people; it might be that a snake would strike him; or the treacherous jungle fever might come upon him; there was the possibility, too, that Morgan, that infamous man without mercy, might keep him a prisoner—or might slay him. Yes, Felipe was the logical messenger.

Thus it was that the slender, black-eyed youth, richly accoutered in the habiliments of a Spanish Don, came after ten days' journey through the jungle into the ruined city of Puerto Bello, where smoke still rose from smoldering ashes, and there was blood upon the cobble-stoned streets and upon the lintels of hacked doorways. Overhead the vultures wheeled on slow, thoughtful wings, drawn by the sight and smell of death.

Don Felipe found Henry Morgan wallowing in a luxury of blood-stained velvets, gold-embroidered vestments, scattered table ornaments of gold and silver, and a disordered array of jewels and feminine ornaments. The pirate chief had taken possession of a princely house that had escaped the fire. The flowers in the patio had been trampled down. The fountain was choked with debris. The walls were bullet-marked, blood-spattered. A fit setting for the heavy-faced, loose-lipped man who lolled there at ease and turned cold, marble-blue eyes on the young messenger who stared down upon him with haughty detachment.

"Your Grace," Don Felipe commenced in halting English, and Morgan stopped him with a brusk gesture, then fell to twisting his blond, pointed mustache.

"Speak Spanish," he said. "I have been to some pains to learn the venomous tongue."

Don Felipe bowed. "Your Grace, I am a messenger of his excellency the Presidente of Panama. Don Juan Perez de Guzman presents through me his compliments to your Grace, and expresses his sorrow that your Grace has seen fit to deal so harshly with this once fair city. He further desires that I should beg of your Grace some small pattern of those arms wherewith such violence has been dealt out."

HENRY MORGAN listened with astonishment to the message. Was it possible, he asked himself, for a man to be of such incredible unworldliness? Was the Señor Presidente so much of a fool then?

He leaned forward and smiled, an ugly smile revealing broken teeth with blackened stumps. "Willingly do I grant the request. Take these to the worthy Presidente and beg of him to keep them for a twelvemonth. After which time—*I promise to come to Panama and fetch them away!*"

From his belt he drew a long, heavy pistol and a small bag of bullets. He pushed them across the table to Don Felipe and smiled again, his ugly, misshapen smile, as the youth's eyes widened unwillingly with surprise.

"You—" he continued suddenly, "you are not Spanish. Your tongue stutters at the cursed tongue almost as badly as mine. What are you then? A Portuguese? A Carib?"

Don Felipe drew himself up stiffly. "Since

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The City of Golden Doom

your Grace is pleased to question one who can not possibly be of interest to him, let it suffice that I am neither Portuguese nor Carib."

Morgan's cold, blue eyes glittered. "You young fool, men do not speak to me like that—and live!"

Don Felipe's jet-black eyes did not waver or turn aside. Rather there was a leaping flame in them that flung back a threat more savage than that of the uttered words. "Then I shall speak fair words to your Grace—and live. There may come a time when I shall speak to your Grace in deeds—and die. However that may be, I am not of a race that faints with terror at the sound of the word 'death'."

The pirate chief sneered. "Then you are *not* Spanish! Rather an Indio, I take it, who is serving the Papist dogs. Well, young sir, say to your master, the Presidente, that in a twelvemonth he is to send you again to me here. At that time we will see how true a ring your brave words have. If you do not come, young puppy, be sure that I and my fellows will haul you out of your hole in Panama and fly your carcass like a flag from the pole above the Bishop's Palace!"

Don Felipe returned him look for look.

"If it pleases his Excellency, the Presidente, to send me, I shall come. If not—your Grace need not trouble himself to search the holes of Panama for my unworthy carcass. It will come to meet your Grace with a multitude of others, who will be eager to show your Grace how 'Papist dogs' can bite!"

NOW, after a fortnight, came back the young Don Felipe to Panama, gaunt and drooping with weariness. The worthy Presidente welcomed him with a pleasure not entirely sincere. For he was beginning secret negotiations for the betrothal of his niece, Luisita, to Don Hernan de Cordoba, one of the wealthiest hidalgos of Castilla del Oro. And it was not in accordance with his plans to be disturbed by a woman's tears. Neither did he wish to offend Don Felipe unduly, for the Darien nation was still powerful. And through the influence of the King, Golden Cap, the other tribes had been at peace for several years.

Hence it may be that he did not listen with due attention while the young Felipe described his journey through the jungle and his meeting with the buccaneer, Enrico Morgan. And even when the youth laid before the Presidente the pistol and bullets sent in accordance with his wish, Don Juan Perez looked at them absently and shrugged.

"These be powerful weapons, without doubt, but small. We have a hundred and thirty cannons of brass—"

"But, your Excellency," implored Don Felipe, "surely your Grace does not underestimate the strength of this man? He has two thousand followers, all well armed. And they are men who fear neither God nor devil, being the most bloodthirsty and wicked of all the scum of the Indies. A foul crew, your Excellency, whose god is Gold, and to whom the Holy Virgin herself could pray for mercy and not be answered. The weapons with which the garrison here is equipped can not match the armament of this pirate king, your Grace."

"Do you presume to criticise the equipment of his Majesty's forces?" broke in Don Juan Perez testily.

"Ah, Señor Presidente, your Grace must know that I presume no criticism. I am only urging upon your Excellency the horror of what I have seen in Puerto Bello—the same horror that must overtake this queenly city if this man of blood and terror chooses to come hither as he hath boasted he will do!"

"We shall be ready for his coming," retorted the Presidente. "In a twelvemonth you will bear him another message from me."

He paused, thinking sly, deep thoughts.

IN THE year that followed, the prosperity of the City of Panama reached a golden peak. More and more vessels laden with precious treasure from Peru, the country of the Incas, cast their anchors in the bay called the "Fasca." More and more trading ships from Spain added their quota to the increasing wealth of the queenly city that was the pearl of the Spanish King's crown. Gold—gold—it was everywhere. An enormous altar was made of it and installed in the Cathedral of San Francisco. Priests wore vestments woven of it; nobles drank from golden goblets and ate from golden platters. Women wore it for such common things as hairpins and nets. Panama was a golden city. She was like an empress all bedecked with dazzling jewels, who sees the light from her glittering adornment flash into the eyes of envious watchers and blind them—she laughed at their envy—she saw but the one hand shielding the eyes; she did not see the other hand that crept stealthily to the knife—the pistol—

That year there were more fiestas than ever. The narrow streets with their painted houses and overhanging balconies were forever decked with silken banners, and the saints were honored on their name days with processions and sumptuous masses followed by street carnivals and balls. An effulgent, luxurious year. Puerto Bello was forgotten; the man of blood and terror, Enrico Morgan, was forgotten; he had gone away somewhere—

But every brightness casts a shadow. And so the shadow of the glittering year fell darkly upon the blossoming beauty of the little Luisita—now *Doña* Luisa, for she was seventeen—and the young Don Felipe de Darien, he who was the son of an Indian King. At first they submitted meekly, like children, to the restrictions suddenly placed upon their companionship. Doña Luisa was now a woman grown, she was told, and so must be attended always by a duenna, and never be in the presence of an unrelated man alone. As for Don Felipe, there were duties—meaningless, unimportant things, that served to keep him from her.

BUT one night, toward the end of the year, a conversation overheard by chance sent Doña Luisa flying through the darkened corridors of the presidential palace to the room of Don Felipe. The door was not locked. She pushed frantically against its iron-studded bulk, and it opened. Felipe, standing in the barred moonlight of the long, open window, turned to her with wonder. He had been thinking of her so longingly, so tenderly, and her coming was like that of an angel in answer to prayer.

She flung herself into his arms. He could feel the trembling of her body.

"Felipe—*cariño*—we are betrayed! We are not to marry—I am to be sold, Felipe—like an animal! My uncle spoke of terms and marriage portions and gold! He considers me but a child, a chattel! And of thee he did not even speak! Listen, my Felipe, is it not true that thy father, King of the Darien Indios, has gold in plenty and much hidden wealth?"

"Alas, I know not, dearest love. There was a time when it was so. But the tribute demanded of him has been heavy. And thou knowest that I have never been permitted to return to the country of my birth."

"But, Felipe, thou must go to him! Tell him of our love, and how impossible it is that I should marry any other man. Since my uncle puts a price upon me—pay that price, *querido*—pay an even greater price! Else thou wilt lose me forever, and I shall lose thee, who art my life and my soul!"

Don Felipe listened, stunned into immobility. He realized even more terribly than she the hopelessness of their love. It was not only a matter of gold, as she in her unworldliness thought; it was rank, and titles, and influence in the Spanish court—all the things which he, an Indio, could never hope to achieve. Well he knew, though he carried himself so proudly among the hidalgos of Castilla del

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Oro, that underneath their deceptive courtesy they despised him for a savage, the son of a conquered heathen king.

"Luisita—my dear little dove," he said at last in a voice that all his will power could not steady, "go back quietly to thy chamber so thy duenna will not know of thy absence. I must think clearly. For there is much to be considered, more than thou knowest. In the morning I shall go to thy uncle and ask for thy hand. Whatever his answer, do not despair. For I shall not give thee up while life is in me—that I promise thee—I swear it upon that which is holiest to me—my love for thee!"

That night there was music and dancing in the laughter-loving city of Panama. But Felipe did not hear it. He was pacing grimly, desperately, the length of the long, dark chamber lighted only by the barred light of the moon, planning wild, impossible things, discarding them, planning anew—and outside always the muted sounds of music, of laughter—

UPON the morrow went Don Felipe seeking audience with the Presidente. But Don Juan Perez had already left his room, summoned by grievous news to the massive building called the Audencia. Enrico Morgan had returned! He had come back to the eastern coast, captured the island garrison of Santa Catarina after a mock fight and was preparing to cross the strip of protective jungle with two thousand men to capture and sack the city of Panama! Now the dancing was forgotten, and the joy of the moonlit night. Forgotten hung the red banners from balconies, swinging down like teasing tongues above the heads of terrified people. The streets before the Audencia were jammed with people seeking a word of reassurance from the Presidente.

White-faced, but pompous, Don Juan Perez appeared on the balcony. The rich, somber black of his velvet robes of state was silhouetted against the fluttering folds of the red and yellow banner of Spain. His voice was inadequate to carry to the pushing, clamoring throng. So his words were caught by those in front, tossed back to those behind, torn and scattered, a bit here, a bit there—

"He says we have a hundred and thirty brass cannon—the murderous pirates will be slain in the jungle if they try to cross—he says we have nothing to fear—he is sending El Morgan a message that will keep him away from us—do you hear, he speaks now of the wild bulls with their Indio keepers, who in case of last resort would be set free upon the savanna—you know what wild bulls are—no army could pass a herd of two thousand of them—the Señor Presidente says we are not to fear—"

Slowly the crowd dispersed. They were eager to believe that which they wished to believe, that all was well, that Enrico Morgan would not come to Panama, or if he did come, the Spanish troops would scatter his cutthroats like spray before a strong wind. Still they murmured and were timorous. And the Presidente, white-faced still, pacing the long chamber of state with its rich banners and its gold-framed portraits of Their Majesties of Spain, cast about for a final measure to quiet the people's fear. A great fiesta was needed—a wedding, perhaps, that would capture the popular fancy and distract attention from thoughts of peril—a wedding—Well, why not! Luisita—Doña Luisa now—and Don Hernan de Cordoba! He had not the titles of some of the others; he was not of the order of Santiago. Still, he was wealthy; every one knew him. His very name would insure the populace a wedding fiesta such as had never been seen before in Panama, free wines and meats, cakes and sweets for the children—golden coins tossed into the street to be scrambled for—flowers, music, color—laughter—

He turned to confront Don Felipe de Darien standing motionless in the doorway, a slender, colorful figure in purple velvet doublet and hose, black-eyed, grim-lipped. He stared at the young man with eyes that were hard and blank. His brows drew together sharply.

"You presume to come into my presence unannounced?" he demanded.

Don Felipe's strained gaze did not waver. "A thousand pardons, your Excellency. It has ever been the custom of those without to permit me to pass unquestioned, since it is known that I am a member of your Grace's household. Besides, I have come to remind your Grace that although I was brought to this city against my will, I am not a captive. I am a hostage, whose presence here is a guaranty of my honored father's good faith."

The Presidente's patience was snapping. "In short?" he cut in.

"In short, Señor el Presidente, I am a prince among my people. My race is older than your own, and as royal. The wealth of my father's country is well known. I ask for the hand of your Grace's niece, Doña Luisa, in marriage."

Don Juan Perez de Guzman forgot himself. He laughed suddenly. A harsh, insulting laugh that brought the blood careening into the olive cheeks of Don Felipe and a black, savage light into his eyes.

"*You, an Indio*, ask for the hand of my niece? Do you know that in Spain her rank would entitle her to stand at the foot of the bed of Her Majesty, the Queen? And you seek her hand —*you?*"

The young man threw back his head. "Enough!" he cried in a dull, strangled voice. "Though you were the King of Spain himself, I would not bear your insults! Since this is your word, Excellency, now hear mine! I am no longer a hostage of Spain's keeping. The bond of peace is broken! For I shall return to my father, the King of the Darien nation—you have not men enough to keep me here against my will. And this I promise your Excellency, that all those Indios who have been at peace with Spain shall rebel. Many of the famous hundred and thirty brass cannon will be needed to quell them, your Grace. Enrico Morgan will not find them all pointed at him when he comes—"

Don Juan Perez lifted his hand to strike a bell that should bring guards and attendants. But even as he did so, another thought came to him. The crafty, deep-laid plan that had been in his mind for the past year.

"Nay," he said, forcing a composure he did not feel, "let us not quarrel, Felipe. I am overwrought by cares of state and this new fear which has come into our midst. Thy demand came as a surprise, that is all—it is hard for me to realize that thou art a man now— And thou wouldst have my niece, my little Luisita, for thy wife? Well, why not? As thou sayest, thou art a prince—"

Don Felipe made an ecstatic gesture. But the Presidente's suave voice checked him.

"But not now, Felipe; not at this moment when our city is threatened by a grave peril. In such a time all matters of personal desire must yield to the greater needs of the common good. First, there is this man, El Morgan, to dispose of. I wish to send him a message—thou shalt carry it for me."

"And after that—" stammered the youth, his eyes shining, "after I come back—"

There seemed to be the faintest smile upon the lips of Don Juan Perez. "*After* you come back—we shall discuss the betrothal and the marriage. As for the message to Enrico Morgan—you will leave today."

SO ONCE again Don Felipe de Darien set out on the long, sweltering road across the Isthmus to the eastern coast where Morgan, the pirate, had landed. And rose-colored dreams went with him through the fastnesses of the jungle and made of the journey a light, swift thing.

But when he came at last to the place at the mouth of the Chagres River where Morgan

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and his men were encamped, the brightness faded from his heart. He, too, had forgotten much in the all-absorbing ardor of his affections. Now the memory of Puerto Bello came back to him with sickening weight. Here he encountered no scenes of plunder and carnage. But Morgan's men had recently captured the fortress of San Lorenzo and were still decked out in Spanish finery stripped from bodies of the dead. Their scarred, evil faces assailed him on every side. They laughed and drank and roared obscene songs. Always the refrain was: "Panama! Women! Wine! And gold!"

Henry Morgan sat at a table cluttered with maps and plans. His captains were grouped about him, listening to the short, guttural phrases of some one who stood beside him, a brown youth naked but for a garment of woven cloth and feathers. The buccaneer chief had grown heavier, and his eyes had a faint, watery tinge. His little, blond mustache was carefully waxed, however, and he was attired in a military buckskin waistcoat ornately adorned with brass studdings. He looked up, scowling, as Don Felipe came to a pause before the table.

"What is this, a prisoner?"

"No, your worship, a messenger from Panama."

"Ah!" Morgan's cold blue eyes ran the length of the tall, well-built youth. "A messenger from my friend, the Presidente, to whom I shall soon present my respects in person? Did you not come to me last year, my pretty one?"

Don Felipe's eyes blazed with loathing. But his voice was even and courteous. "I did, your Grace, and come again, bringing a message and a gift from his Excellency, Don Juan Perez de Guzman, Gobernador of Castilla del Oro and Presidente of Panama City."

With a deep bow he extended the packet he had carried.

MORGAN fumbled greedily at the richly-carved leather box engraved with the arms of Spain. A huge emerald set in a gold ring winked up at him with its green eye and made him draw in his lips with a sucking sound.

"Do you see?" he said in English to his captains crowding around. "Such things as these be trinkets to these Spanish dogs. The streets are littered with them! Calculate its value in England, my bravos, and then think that there are thousands of others like it to be had for the taking—in Panama!"

The men stared at the jewel, passed it from hand to hand, balancing it, appraising its worth. Morgan ripped open the sealed envelope. He read the message frowningly. Then he laughed and tossed it across the table to the young man who stood tall and aloof.

"Read it," he commanded.

"A thousand pardons, Señor. The message was not intended for my eyes. Neither have I a sufficient knowledge of English."

"So? Then I shall read it to you. Listen:

"'To the estimable Señor Enrico Morgan, greetings: I send your Grace a small token of respect, an emerald ring of trifling value. I would not urge upon your Grace the labor of coming to Panama as your Grace came to Puerto Bello. For I certify that your Grace will not speed so well here as there. I can truthfully assure your Grace that the city of Panama is too well fortified to be taken even with the valor of your Grace's men.

"'*Respecting the young man who brings this message to your Grace,* I have learned that a twelvemonth ago he displeased your Grace with his insolent speech and manner. I do beseech your Grace to make whatever disposition of him would make amends for his discourtesy, in which I do assure your Grace I had no part of knowledge.

Su servidor,
D. Juan Perez de Guzman.'"

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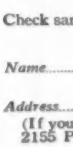

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In using advertisements see page 6

Just One Thing

"Do you remember, you said you would give me anything I wanted for a New Year's present? Well, what I want is something for you as well as for me. . . . Is it a promise?"

THERE is one thing that every wife who loves her husband wants above anything else—that he may have good health and a long life.

How many thousands of wives there are who are haunted by a secret fear that their husbands are not entirely well—who steal glances, when the other is off guard, in an effort to discover the cause of that constant dragging weariness, those too frequent headaches, those mysterious fleeting pains. Almost every woman knows that sharp thrust of anxiety to her heart, that catch in her throat when she thinks something is wrong with the man she loves. What is it? What can she do?

No longer must a doctor judge the physical condition of a man by his unaided senses alone. Now, by means of marvelous instruments, he can actually look inside the body, see the heart beat, the lungs contract and expand; watch the activity of the digestive tract; he can take x-ray photographs from head to foot.

The doctor who has kept step with the great discoveries in medicine can sometimes learn important things about the condition of the person he is examining, merely by testing the blood or taking the blood pressure. He can often trace the cause of pain in some remote part of the body to infection in a sinus or tonsil. Frequently ailments of years' standing have been traced to unsuspected infection at the roots of teeth.

Doctors today need not guess. They can detect trouble and in many cases check it before it has had time to damage the body greatly. Often their scientific examinations show the beginning of serious ailments of which the person examined had not the slightest suspicion.

Make sure that your dear one has a thorough health examination this month. And why not have one yourself? No better New Year present can be given.

So new are the discoveries of medical science in relation to prolonging life that the majority of intelligent men and women have not heard about them. So amazing are some of these discoveries that they are difficult to believe. That seems to be the only explanation of the estimate that but one person in 500 has an annual health examination.

To determine the value of health examinations, a group of 6,000 policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company were given physical examinations. These persons were advised to the extent they and their physicians deemed necessary on the proper way to conserve their health. In nine years the saving in mortality in this group was found to be 18 per cent.

The Metropolitan has recently prepared a booklet containing most important rules for gaining and keeping health. It gives much valuable information that tends to make life both long and happy. Send for booklet 19-G. It will be mailed without charge.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

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The City of Golden Doom

Don Felipe stood as one stricken with death. The deep, brown color ebbed away from his face and left it blanched as marble. Morgan watched him shrewdly as he strove to regain the mastery of his emotions.

"It is thus that the worthy Presidente disposes of those whom he wishes out of his way, eh?" He leaned forward suddenly. "*What is there in Panama you wanted,* that the Presidente designs your death?"

Don Felipe tried to reply and failed. The unbelievable treachery of the man whom he had respected for so many years, even come to regard with some affection, rendered him speechless. He struggled fiercely to keep back tears that he would have died rather than shed.

"Well, well," Morgan's tone was honeyed and kind, "there is a remedy for it, and a way to get your desire, young sir. *Lead us to Panama!* You know the route as none of my men does—although this Indio here tells us of the way up the Chagres River to Cruces and thence to the city by land. Lead us to Panama! And I swear by the Holy Cross that you shall have whatsoever it was that the fool denied you. Come, young sir, is it a bargain? Will you be our guide?"

For a moment that seemed a century long, Don Felipe stared at him. He was seeing Morgan's face as through a mist through which other evil, mocking faces leered at him. Although there was a deep silence, the words he had just heard seemed to echo over and over in a meaningless clamor of sound. No, not meaningless—"a way to get your desires, young sir—you shall have whatsoever it was that the fool denied you—" *Luisita!* There was a way to get her—a way that should repay treachery with treachery, hate with hate—intended violence by real violence—

"I lead you to Panama?" It was his own voice speaking, a far-away, wondering voice that seemed not to belong to his body.

Then, with the utterance of the words, the full realization of their meaning smote him like the blow of a sword.

"*I* lead you to Panama?" It was as if he had flung a gauntlet full in the fat, pasty face of the man across the table. "You ask that of me, who saw Puerto Bello? You ask me to wade through blood and dishonor and horror unspeakable to attain that which is upon a holy pinnacle of light? Señor, you are mistaken in me. Do the worthy Presidente's will and kill me. For I shall have no part in your foul enterprise—and that is my word to you, even though it be my last!"

THEY flung themselves upon him, and he whipped out his naked blade to meet them. Steel rang on steel, flashed and struck like metal serpents in combat. They surrounded him, beat down his slim rapier, lunged at him with hungry knives that sliced through the purple velvet of his garments and brought the blood gushing forth. He fought savagely with his bare hands until they overpowered him. And as they dragged him off he heard the roaring of Morgan's rage.

They flung him, bound and helpless, into the putrid darkness of a dungeon in the ruined fortress of San Lorenzo. And there he lay through the long hours of the day and the night, weak from loss of blood. The agony of his body was far, far less than that of his soul.

Suddenly he felt some one beside him. Stealthy hands went swiftly over his body, feeling for the thongs. The slash of a knife, and his hands were free. Then close against his ear came a voice speaking a language he had all but forgotten—the tongue of the Darien Indios—his people!

"Lord Prince, the guard is drunk with drugged wine; thus have I released thee. I am of thy tribe. I knew thee today as I stood beside the White Chief. I will guide him to Panama, O Son of our King, because I hate

The City of Golden Doom

the Spanish dogs who have made slaves of us. But thou hast a longing for something there—a woman, is it not so? 'Twas thus I read thine eyes. Therefore go quickly! Soon the White Chief will start. He is consumed with a hunger and thirst for the gold that is there. Hasten, Lord Prince. Thou must be far from here by the coming of the dawn!"

Weak and dizzy, Don Felipe arose. He pressed into the unseen Indio's hand a crucifix of pearls. And without more words the two stole forth, out into the fresh coolness of the night. A fever was consuming him, but he did not heed it. At the edge of the jungle he looked back. The figure of the Darien Indio was silhouetted against the starlit sky, his arm upraised in a gesture of farewell.

Now in the City of Panama there was consternation mingled with happy abandon, like the alternate thunder and sunshine of a tropical storm. Word came that Enrico Morgan had actually left San Lorenzo on his march to Panama, coming up the Chagres River with five boats of artillery and thirty-two canoes. There were fourteen hundred men with him, bent on sack and plunder—

But the Presidente sent out reassuring bulletins. Indian spies came back saying that the pirates would starve to death before they could reach the savanna. In his haste in leaving, Morgan had not provisioned his men, thinking that they would find settlements where there would be food. Instead, the buccaneer had found himself harassed at every step by Indians who shot poisoned darts from concealing branches of jungle trees. The Spanish settlements along the river had been deserted and fired before the pirates could arrive. The oncoming marauders had been reduced to eating their leather bags, which they cut into strips and boiled. Famine and death marched with them, and they were already murmuring mutinously at their leader, wishing to turn back. The Presidente announced that he was sending a large detachment of picked men to Las Cruces utterly to crush and defeat the bucaneros. So the great silver bells in the cathedral of San Francisco rang merrily, and the people laughed again. All was well—the pirates could never reach Panama City—

AND thus approached the bright day in January that was to be the wedding day of Doña Luisa and Don Hernan de Cordoba. All the streets were hung with banners of yellow; streamers of golden tissue fluttered in the warm, happy breeze that came from the southern sea, flowers were everywhere, and there was the joy of the fiesta in the air. There was a rumor that Doña Luisa was ill; that she had entreated her uncle upon her knees to postpone the nuptials. That upon his refusal she had fainted; and upon being revived had sat with listless, staring eyes, neither speaking nor smiling, taking no part or pleasure in the elaborate preparations for the ceremony. However, the future groom, Don Hernan de Cordoba, more than made up for the bride's indifference. He spent his great wealth prodigally. There were *pinatas* for the children—huge paper dolls stuffed with candies and toys—wine for the men, ribbons and trinkets of gold for the women. The air was charged with excitement. The bucaneros were to be driven back by the dashing Don Francisco Saludo at Las Cruces—their defeat would make the wedding a doubly joyous event.

But something happened. The oncoming pirates, grim and famished, and suffering from many arrow wounds, defeated the toy soldiers sent out against them. Upon the ninth day of their march they ascended a hill, now called El Cerro de los Bucaneros, and saw the Southern Sea. They saw, too, a small valley filled with cattle, for Don Juan Perez de Guzman had not had the wits to order all livestock out of their path. They feasted here with the

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SOMEWHERE in her mind every woman treasures a vision of the "ideal home" she is some day going to own . . . the house that combines all the good points of her own home with those of her friends' . . . one that eliminates all the little annoyances with which she is altogether too familiar.

Your ideal home may have an architecture all its own. You may want it to be different from others in size, face a different way, be superficially an altogether unique house. But it must have one quality every perfect home should have. It must be rust-proofed *with materials of Copper, Brass and Bronze.*

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The City of Golden Doom

horrible gluttony of starving men, not waiting for fires to cook the freshly slaughtered meat. And then, refreshed, they laughed and shouted as they climbed another hill—the Hill of the Advance—and saw before them—Panama City! With spires of gold, and crosses of gold—shimmering in the radiant iridescence of a thousand mingled colors—Panama! The city of golden doom!

Now the great silver bells of San Francisco sent out a new peal—this time a clamor of alarm. Forgotten were the wedding preparations of the day, forgotten the *pinatas*, the fluttering banners, the opened casks of wine.

"Save us!" The cry beat against the closed doors of the Audencia.

"Save us!" The cry echoed back from the vaulted roofs of churches and cathedrals.

Don Juan Perez ordered religious processions. All the sacred relics possessed by the city were uncovered and exposed to public view. The saints were carried through the streets on decorated litters. Their golden garments swayed with the breathing of many impassioned prayers. Their calm, pallid faces looked pityingly down from underneath diadems of emeralds and pearls. Don Juan Perez laid upon the altar a votive offering of an enormous diamond. The nobles followed his lead, stripping themselves of rubies and sapphires and opals; the women came with heavy rosaries set with huge pearls; earrings worth an empire's ransom. And underneath the clamor of wailing voices crying out for divine succor, the hurried beat of drums, soldiers marching out of the city, the heavy thud of horses' hoofs galloping out toward the savanna; the crash of timbers and the pounding of iron spikes, erecting tardily ordered barricades—the distant bellowing of cattle—wild bulls mulling about in their pens, ready to be released upon the invading army—terror, confusion, despair!

IN THE Palacio of Don Juan Perez all was silent. The household had rushed away to churches and shrines, depositing their valuables with the priests, to be hidden in the subterranean vaults. Only Doña Luisa sat alone in her chamber, stiff and silent as a doll in the great chair with its embroidered back and cushions. She was dressed for her wedding, in a gown of white brocade that spread out about her rigid body in voluminous waves of silken softness, glinting with clusters of diamonds sewed thereon, luminous with pearls that encrusted the bodice and hem. Her women had been adorning her when the alarum sounded. Beside her, upon the tiled floor, lay a jewel casket overturned. Rings and bracelets and gems were scattered in a confused medley of sparkling colors. She did not move, though they called to her to come. She seemed not to understand the imminence of the peril. She only stared at them with her great dark eyes, young eyes grown so suddenly, tragically old; and they, fearful for their treasures, finally left her there, alone.

She did not move even when the figure of a man made a blotch against the light of the corridor as he stood in the open door. A tall, brown man hung with shreds of purple velvet, a man with matted hair and fierce, wild eyes, whose body was slashed across with long, deep gashes only partially healed— He spoke her name.

"Luisita!—*Luisita!*"

And fell forward upon the floor at her feet.

Then she cried out, a little gasping cry wrenched from the depths of her being. She sank down beside him and drew him into her arms, all bloody as he was, pressing his head against her bosom, murmuring his name over and over, rocked him, crooned to him.

"Oh, my Felipe, my lover, my adored one—Felipe—you are here—you are not dead—"

From afar came the boom of a cannon, then another, and another; the battle had commenced. But the lovers did not hear. They crouched there, clasped in each other's arms, murmuring foolish things, endearing things, things of no importance, yet of the importance of all of life, all existence.

"Felipe, tell me, how camest thou? They told me thou wert dead—"

"Dear one, I do not know; only that I heard thee calling me, and I came. I was wounded and thereafter was ill of a fever. I tried to reach Panama before the bucaneros to warn thee—to warn the people. But I could not. They were between me and the city, so I needs must make a long circuit—I know not how many days I have spent in coming. At last I slipped into the Fasca in a canoe—no one heeded me as I ran up the beleaguered streets—"

Again the boom of the cannon. Then voices, terrified, shrill, filled the palace.

"The pirates! The bucaneros! They are coming! They are fighting our men on the savanna! Soon they will be in the city! Fly for your lives! *Ai, Dios!*"

"Come!" said Felipe. "If we can but reach the Fasca, we can escape in the canoe which is hidden there!"

She swept the jewels back into the casket. She found a dark cloak for Felipe and covered herself with a similar one. Then hand in hand they went forth. Coming from peace and silence into a world gone mad with terror.

Wounded men came staggering back over the barricades; women were screaming and dragging useless pieces of household furniture with them. Oxen were urged down the narrow streets at a gallop, only to come to a bewildered stop, while around them swarmed a crushing, trampling swarm of people. Everywhere they were running, carrying something to be hidden—a gold chalice—a bag of money—a priceless painting—lace—jewels—

Felipe swept Luisita back into a doorway as there came a shaking thunder of hoofs and a pæan of fierce bellowing. The wild bulls! Being driven out through the barricades to scatter the attacking forces. They passed in a surging, stampeding black stream, the whites of their eyes gleaming, pointed horns tossing, goaded savagely by their Indian drivers close behind—two thousand of them went thundering by, a mad, demoniac horde.

Felipe thrust Luisita ahead of him up a narrow flight of stone steps to a broad terrace. From the prominence thus achieved they could look over the savanna and over the seething city below them. From behind the hastily erected barricades the brass cannons spat fire and smoke. Across the marshy plain men were running—they saw the far glint of sword against cutlass, the shock of horsemen rearing up against unyielding lance points—the moving dots that were men fighting swayed and broke, closed and broke again—

"Look!" Luisita's voice was strained and breathless. "They are sending the bulls out! They may yet save the city!"

Across the marshy savanna galloped the black, blood-maddened animals. Charging fairly into the closely-knit English phalanx with horns that rose and lowered, and gouged again—

LUISITA screamed. "Ah! Thanks to God, they will rout the Ingleses!"

"Nay, Luisita, look!"

For the bulls had charged through once, then turned uncertainly. Their keepers had been slain. For the Darien Indio, with the cunning of his people, had shouted to Morgan,

"Fire upon the drivers of the bulls!"

And so the order had been given. Now the wild animals, leaderless, stamped and wheeled. Then they caught sight of the red and yellow banners of Spain and charged them. They could not be checked now, those black demons with the smell of blood in their nostrils. They tore a hideous pathway through the cavalry—they went stampeding over kneeling infantry before the arquebuses could be discharged. Careening like drunken things, their horns hung with shreds of red and yellow, they

The City of Golden Doom

dashed back against the barricades—trampling, gouging, bellowing, spreading a path of destruction—and behind them came the buccaneers!

"Luisita! Come!"

She turned, tripped in the heavy folds of the brocaded skirt, fell to her knees, gasping. He caught her up in his arms, strong and tireless now, since they held the most precious burden in all of Castilla del Oro. He cast the enveloping cloak aside and ran down the flight of stairs into the street that was filled with screams and pandemonium. He snatched up a discarded sword. Buffeted, pushed, rammed by blinded, terror-stricken people, he still held his course, teeth clenched, sweat pouring down into his eyes—the Fasca—they must reach the bay—the canoe!

Somewhere there came the crackling sound of flames licking at wooden walls. Then a black cloud of smoke rose up, pierced by belching jets of crimson light. Fire! The roll of the black clouds blotted out the sun, made a dim, flame-lighted inferno of the day. The buccaneers were everywhere now; they had taken the city. They were a horde of human wild things who, having attained their goal, fell upon their prey like wolves upon sheep, wounding, tearing, slaying, sparing none, mad with the lust of battle and conquest!

A swarthy pirate, his arms filled with golden candelabra, stumbled against them, and clutched at Doña Luisa's cloak.

"Give me the woman!" he cried out.

Don Felipe lunged at him with the thin, steel blade. "Take this instead!" he gritted.

Another man ran at them with a cutlass. Don Felipe struck it from his hand and ran him through. Other buccaneers had seen them—they were coming—

Luisita slipped to the ground, gathering up her heavy skirts. "This way, Felipe, through the garden wall of the Bishop's Palacio! I know the entrance of the underground passage that leads out beyond the city! Quickly!"

The ground seemed to rise up under their feet—they swayed and clung together. Then the thick boom of a tremendous explosion, and the walls of the fortress spread apart slowly, like the petals of some clumsy, gigantic flower—toppled, and fell crashing, in a smothering cloud of smoke and flying debris. Gasping, panting, they fled, this time unpursued. In the blinding haze they groped for the door of the wall, found it battered down. They stumbled over dead bodies as they ran—they did not pause. Luisita pushed against a tile of the wall fountain. It slid downward, disclosing the iron handle of a door. They twisted it feverishly—it responded. A concealed portal swung inward—they were through. Enveloped in a thick, heavy silence, they hurried onward, the passageway unwinding a crooked path of darkness, mile upon mile before their flying feet—at last a spot of light ahead of them gleamed like a lambent pearl. An iron grating set above a door—it opened to them—the blue shimmer of water all but blinded them. They had reached the cliffs above the Fasca! Luisita was sobbing with exhaustion. But Felipe would not let her pause.

"Come, my dearest, the canoe is hidden yonder amid those bushes. We must make all speed for Taboga. If God wills it, we may yet find safety. Come, my dear little love, trust me yet a while longer!"

IN A SHELTERED cove on the island of Taboga, a Spanish galleon late from Peru, under the command of Don Francisco de Peralta, had put into the harbor to refill the empty water casks. A precious ship was the *Trinidad*, since she carried silver bullion for ballast, and a consignment of Peruvian emeralds, and opals for the Spanish King. A choice morsel for the man who was even then rifling Panama City of its hoarded wealth—yes, the cargo of the *Trinidad* would have more than repaid El Morgan for the treasures he did not find in the ruined city. He learned of it with fury when too late. But he never knew that the escape of the precious treasure ship was due to the warning given by a tall young Indio, dressed grotesquely in purple rags, who, bleeding from a dozen unhealed wounds, staggered up the beach of Taboga, carrying a slender maiden of surpassing beauty in bedraggled wedding garments of white.

Don Francisco de Peralta listened with astonishment and horror to the tale of Panama's sack and devastation. And he heeded well the urging of Don Felipe that he should put off without delay for Spain, since Morgan was certain to cruise about the bay with the intent of capturing such a treasure galleon as his.

Upon the high, lantern-lighted deck that night stood Don Felipe—clothed once more as became a prince of Castilla del Oro—and Doña Luisita. They stood close together with hands entwined, and their hearts were so filled with deep humility for their salvation that no words could give it voice.

Far away on the southern horizon was a deep, fiery glow. Now it turned to saffron and gilded the heavens briefly with a panoply of gold. Abruptly the golden glow faded, and a dull stain of red, like the mingling of fire and blood, licked up against the face of the sky. It was the funeral pyre of an Empress. Panama, Queen of the Southern Seas, she who wore her robe of wealth so surely and so insolently—thus she perished, beaten down by the weight of the precious things she loved; thus she passed into oblivion, wrapped in her robe of golden doom.

Fashions

(*Continued from page 63*)

cardigans. Here the belts should be in the same color as the cardigan. They are important, and without a belt a great deal of chic is lost in the sports side.

The silhouette for sports remains the same except for one important point, which is that sometimes the jumper is tucked in under the belt of a circular skirt. The jumper is still the straight, youthful garment we have had. The skirt finds new ways to show plaits or circular fulness and remains for sports wear level at the hem, and short. The cardigan jacket, such as that shown at the top of page 62, becomes more and more important for daytime wear. It is loose, it is comfortable, and gives the right dash of color, which is a mark of the season.

Materials this year will be tussores, rough silks, shantungs, crêpe de Chines, and colored piqué or linen, as well as the very thin woolens, thin jerseys, and novelty jersey weaves for the jumper or cardigan and for skirts. Many of the new sweaters show lacy weaves and may be worn with a skirt of crepella, flannel, or tweed. This season the blouse and skirt may be of the same material or they may be of contrasting materials. For instance, the skirt may be of tweed with the blouse of silk or of thin wool.

Distinctly smart is the three-piece costume. Cheruit sends a good example in the cardigan suit (also page 63) of deep yellow ochre, the skirt and cardigan of jersey of this color, with the blouse of matching silk. The hat should match in color. In this case it is bound with a bit of contrast which matches the leather belt.

A sports ensemble of a different type is the Patou model in beige and brown. In this case the jumper and skirt are of jersey, with the coat of light-weight wool trimmed with blue fox fur.

Again we find a smart combination in the Nowitzky frock which shows a slate-gray

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In using advertisements see page 6

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City .....

Fashions

tweed skirt, with a silk jumper in three shades of gray and blue. In this case, the hat matches the lighter shade of blue and is faced with gray. The designer has picked up the color blendings of the tweed and put them into the blouse in a cleverly handled cut.

Tweeds and rough mixtures are particularly popular and smart this year, and especially when combined with silk are delightful for some climates. Jerseys are, of course, excellent for Southern wear. They hold their color better than most thin woolens and as a rule are just the right weight.

Bathing dress, of course, is as much a part of the wardrobe in going South as the sports costume, and again we are following the French resorts and the Italian Lido in the wearing of bathing suits that are bathing suits, not just something that looks pretty but which can not be dipped in the water. The smartest ones are of knitted wool or jersey, preferably in black or white, and worn with belts by those who are slender. Tan suits and red suits are smart, too, but not so popular. Toweling coats or capes are worn by the bathers, either in plain toweling lined with a brilliant contrasting color, or tweed-like mixtures of toweling.

Every year the question of summer furs becomes more important and is worked out to a greater degree of suitability. What could be more practical for Southern wear than a simple coat of white shaved lamb? It has the necessary warmth and all the required lightness of weight and color for Southern wear. A thin fur coat carried out in cream or white should eventually become as standard as the winter fur coat, or the white flannel coat that every one needs.

In evening clothes, satins come first and chiffons second. Satins are particularly smart in the deep ivories, (*Continued on page 134*)

Custards and Bread Puddings Well Made

(*Continued from page 85*)

one and one-half tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one and one-fourth cupfuls of grated cheese and beat all together. Follow the general directions for baking custards.

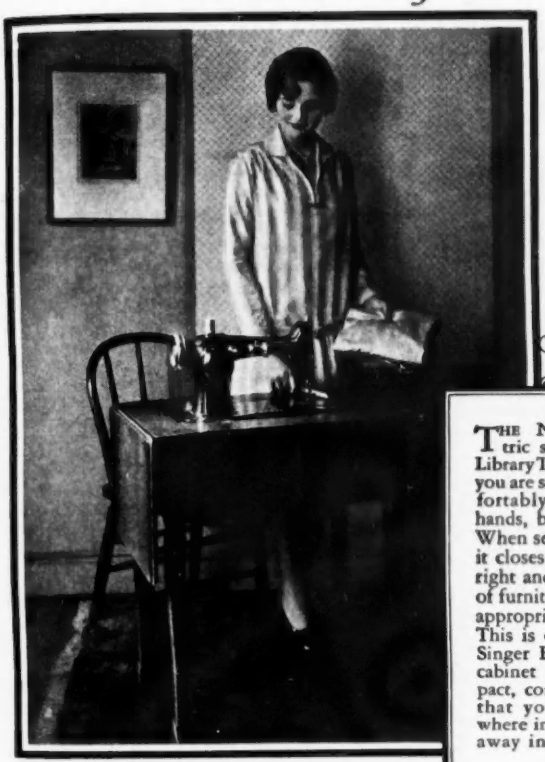
There is no need for any family to object to bread pudding as an unpalatable dessert. Correctly made, it is really a baked custard, neither stiff nor soggy, but custard-like and delicate. The result depends upon using the correct proportion of bread to eggs and milk. If the bread is cut in small cubes rather than crumbed, the texture of the pudding is greatly improved. We have found by careful experimentation that the best proportion of bread cubes to milk is one and one-half to two cups of cubes to one quart of milk.

For plain Bread Pudding scald one quart of milk, add one and one-half to two cupfuls of bread cubes depending upon the desired consistency, and let soak for fifteen minutes. Beat two eggs slightly. Add one-third cupful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt to the eggs and mix thoroughly. Add scalded milk and bread cubes, and last one-fourth cupful of melted butter. To flavor, use either one teaspoonful of vanilla or one-fourth teaspoonful of nutmeg. Pour into a greased baking dish, set in a pan which contains one-half inch of warm water, and bake in a slow oven of 350° F. for seventy-five minutes. Test with a silver knife, as for custards.

For Chocolate Raisin Bread Pudding, melt two squares of cooking chocolate and add to the egg and sugar mixture. Add part of the scalded milk and bread cubes, blend thoroughly, and add the rest of the bread and milk. Add one-half cupful of seeded raisins and the melted butter. Bake like plain bread pudding.

2 o'clock! Let's make a frock!

5 o'clock! It's done!



THE New Singer Electric shown here is the Library Table Model. When you are sewing you sit comfortably at ease. Both hands, both feet are free. When sewing time is over it closes as shown at the right and becomes a piece of furniture, a desk or table appropriate for any room. This is one of eight new Singer Electrics, including cabinet models and compact, convenient portables that you can carry anywhere in the house and set away in any small place.

Completely Made on a New Singer Electric

How long would you say it should take to make this smart dress perfectly at home, stitch the seams, bind its edges, shirr it at the shoulders with the skill of an expert dressmaker? Two days—three? Then you have not discovered this amazing new kind of sewing machine. For with a New Singer Electric this lovely frock, just as you see it here, was made completely, every perfect seam, every bit of smart finishing, in one happy afternoon. And with such ease, so smoothly, so quietly! For hidden power, under perfect control, did all the work.

You simply cannot know how different is this new Singer Electric from any machine you have ever used until you learn from a surprising personal experience. That is why we invite you to take this beautiful Library Table Electric, or any modern Singer, into your own home and use it on your own sewing without the slightest obligation. When the Singer man calls, let him give you an interesting demonstration. Or simply telephone or call at the Singer Shop in your neighborhood and ask for a machine on the Self-Demonstration Plan.

*SINGER ELECTRIC *Sewing Machines*

Sold only by the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Shops and salesmen in every community. Easy payments. Liberal allowance on your present machine.

Copyright U.S.A. 1928 by The Singer Sewing Machine Co. All rights reserved for all countries.

3 Books that Make Dressmaking Easy

How to Make Dresses—A step-by-step guide to the swift creation of lovely frocks; tells how to choose becoming styles, select fabrics, alter patterns, cut out, fit and finish dresses perfectly; 48 pages; 142 illustrations. 25 cents.

How to Make Children's Clothes—Complete instructions for making clothes of all types for children of all ages; 64 pages; 143 illus. 25 cents.

FREE! Short Cuts to Home Sewing—Contains simple directions for doing tucking, shirring, plaiting, binding, tells how to make the greatest possible use of your sewing machine. 48 pages; 77 illus. Sent FREE with either or both above books. Use coupon.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.
Dept. 16-N, Singer Building, New York

Please send me the books checked below and include "Short Cuts to Home Sewing" FREE. I enclose proper amount (coin or stamps).

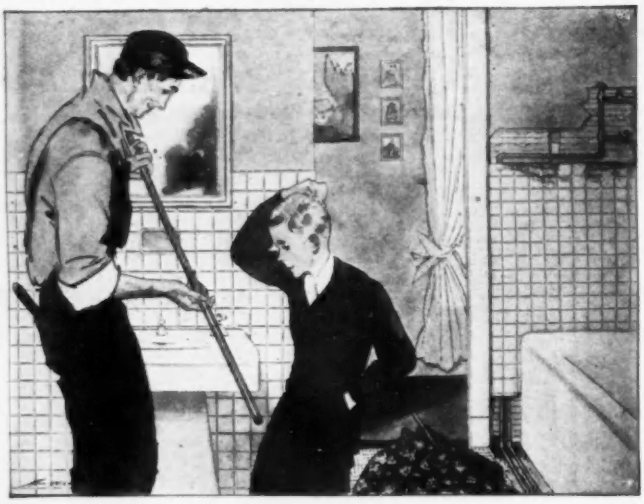
....How to Make Dresses 25c
....How to Make Children's Clothes . . 25c

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

In using advertisements see page 6



"It's Alpha Brass Pipe, Sonny . . ."

" . . . want to know why I'm usin' it? She'll not be cloggin' up with rust and leakin', and causing trouble for your mother the way cheap pipe does. Why, sonny, that pipe'll be good—*and run water clear and clean*—long after you're older'n your dad—your grandad, too . . . "

• •

Alpha* Brass Pipe in your home is your best safeguard against *rusty water, low water pressure, and leaks from rusted pipes.*

And it's less expensive than you may think. In a typical $20,000 house it costs only $76.00 more than the cheapest rustable pipe.

ALPHA BRASS PIPE

made from a special kind of

Chase Brass

**All brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is better than ordinary brass pipe because it contains more copper and lead. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints. It positively cannot rust and the Alpha trade-mark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction.*

Children's Food Must Be Pure

(*Continued from page 54*)

juice, from the small percentage of grape products which it contains, but said flavor is due principally to other and artificial sources.

Second: The advertising contains pictorial representations of clusters of grapes and of grape vineyards, and a statement is made that NuGrape is manufactured from the purest of pure Concord grapes.

Third: That NuGrape is as full of health as the rich, full-flavored grapes from which it is made.

After the investigations the Company removed from its pictorial advertisements all representations of grapes and grape vineyards, and added on the label in reduced type, the following: "A grape compound with grape solids and color reinforced." This statement was so small and inconspicuous in comparison with the name NuGrape that it would not ordinarily attract the attention of the reader. The name NuGrape itself tends to and does create the impression that it is made from grapes, but it is an imitation grape beverage and is not grape juice.

In spite of the fact that the Company made an attempt to conform to the findings made by the Commission, the conclusion which it reached was as follows:

"The practises of the respondent, under the conditions and circumstances described in the foregoing findings, are unfair methods of competition in interstate commerce and constitute a violation of the Act."

The Commission Issues an Order

The Commission issued an order to cease and desist. This order provided that the Company cease using, or authorizing the use in connection with the sale in commerce of NuGrape Sirup or NuGrape Beverage, any pictorial representation of grapes or grape vineyards, or any words, pictures, or symbols stating or suggesting NuGrape was made of grapes or grape juice, in any advertising matter whether newspaper advertisements, posters, signs, wall hangers, or otherwise.

The shipping of this product to bottlers or dealers handling NuGrape beverages, or to any person whomsoever, or at all, was forbidden.

The Commission also ordered that the term, "Imitation Grape not Grape Juice" be used upon the label in as large and conspicuous letters as any other printed matter thereon.

It so happens, in the activities of the Commission in its efforts to prevent unfair competition by deceitful and misleading advertising, that in the month of August, 1928, it considered other fruit beverages of a similar character to the NuGrape.

Stipulation No. 264 was issued August 20, 1928. It treated of concentrates or beverage sirups. The firm accused was a corporation engaged in the sale and distribution in interstate commerce of concentrates and beverage sirups. In its advertisements and circulars the firm used the names of fruits such as orange and grape on its concentrates when, in fact, none of the products so advertised was manufactured from the juice of the named fruit.

The corporation agreed to conform absolutely to the stipulation in which they promised to cease and desist from all practises which the Federal Trade Commission had found to be deceitful or misleading. The corporation also agreed to indicate clearly, in an appropriate and conspicuous part of the label, that the article was composed in part of a product or products other than the juice of the fruit the name of which appeared thereon, whether orange, or grape, or other fruit, and thus cease and desist from deceiving, misleading, or confusing the purchasing public.

In the same manner concentrate powders of fruit in stipulation 275 received similar treatment. In this case it was not a corporation, but an individual, who was accused of deceptive

practises. In the course and conduct of the business it was found that two of the dried products contained the word "Orangeade." Under the name "Orangeade Powder" was, "A new Improved Drink Powder." The Commission's experts had found that neither in truth nor in fact did the powders designated contain any orange at all.

The respondent also agreed that he would not hereafter use any means, or representations, or advertising matter in soliciting the sale of, and selling his product, in interstate commerce that would falsely represent, suggest, or imply that such products were manufactured from the juice or the fruit named therein. In other words, he abandoned completely the false and misleading representations which he had heretofore relied upon to sell his product.

In a Matter of Soap

Two additional stipulations during the month of August are intimately related to the activities of the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health. One was a special product called "Buttermilk Soap." The respondent in this case was a corporation engaged in the manufacture of soap and its distribution in interstate commerce. He called his product, "Pure Buttermilk Soap."

It appeared in the investigations made by the Commission that in truth and fact said products were not manufactured from buttermilk and had no right to be represented or described as Buttermilk Soap. In this case, when the respondent was faced with the facts, he agreed to cease and desist forever from designating this brand of soap as Buttermilk Soap.

Naturally, it is impossible that soap should be manufactured from buttermilk. It is the poorest kind of milk for soap manufacturing that can be imagined. There is nothing in soap that is remotely related to milk, except the butter fat. Of course, you could extract the butter for manufacturing soap, but such procedure would be impossible economically, unless soap made from butter should be found to have some special property or application.

The Commission held that the term "Buttermilk Soap" was false and misleading, and by agreeing to this decision the deception was forever completely prevented.

Another case is a still stranger method of deception. It consists in assigning to snuff valuable therapeutic properties. I refer to this here because of its extraordinary character, and for the further fact that the corporation accused refused to abide by the decision of the Commission to cease and desist. In a case of this kind the Commission is powerless to enforce its decision. The only way it can do this is to carry the case into Court and get a mandamus from the Court to compel the accused party to sign the stipulation. In this advertisement ascribing to snuff highly therapeutic value, the claims made for snuff are as follows: That it would cure toothache, pyorrhea, bleeding gums, neuralgia, or other like maladies, when in point of fact such product contains no ingredient other than tobacco.

When the stipulation to cease and desist was presented to the American Snuff Co., it agreed to all the suggestions made by the Commission with one exception; namely, it refused to take out of its advertising the therapeutic qualities stated.

The Commission before the appropriate Court filed a bill requiring the American Snuff Co. to agree to its requirement that these therapeutic claims be withdrawn. At the same time it was stated that the case could not be heard before the October Term. As I write this, the 11th of October, 1928, the case is still pending. I shall be greatly interested in seeing what action the Court takes upon this extraordinary case.

It is easily seen that the Commission is charged with far wider authority than the Food and Drugs Act. All forms of misrepresentation of all objects come within its scope. The possibility for usefulness is correspondingly enlarged, and the protection of the public is to that degree increased.

Perfection

WHEN a product by outstanding merit has been awarded a high place in public esteem, its maker is not only eager to protect its reputation, but is inspired to work for still greater achievement.

Maytag perfection is carefully guarded by 544 individual factory inspections given each washer in its journey from the raw material to the finished product.

Having originated such outstanding features as the cast-aluminum tub, the Gyrafoam washing action, and the Roller Water Remover, and brought them to a high state of perfection, no flaw must be permitted to enter. In material, workmanship and performance, the Maytag must be of a character that will sustain the public confidence which has made its success possible.

To appreciate Maytag perfection, you must wash with it. In this way the Maytag has sold itself to over a million women. Telephone the nearest dealer for a Maytag. *If it doesn't sell itself, don't keep it.*

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, *Newton, Iowa*
Founded 1893

A postcard request brings an interesting booklet—"Better Methods of Home Laundering."

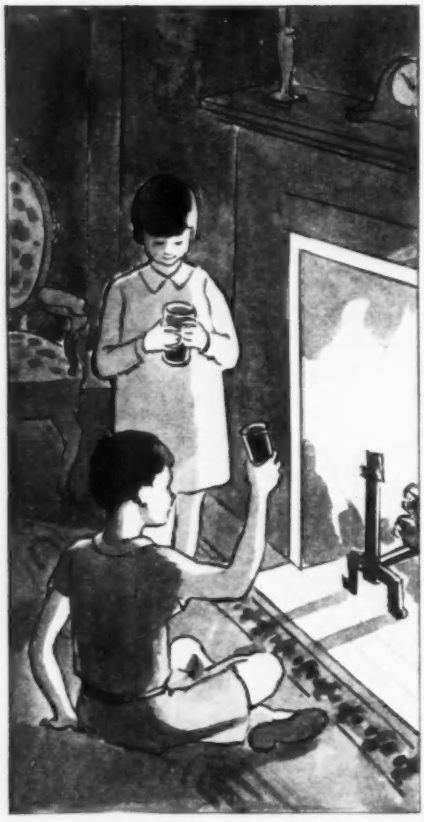
Maytag
Aluminum Washer

In using advertisements see page 6

A delicious nourishing drink for these wintry days

Give it to the children when they come home from school these wintry days. Or let them drink it *hot* for breakfast to give them that warmth and nourishment they need to start the day.

Youngsters like Cocomalt hot just as much as they like it cold. Cocomalt is not only delicious—it's good for them. It's a food, you know—a food rich in the very body and bone building elements that children need most. A food that adds *70% to the food value of milk itself* . . . Thousands of mothers have found that children never have to be coaxed to drink milk when Cocomalt is added.



If you have never used Cocomalt get some from your grocer this afternoon. For a cold drink, mix three teaspoons of it with a glass of milk (by shaking as the directions will tell you). If you prefer it warm, heat the cold drink to the temperature you desire, but without boiling.

Enjoy some yourself. Give it to your children. And remember, with every glassful of Cocomalt they drink they are getting an ideal balanced food for building sturdy bodies as well as for furnishing that needed winter energy.

If your grocer cannot supply you with Cocomalt, send 25 cents (30 if you live west of the Mississippi) for a half-pound can of this remarkable food.

R. B. DAVIS CO. • HOBOKEN, N. J.
Makers of Davis Baking Powder

Davis Baking Powder Co.,
Hoboken, N. J.

My grocer has no Cocomalt in stock. Enclosed is 25c (30c west of the Mississippi) for which please send me a half-pound can of Cocomalt.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

★

Cocomalt

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

Children's Food Must Be Pure

Household materials which particularly interest the Institute, and are entirely outside the functions of the Food and Drugs Act, receive equal consideration. All efforts to protect the housekeeper are praiseworthy. There lies before the Commission, therefore, the opportunity of doing good work in a most extended definition of that term.

A Powerful Ally

At the same time, the administration of the Food and Drugs Act has a powerful ally, the aid of which has hardly ever been considered or understood, and its usefulness to the homemaker is not yet acknowledged. One reason that it has not acquired a larger attention is due to the fact that this law was enacted at the time when the World War broke out. The attention of the whole universe was then directed to the progress of the great war. The efforts of the Commission to protect the homekeeper were lost in the shadow of the gigantic struggle which was going on. This was particularly the attitude of this country during the last two years of the war, when we were actively engaged in the cause of the Allies. All our thoughts, all our ambitions, all our hopes were with the boys overseas and with those on this side who were trying to join them. Following the armistice which established the great triumph of our arms came the troublesome discussion of the League of Nations, the terms of the treaty, and the bitter discussions regarding reparations. Not until 1921 were these matters sufficiently adjusted to make it possible for our country to turn to a more intense study of our own affairs.

As with all human agencies, the Commission is not always right. In many instances the Courts have refused to confirm its findings when they have been asked to carry out its decisions. The same is true of the administration of the Food and Drugs Act to an even greater degree. The Courts have frequently failed to confirm the efforts to enforce that salutary law.

Our recognition of the great work of the Commission has been tardy, but I believe that, now attention has been called thereto, there will be a general tendency to place the work of the Commission in a more favorable public light. There are many instances in which this Commission has fallen into error. On the other hand, the general type of Commissioners appointed by Presidents Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge has been of high character and attainments. Any errors made are those of judgment and not of heart. Each of the Commissioners has been devoted to the establishment of the high character of his work and has appreciated the great value of it to the public at large.

If Your Children Need Sunlight

(*Continued from page 55*)

by means quite at variance with Steenbock's method, and that such discoveries may also be patented and come into use. Until such arise, however, it is desirable that the public understand what is implied by the term "Steenbock process or patent." Hence this detail. Many readers have asked: Does irradiation damage the food in any way? Does it, in putting in vitamin D, take out any food values? Can't I buy natural foods that contain this vitamin? If Steenbock irradiates with certain sun rays, why isn't food grown in the sun well supplied with this factor? Can a person eat too much vitamin D? Is the need for vitamin D confined to infants and children or do adults also need it? Is irradiated food a complete substitute for cod-liver oil? If I still must use cod-liver oil in infant feeding, is the purchase of irradiated food necessary or desirable?

These are only a few of the questions asked. You'll probably immediately think of others equally pertinent to decision as to purchase. Perhaps the best way to coordinate the answers is to explain in some detail what we now believe irradiation does.

In 1924 Steenbock knew that certain invisible rays of the sun (ultraviolet rays) would, if allowed to strike a product such as a cereal or milk, or certain vegetables, make that food curative of rickets. Contemporary research had taught that this curative power resides in a substance found in cod-liver oil. Steenbock knew in 1924, then, that presumably the ultraviolet rays formed in foods the same substance that is in cod-liver oil, but he didn't know what the substance was and knew only vaguely the conditions necessary to maximum activation. While his patent was pending, scientific research continued, and to it he has himself contributed no little significant data in the ensuing years.

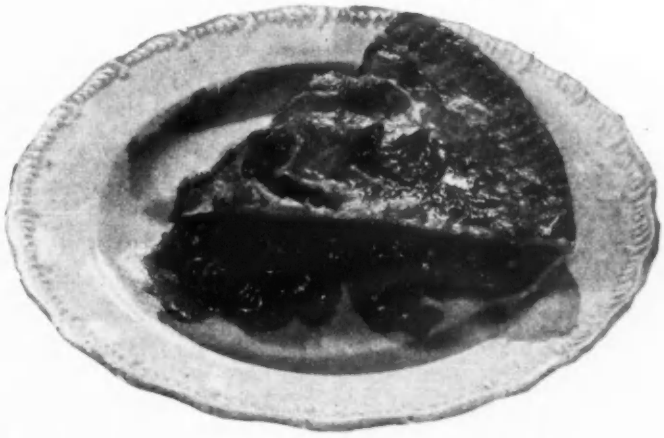
Our Latest Knowledge

The key to the puzzle was provided by the cooperation of a famous German chemist by the name of Windaus. Readers of the Sunlight article will recall that the discovery made by Steenbock was also made independently by Alfred Hess of New York City at about the same time. While Hess did not concern himself with the commercial aspect of the discovery, and filed no patent application, he pursued actively the study of what had happened. His own studies made him suspect that the substance changed into vitamin D was cholesterol, a kind of alcohol that circulates in our blood and occasionally attracts notice by concentrating in the form of gall stones. It is widely distributed in nature, and is a prominent constituent of cod-liver oil. Hess also knew that Windaus in Germany knew more about cholesterol and other allied compounds (sterols in general) than probably any other chemist in the world today. Windaus at first was not very enthusiastic about the problem, but Hess compelled his interest, and, once aroused, he entered the study vigorously, collaborating actively not only with Hess, but with other chemists working in the same field.

This team work produced results. It was finally learned that the substance in bodies and foods which becomes vitamin D under irradiation is a "sterol" but not *chole*-sterol. To it is assigned today the name ergosterol, and so far it seems to be the only chemical substance capable of this transformation. One step in the Steenbock process is then clear. Substances which contain this factor are capable of becoming carriers of vitamin D. Substances which lack it can not be made into such sources by any amount of irradiation. Orange juice, for example, gives no response of this sort, and the conclusion must be that oranges lack the ergosterol. It is also clear, then, that the Steenbock process does not put anything into the food. It merely creates an activity in a previously inactive natural component of foods.

Why doesn't sunlight itself accomplish this? Spinach grown in the sun contains inactive ergosterol, but a negligible amount of it is in vitamin D form. Yet a few seconds' exposure to an intense source of ultraviolet rays, such as those provided by a mercury vapor, activates it. On the contrary, our skin also contains ergosterol, and direct sun baths will activate this in the human or animal body and make it function. The answer to this enigma is still far from complete. The facts are established, but the reasons are far from clear. We know that the change in ergosterol requires a certain concentration or intensity of ultraviolet. To use an analogy, a cup may fail to fall from a shelf even though the shelf is struck a great many light blows. A single heavy blow, however, may dislodge it. Not to read too much into this analogy, perhaps the distribution of ergosterol in foods, and the presence of other factors, is such as to make the change unfeasible without high intensity of rays, while in our body interfering factors are less potent. At any rate, the fish oils are today the only

Try *these* NEW RECIPES *based on an astonishing cooking discovery!*



The "precision ingredient" is called the most important new principle in daily cookery!

Dozens of things you cook constantly can now be better in texture, taste, and appearance! And at a real saving of time, money, and worry!

Imagine omelets that don't fall or grow leathery—imagine croquettes that are unfailingly tender and moist—berry pie fillings that can't possibly be runny and ruinous to crisp crusts — meat loaves that never crumble under the knife — !

The new cooking principle of the "precision ingredient" assures all this, and more! Culinary experts discovered this remarkable new use for Minute Tapioca, long known as a delicious dessert in-

CHICKEN CROQUETTES
—recipe in free cook-book ★

MINUTE TAPIOCA

THE DESSERT AND "PRECISION INGREDIENT"

MINUTE TAPIOCA CHERRY PIE

1 can seeded red cherries, drained (1½ cups); ½ cup sugar; ½ cup cherry juice; 1½ tablespoons Minute Tapioca.

Line a 9-inch pie plate with pastry rolled to ⅛-inch thickness. Combine cherries, sugar, cherry juice, and Minute Tapioca, and fill pie shell with mixture. Cover with upper crust which has a few slits in center to permit escape of steam. Press edges of crusts together, then with sharp knife trim off surplus pastry. Again press edges together with fork dipped in flour. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 20 minutes; then decrease heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 20 minutes longer, or until filling is cooked.

All measurements are level.

gredient. It is called "precision ingredient" because it makes for *exact, precise results* in many dishes where "just about right" isn't right at all! It acts as a sort of success ingredient, neutral in taste, but magically effective in promoting professional perfection in the result.

And Minute Tapioca is so easy to use. No soaking — only brief cooking and it is ready for use. That's because it comes partially cooked and in small granules. Easy to digest, too, and highly nourishing for children and adults.

Send for $20,000 Cook-Book — FREE

All these remarkable new uses for Minute Tapioca — together with many dessert recipes — are in the new cook-book. Its 78 recipes were selected by experts from 121,619 submitted by women the world over. It cost more than $20,000 to collect, test and publish these original recipes. Yet the cook-book is yours — FREE. Send the coupon for it today.

FREE! MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

MINUTE TAPIOCA COMPANY
41 Filmore Street, Orange, Massachusetts
Please send me FREE sample of Minute Tapioca and a copy of Minute Tapioca Cook-Book.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

In Canada: 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

In using advertisements see page 6

Spicy Goodness
All Year 'Round

For an appealing dessert combining flavor and wholesomeness, there's nothing to equal mince meat. None Such is really a year 'round food for all the family. Ripe, nutritious fruits, blended with tangy spices—ready to make the most delicious baked things you've ever taken from your oven—such pies, cakes, puddings and cookies!

Try a batch of crispy cookies. And don't deny the children. They're a pure and wholesome food when made of None Such Mince Meat. Follow this recipe:

None Such Cookies

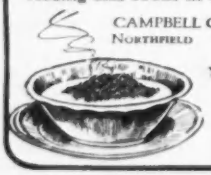
1 cup butter; 1 1-2 cups sugar; 2 eggs; 1 teaspoon soda; 1 1-2 tablespoons hot water; 2 1-4 cups flour; 1-2 teaspoon salt; 1 cup chopped walnut meats; 1 package None Such Mince Meat which has been broken up into very small pieces. Method — Cream butter, add sugar gradually, add eggs well beaten. Add soda dissolved in hot water, and 1-2 of flour, mixed and sifted with salt. Then add nut meats and None Such and the remainder of flour. Drop by spoonfuls an inch or two apart on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven 350° until golden brown. Remove from oven when still soft and cover before entirely cool. *This recipe tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.*

Merrell-Soule Co., Inc. ★
350 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

A Cereal You'll Enjoy

Send us your name and address and your grocer's name (write plainly) and we'll send you a generous sample package of Malt-O-Meal containing four servings. Malt-O-Meal is a wheat cereal flavored with a specially prepared barley malt. Has a delightful flavor. Excellent for infant feeding and cooks in two minutes.

CAMPBELL CEREAL COMPANY
NORTHFIELD MINNESOTA



★ Malt-O-Meal

If Your Children Need Sunlight

significant examples of natural foods in activated condition, and until Steenbock and Hess told us how to do it our only other way of getting vitamin D was to expose our own bodies to ultraviolet rays.

We may now turn to another query. If the ultraviolet rays must be powerful enough to change ergosterol into vitamin D, will they do other things less desirable to foods? We know these rays will kill bacteria, and they have been used for some years past as a means of sterilizing liquids, drinking water, etc. When they were first applied to foods, long exposures were made, and in some cases undesirable taste changes resulted. These long exposures actually destroyed other vitamins, such as A or C. This practical difficulty is now apparently met with the demonstration that long exposures are unnecessary, and I have personally irradiated milk for short periods and obtained excellent vitamin D potency with no detectable loss of other vitamins or a change in taste. Improper irradiation, then, can work damage, but the activation is capable of accomplishment without such harm. Another reason for patent or some kind of regulatory control to protect the public is thus made apparent.

The facts just cited supply answers to the first four queries quoted in an earlier paragraph.

Now, can a person eat too much vitamin D, and is it essential to infants, children, and adults? The amount of activated ergosterol in irradiated foodstuffs is so small as to make it improbable that danger will arise in that connection, but it must be recognized that the danger of oversupply exists. Pure, activated ergosterol itself is very potent, but the very purity of preparations of the ergosterol itself permits accurate therapeutic control. Again we see a reason for patent control, and the activity of the Council of Pharmacy will undoubtedly protect us from the dangers in commercially concentrated, activated, ergosterol products. Practically, then, I anticipate little danger of harmful consequences in public purchase of such irradiated products as will be available. It will be rare indeed that any one will so buy as to make his diet too rich in irradiated foods, and it seems puerile to object to the development of a process of benefit on that score. As well object to good cooking for fear we will eat too much.

Who needs irradiated foods? Everybody and nobody. The proper control and maintenance of bone structure and lime distribution in infant or adult demands vitamin D. I can get it by using cod-liver oil or irradiated food, or by exposing my body to the ultraviolet rays of the sun (natural source) or mercury vapor or carbon-arc lamp (artificial source). Since a choice exists, no single election is necessary. Babies properly sun-bathed need neither cod-liver oil nor irradiated food. Lacking adequate sun baths, cod-liver oil or irradiated foods become essential and alternative. You need not utilize this discovery, but you may find it valuable.

I hope that this brief account will help some of you to formulate your problem when approached by the salesman. We have a new tool, and we must learn how to use it. Let us approach this new problem with intelligence. The discovery and its commercial development offer possibilities of great public benefit.

Premature Babies

(*Continued from page 107*)

garment to avoid the fatigue which might come if they had to be completely dressed each day. They can wear cotton in layers of cheesecloth instead of diapers.

The food chosen for them is usually breast milk. If the baby is not able to nurse, milk is pumped by means of an electric breast pump or obtained by stripping the breasts with the hand. Lactic-acid milk or some other similar, easily digested, concentrated formula is given if breast milk is not obtainable. Even breast milk may need to be strengthened by adding various substances, so that though the baby takes only a small amount, it may be nourished. The feeding of concentrated foods at short intervals is urged. It is better to give water between meals than to dilute the food much.

Most babies' hospitals have several wet nurses available. (In New York City it is also possible to buy breast milk by the ounce, through an association devoted to the welfare of children. This breast milk comes from many mothers, the Association vouching for the health and freedom from disease of the mothers and for the methods of cleanliness used in obtaining it.) Breast milk is a precious food commodity. Any healthy nursing mother who has more than her own well baby needs can telephone the nearest children's hospital for details, and by sending in her oversupply may save other babies' lives.

As the babies are so weak, food is given with a medicine dropper or by a "Breck feeder," which is a glass tube with a small nipple for the baby at one end, and a large rubber cover on the other, compression of which forces milk in small amounts into the baby's mouth. In desperate cases babies are fed by a tube, the formula being put directly into the stomach.

They need food at frequent intervals, every two or two and a half hours during the day, because they can take so small an amount at each feeding. When a baby gains in weight up to about six or seven pounds, he graduates from the premature room and is placed in a room where the temperature is lowered imperceptibly over several days, until he can stand the usual nursery room temperature of 68 to 70°. He may then be two or three months old, but weighs only the same as the average newborn baby!

In an emergency at home, pad a square laundry basket and line it with hot-water bottles each carefully covered. (A burn has disastrous effects on these babies.) Wrap the baby in the softest of blankets or absorbent cotton and keep in the basket in a warm room away from drafts of air, until the doctor can give you the needed directions. Have only one thoroughly well person responsible, and keep visitors away, as the baby's life may depend upon the two factors of preserving the body warmth and protecting it from coughs, colds, and chance germ infection.

Cod-liver oil is given as soon as the baby can take it. Some doctors prescribe plain cod-liver oil, and others the mixtures of cod-liver oil with calcium and phosphorus. When the latter are given, the amount taken must usually be increased, as they often contain a smaller amount of cod-liver oil to the teaspoonful of mixture.

The premature baby is judged by his weight (not his age) and should be expected to do only what a child of his weight could achieve.

When grown, he carries no mark by which this early experience of having to battle too soon against external world forces can be recognized. Nor is prematurity usually a handicap in childhood, provided the baby has progressed successfully through the first six months. You can be sure, however, that for every premature baby who lives and thrives, there is some *one* person who has cared enough to work unceasingly and lovingly at the job!

Josephine Thompson

Home Wind

(*Continued from page 30*)

A great fear clutched at Ayesha's soul. "Where are you going?" she called after him.

"To war. Where else?"

And the last thing he saw as he glanced over his shoulder—the last memory, which he would never forget—was Ayesha standing there, leaning on a thorn stick, staring after him with horror and despair in her eyes.

And the hours passed, and night dropped, and the moon came out and looked through a hole in the clouds, and the winds of the steppe raced like a leash of strong dogs, and "Oh, my heart," said the poor girl, "oh, my grief—that I have sent him to the foreign wars!"

She went home. She told Khaizaran.

And there, that night in the little house, were two women sitting silent; and there was Sharif Bek swearing at them for that their eyes were wet—and his own eyes not dry at all as he thought of his only son riding into the west.

SO BECAUSE of a girl's impatient taunting, and also because of his own youthful bragging, war came to Kara Nazir. Not war of clean glory and high, storied deeds, but war of misery and dirt and defeat and sufferings unspeakable. Not fighting for Islam's green banner against the infidel Russians, but fighting for these Russians against an alien folk called Austrians.

Far lands? Yes. He was destined to see plenty and to spare of far lands.

Also, loot. There his agile Tartar hands stood him in good stead, and presently the one regret he had was that his pockets were not deep enough.

And as to women—foreign women—there he had been the braggart indeed; and when it came to thinking of them, there always jutted into his mind the picture of a girl of the Balkash horde, so small and lean and gawky—different from the foreign women, the city-bred, slouching women. Gawky? Yes, she was gawky. But free—and clean—and his cousin, blood of his blood, and bone of his bone . . .

But these thoughts came later.

There were first the long days when he rode across the steppe. Eager he was, expectant, and to tell the truth a little afraid.

For Ayesha had been right. The world was wide indeed—too wide to a peasant lad who heretofore had known nothing but his own tight bailiwick. Immense and brittle and hot and yellow-sere stretched this world, a flayed, scalped wilderness with lonely rocks towering like sentinels, with a far horizon of soft curves and blue vapors, and framed in the north by the sudden leaping-up of hills, ragged, red, keen as a dagger thrust. There were few signs of life; occasionally a desert man jogging along astride a pony, sulky, without a word of greeting, his jaw bound mummy-fashion against the wind and the driving, biting sand grains; a shepherd urging his flock to distant pasturage; the silhouette of a camel rider springing up, sharply outlined on the firmament like a gigantic scrawl of Asian handwriting.

Once in a while the solitude was broken by tiny hamlets folded completely into narrow valleys where small rivers ran and whence rose the odor of hard, russet grain and ruddy melons. Here the tribesmen, Kirghiz and Turkomans, were friendly and hospitable. They offered Kara Nazir milk and curds and fruit. They said, "Stretch your hand and eat your fill, O stranger!"—which was a good thing for him, since he had not even the smell of a single copper coin in his waist shawl.

There was, at times, the temptation to return to the Balkash horde; the longing for the hearty home air, the home scents, the home winds, the home folk singing old, familiar songs. But he overcame this temptation. For they would laugh at him. Not only Ayesha. Also, the young men—they would file their tongues to the mockery of their minds; would make up crude verses to the disgrace of his face.

On he rode until finally, on the ninth day, he reached Turkand, a Russian outpost cutting athwart the desert with stout, mud-built battlements and blue-gray cannon squatting aloft and guarding the cardinal points of the compass and the converging caravan trails.

There were here no pleasant people to give him bed and board, asking no better price than "May the Lord God reward you!" So, since he was hungry and had nothing of value except his horse, he sold it for ten beggarly roubles—and five of them he spent for food before the day was an hour older, and the other five did not sing so rich a song as they clanked thinly in his shawl.

Again he felt a little frightened; not of the Russian soldiers who walked about in their clumsy boots, but of the town itself.

It was the first town he had ever seen. Huge it seemed to him, though it numbered less than seven thousand inhabitants; and, being afraid, he stalked around with the heaviest swagger he could muster, with the braggardly pretence and air, so common to nomads on strange, unfamiliar occasions, of a man who had better streets and finer bazaars at home, while in reality he had never seen either street or bazaar. Still, occasionally, a shrewd observer might have caught him forgetting his alert dignity and staring into houses and shops with a child's wide-eyed wonder—and there was one who did observe.

A tall man he was, green regimental tunic gay with medals and ribbons won on many a battlefield, great fur cap cocked at a rakish angle, beard long and curly and russet-red, sticking out like a battering-ram ahead of his thick chest or, if the wind veered, fluttering across his broad shoulder like a banner—and the martial whole of him Mustaffa Yussef, good Moslem, good Tartar, and soldier of his Majesty the Tsar, with rank and pay of top-sergeant in the 7th, Grand Duke Nicholas' Own Ferghana Cossacks, a regiment of hawkish warriors recruited among the Central Asian tribesmen.

He remembered how, years earlier, he, too, had come out of the steppe, a peasant, travel-stained, loutish, uncouth, a little afraid; hating the Russians whom he hated no longer; making arrogant, conceited parade of his lean gifts—less because deep in his soul he thought much of them, than because he wanted to keep himself on an equality with all men, including the Tsar of Russia and the Emperor of Yellow China.

Such has ever been the way of the nomad; had been his own way; was surely this stranger's way; and so he addressed him with jovial words:

"By the honor of my beard but you look like a man most fierce and full-blooded! A man who might write his name round and round this cold world with the point and edge of the crimson sword!"

"You are right," was the other's careless admission. "I am indeed such a man. Show me one better than myself!"

MUSTAFFA Yussef hid a smile while Kara Nazir went on,

"You speak the Tartar tongue, O soldier."

"I am a Tartar of Tartars."

"Then why the Russian uniform?"

"Why not?"

"They are of the infidels—bless them not, the Lord Allah!"

"Yes. They *are* infidels. But—" came the sergeant's calm lie—"not so their ruler, the Tsar. He is as proper a Moslem as any of us, praying five times daily to the One God, blessing the name of the True Prophet and Islam's green banner."

"Oh!" stammered Kara Nazir, astonished. "You are sure of it?"

"Positive! Have I not many a time knelt on the same rug with the Tsar, bowing toward Mecca?"

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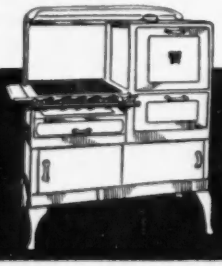

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Home Wind

to a gray, squat barrack that housed the troopers of the 7th Ferghana Cossacks.

"Good Moslems in there, too," he added. "Good Tartars, eager to go to war for the Tsar—the champion and defender of Islam."

"What war?"

"The pick and pride of all wars, in the west, against the Germans and Austrians."

"Who are they?"

"Pigs and sons of pigs. Eaters of dirt. Deniers of the Koran. Holy war it is. We ride tomorrow. Ride with us, O son of the world!"

Kara Nazir hesitated. He thought of the Balkash steppe; thought—a little—of Ayesha. The small vixen, always nagging him, always bickering—and yet how loyal when others had interfered—for instance, that time against Musa Khan, the miller—and the horror and despair in her face when he had galloped away . . .

"Ah," he thought, *"Ullah ibaraq f'amur*—may God protect her life!"

"Come with me!" he heard the voice of the sergeant, who smote him on the shoulder. "Come and meet the lads! There will be tobacco and food and the fine Tartar songs and maybe a drop of foreign wine!"

So presently there was Kara Nazir inside the barracks amidst the Ferghana Cossacks, coarse, lawless men who squatted on the floor, drinking, eating, smoking, chattering, laughing; riffraff of Central Asia, more rogues than honest men, nor stewing with remorse for past sins—rather stewing with longing for sins yet unsinned. Round and round went the bottles, and Kara Nazir had his nose in them as much as the rest, and he shouted:

"Pass the bottle, boys! Hearty! Hearty!"

"Pass her round!" came the roaring chorus. "Hearty! Hearty!"

"Hearty to drink! Hearty to love!"

"Hearty to war!"

"Aye—hearty to death!"

"Make her go with a dash, boys, and to the devil with all shirkers!"

"Ride with us, O Kara Nazir!" cried the sergeant.

"Ride with us!" yelled the others.

"Wah," he replied, "of course, I'll ride with you, O strong men, O heroes!"

THE next day, the little town echoed the clatter of horses' hoofs, the rhythmic tramp of hobnailed boots, and the dramatic rumble of the guns as sweeping through the streets came cavalry, infantry, and artillery, flanked by mounted officers with full-skirted, green coats reaching half-way down to their high, patent-leather boots, their narrow waists belted with gold.

Cheers, laughter, and the soldiers' song, full-throated, vigorous, wild:

"Soldatushki! Bravo! Rebyatatushki!
Droojno vraga beitye!
Smelye droojno,
Vo shtijki, vo rooja,
Beitye, no rebeitye!
Soldatushki! Bravo! Rebyatushki . . ."

Kara Nazir did not understand the words. But, riding stirrup-to-stirrup with the Ferghana Cossacks, he yelled the refrain as loudly as the others:

"Soldatushki! Bravo! Rebyatushki . . ."

Of glory spoke this song, also of splendor—of faithful love—of heroism—of charging with sabre and lance—of cheerfully fighting the enemy—of grand comrades and loyalty eternal.

An ironic jest this song turned out to be.

For there was no glory when the Ferghana Cossacks, having reached Orenburg, were dismounted, loaded on flat, smelly cattle cars, rushed to the Polish front, bled white, loaded back on the cars, rushed to the East Prussian front, once more bled white. There was no splendor in the mud of the trenches nor in the swish of the knout when steppe-bred nomad spoke too freely to monocled, scented Moscow aristocrat. There was no faithful love with

sleek civilian clerks embezzling the money meant to purchase ammunition and medical supplies. There was no charging with sabre and lance when the Tsar's more or less loyal generals hurled hundreds of thousands of his less or more loyal subjects against the massed, thundering, murderous German guns. There was no cheerfully fighting the enemy amidst poison-gas fumes and screaming, high-explosive shells. There were no grand comrades nor loyalty eternal as, one by one, the Ferghana Cossacks perished, cannon fodder, thrown into the bloody maw of insane, imperial ambition; were quickly replaced by raw levies until the regiment was like a crazy-quilt of all the many races and provinces of the Russian empire—and Kara Nazir, now a top-sergeant with medals and ribbons, the last survivor of those who had so boldly ridden out of Turkand bravely singing:

"Soldatushki! Bravo! Rebyatushki . . ."

THERE was today little of the boaster left in him, little of the youth.

Old he felt, old he looked—dear Lord Allah!—and he not yet twenty-one, as, his feet raw and bleeding, the straps of his knapsack cutting his shoulders—he marched with his comrades through an edge of northern Galicia.

On, on. Along hot, jagged roads where occasional thickets threw fleeting moments of shade. Up steep hillsides where the purplish-gold sun shafts cleft the black rags of the fir trees. Through broad valleys where fields of neglected corn spread beneath the pigeon-blue sky like sultry summer dreams.

Lifeless, these fields, since the toilers, the peasants, had gone to war. But fields fat and peaceful—and Kara Nazir thought of home.

Of the Balkash hamlet he thought, tucked greenly into the yellow swash of the steppe. Thought of its primitive, nostalgic symphony peaking up from a consonance of sounds: the pessimistic grunts of the camels; the barking of the shaggy hounds; the protesting crunch of the lumbering carts that carried the grain to the barn; the sobbing of the leather flails that winnowed the wheat; the creaking of the water wheels; the gossip of the women sitting in front of their houses, rocking the blown-up milk skins on their knees till the butter rolled rich and frothy . . .

His own mother among the women—and nobody, in all the Balkash horde, to rival her when it came to butter and cheese and curds.

He thought of her; thought of his father; thought of Ayesha. What a vixen he remembered her, what a nagging, stubborn little vixen! Only a child—fifteen—

No. No longer fifteen. Seventeen now she must be, and he wondered—smiled as he wondered—was she still so small and lean and gawky?

"Braggart" she had called him; had been right, he admitted.

Well—he considered—he was today no braggart, but a hard, tough man, fighting to live, not fighting to die, however heroically.

For he had drunk the dregs of disillusion. He would still sing *"Soldatushki! Bravo! Rebyatushki!"* but would sing it without enthusiasm; indeed, rather, with something of a sneer.

So would his comrades: Tartars and Lithuanians, White Russians and Little Russians, Letts and Jews, Circassians and Kalmicks and Armenians. All subjects of the far-flung Russian empire. All—as there was no end to misery and corruption and injustice and useless sacrifices—hating that same Russian empire with a dull, smoldering hatred, waiting for the spark to set it aflame.

This spark came suddenly, overnight. It came out of the mouth of an undersized, bearded man in cheap clothes and bowler hat, who stood on a street corner in Moscow and cried:

"*Da zdrastvooyet revolutzia*—long live the revolution!"

Perhaps the man's name was Lenine. Perhaps Trotzky. Perhaps he had no name; was not even a man; was only a symbol.

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Home Wind

At all events there was the cry, terrible, portentous, ominous, triumphant. It was echoed north, south, west, east. It was everywhere, all at once.

"Long live the revolution!"

And to some it spelled a fine, high idealism and to others grotesque fanaticism; to some cruelty and lust and revenge, and to others a chance to line their pockets with gold; to some a mere change from monotony and boredom, and to others a sort of grim, twisted amusement.

But to the army it spelled peace; spelled, by the same token, home. And so one night, when a Bolshevist *kommissar* had brought news that the war was over, the troopers of the 7th, Grand Duke Nicholas' Own Ferghana Cossacks—long ago their officers had fled or been killed—were sitting around a camp-fire; and there was one, a swarthy, dreamy-eyed Ukrainian Jew, who spoke of Kieff and its coiling, cobbled streets and its smoky saloons where a man might drink his fill of tea and vodka for less than a rouble.

"Let me tell you how it is there, brothers," he said. "You say, maybe Moscow? You say, maybe Odessa? Ah, by the God of Abraham and of Jacob! what is Moscow compared to Kieff or Odessa? Give me the gutters of Kieff rather than—"

"Be quiet, O Jew with the leaky tongue!" growled a Circassian, and he proceeded to describe his native valley in the heart of the Caucasus.

"It is most lovely on a Friday, the day of rest of all Allah's creatures," he related, "when we stroll out with our women and children into the sloping hills and smoke our pleasant pipes and drink coffee and licorice water beneath the twinkling of the golden crab-apples that cluster high up in the hedges, and the greenish elderberries on their thick, purple stalks."

"To the devil with coffee and licorice water and elderberries!" bellowed a flaxen-haired, gray-eyed giant from the Baltic. "Have you ever seen the north, dear brothers? Have you ever seen the ocean? Have you ever seen Kronstadt? Come with me, brothers! Fish we have and beef and beer—and such black bread as you never set tooth to—and women who know how to smile and—"

"You are all as blind as new-born puppies!" cut in Kara Nazir. "In all the world there is only one land for a man's longing."

"And where is that, sergeant?"

"The land of the Balkash horde! Where else? So quiet it is, so free and honest. The steppe we have, immense and grand—and small woods here and there, stirring with bird and beast—and proper hamlets crowded with warm houses—and every door always on the latch—and the men hearty and merry—and the women with arms so soft and generous—and the roads safe for the prettiest girl ever so lonely . . ."

He rose. "The Balkash horde for my father's only son!" he shouted exultantly, and he was off, that same night, toward the east.

BY RAILROAD he traveled, by river boat and on foot and on horseback. Week after week he traveled, and wherever he went, all Russia seemed to be in motion. Everywhere were soldiers—soldiers no longer—of the east, south, north, west—going east, south, north, west—going home . . .

"Home—soon, soon!" he thought when at last he reached Turkand.

There, with some of the loot that clinked in his waist shawl, he bought himself a lean racing dromedary which had a profusion of blue ribbons plaited into the bridle as protection against the djinns and ghouls of the steppe—the steppe that stretched before his eyes with a sort of barbaric splendor. There was no verdure. But under the purple and orange tints of the sky the sand ridges became heaps of topaz, and the sun-scorched rocks masses of ruby and amethyst. He did not linger at Turkand. He rode steadily into the east.

He gave a deep, throaty laugh of sheer joy as the heart of the desert came to him with shimmering dunes, tossed like a stormy, billowing sea, charging, leaping, threatening—an ocean of red sand touched with golden lights; the untamed wild; savage bastion of nature most savage and most free . . .

Free! free! that was the breath, the reason, the secret soul of the steppe—and he opened wide his lungs and filled them with the hot, dry air as though to cleanse himself from the abominations of the past years, the dirt of the trenches, the muck and mire of the battlefields, the war.

War! And what was the good of it?

Here, he told himself, was his own land; here the place his feet should never have left; here the only place he had ever seen that was worth hacking good steel for.

"Home—and the tang of the home wind!" he thought, and impatience overtook him.

"Home, O uncouth daughter of unmentionable ancestry!" he shouted at the snarling dromedary, and he tickled its soft muzzle with the point of his dagger, urging it on to greater speed.

ON THE seventh day out of Turkand, he found himself on a ridge overlooking the Balkash valley. He had ridden the night through. Now, standing on that ridge, he watched young day shoot up, racing along the rim of the world in a sea of fire that put out the paling moon. He watched the east flush with rose-pink and elfin-green. He listened to the noises of waking day, as he descended into the valley.

Noises in the orchards. A drowsy canticle. A bird gurgling and twittering. Another bird shrilly calling to its mate. A metallic buzzing of flies around a puddle.

Noises in the pastures. Goats bleating. Cattle bellowing. Horses neighing.

Noises in the village streets as the people began to go about their fine, prosy toil—ah, he thought, the dear toil, the home toil—the men to their herding and farming, the young girls to their milking and gardening, the older women to their household tasks, weaving, cooking, pounding grain, making butter.

He came to the first house, his father's house—and there he saw his mother squatting at the open door, rocking the blown-up milk skin on her knees.

She looked up. She did not recognize him at first, he had changed so—with his mustache, his shaggy Cossack cap, his gay medals and ribbons. A stranger she thought him, and she gave hospitable greeting:

"The salute, O son of Adam! Come inside and drink your fill. For, crossing the weary sands, you must have seen much thirsty country."

He jumped from his dromedary. "Mother—mother—don't you know me?"

"Who—" she stammered; half-guessed the answer to her question, as she repeated with a shaky voice—"Who?"

"I, mother—I, Kara Nazir—your son. Who else?"

She ran up to him, upsetting the milk skin. She cast her thin arms about his neck, trembling with age and emotion. She kissed him. She could not speak; could only utter ludicrous, bird-like little noises:

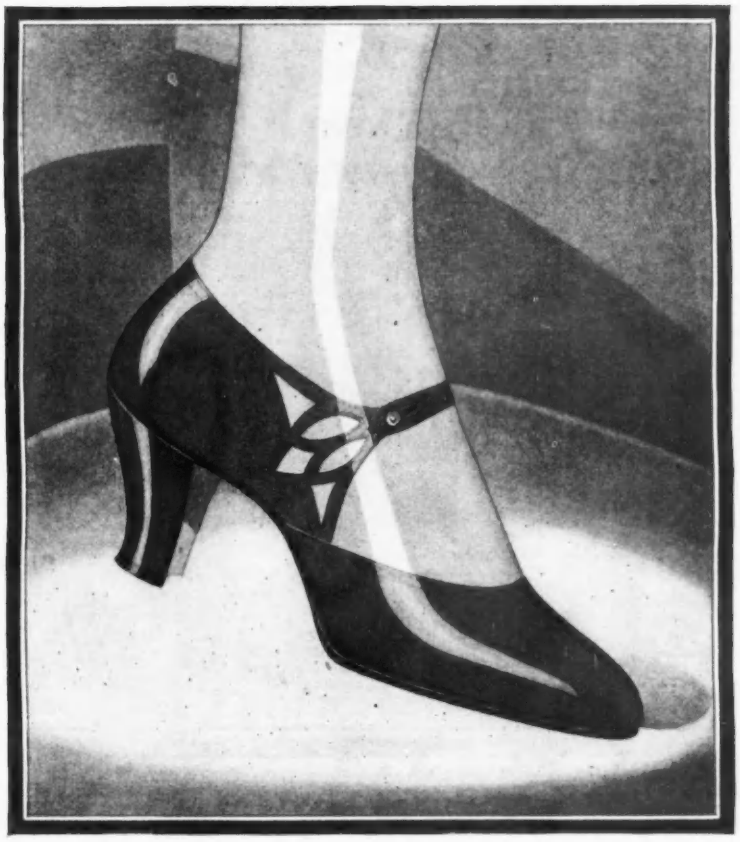
"Oh—oh—oh . . . "

She cried as if her heart would break. Then suddenly she spoke. A rapid jumble of words. Words that tripped over each other. Fervent words to tell him the gossip of the past years. Never giving him a chance, though several times he tried, to put in a word of his own:

"Ah, the many things that have happened since you went away, my little son, my little hero! You remember Ali, the son of Ali? His wife died—may she reach Paradise!—and whom do you think he married? You will never be able to guess. Fathouma—the miller's older sister—can you imagine the like? Why he married her, Allah alone knoweth—she with the humped back like a yearling camel and the nose like a whiplash! And you

Walk-Over Shoes

WITH THE MAIN SPRING* ARCH



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In using advertisements see page 6

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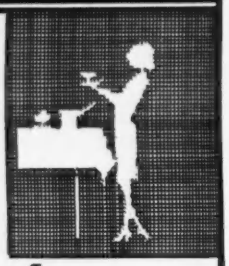

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Home Wind

remember Esa, the blacksmith? Him you must give the sound, sound beating tomorrow. For he is going about swearing that your father is too old, too feeble, for the chieftainship—and that you would never return, were doubtless wandering up and down the broad world, roistering with the merry, laughing men of the west—and that he himself should be chief—have you ever heard such arrogance? And—oh, yes—you remember Zuleika, the priest's third daughter? With a foreigner she ran away—a Tartar trader—*wah*, may she have the ill luck of seven black Fridays! And listen what happened to Mustaffa Krim—"

"Mother, mother!" he interrupted all at once. "By the honor of my teeth, you talk too much!"

She was a little taken aback, a little hurt. "But—"

He laughed, pointed; and then she, too, laughed and ran into the house. For coming down the street was Ayesha.

She was no longer lean and gawky. Lovely she was, with the waxen pallor of her skin, the ebony of her locks, the oval of her features, the velvety red of her curved lips.

He salaamed deeply before her.

"I love you, O heart of three roses!" he said.

"And I love you!" she replied.

And then—was it not like her?—she turned on him with words that held just a faint shade of anger.

"*Wah*—the stubborn, bragging lad you were! to ride to the foreign war because of a rash word—to be gone the many years—and weary, weary their waiting!" She sank into his arms. "Ah, the gray years that came between you and me in the blue summer's night and the long day—came between you and me in the black winter's night and the short day! Allah—Allah—the bitterness of your absence—the long ache of it!"

She clung to him.

"Love—hurts," she said.

"Aye! And yet—tell me—is there happiness under heaven finer than the sharp pain of it?"

And he kissed her.

Testing at the New Institute

(*Continued from page 79*)

themselves insulated, with 2″ and 3″ of corkboard, and have equipment installed for the making of tests on mechanical refrigerators of all types as well as on ice refrigerators.

If the refrigerator meets the standards we have established for these engineering tests, it is moved into one of our kitchen test units. Here it is iced regularly and stored with food that is put in and taken out as it would be in the home. Temperatures are observed, and all the other important things—such as suitability of rack space, ease of cleaning, operation of locks—are noted over a long enough period to insure a conclusive knowledge on which to base our final judgment. Here you see the refrigerator being used as you would use it, and its characteristics being observed for you by the carefully trained women of our staff. After this part of the test is done, the engineers again take charge, making the final inspection for defects, quality and suitability of materials, and workmanship.

When a washing machine is tested we use household washes, like your own, consisting of clothes that have been soiled by wear. Children's clothes, grown-ups' clothes, and the family linens come to us from homes cooperating with the Institute for this purpose. Of course, we also have our own family wash at the Institute, consisting of towels, table linen, uniforms, and many other things. So you see this part of the test represents your conditions in the home, and the work is done by women who have your viewpoint. The engineers check the performance of the motor under all of the

phases of washing, wringing, etc., and keep a close watch on the mechanical operations. When all other tests are completed, the machine is taken apart so that we may know how well the parts have withstood wear and whether they have been properly designed and made of satisfactory materials.

These two illustrations briefly outline the cooperation in our testing to include the viewpoints of the engineer and woman user. All the other tests we make follow the same general procedure. For example, in testing ranges the engineers investigate the heating and cooling of the oven, the efficiency of the top stove units, accuracy of the heat regulator, and all points of construction. The women members of the staff make standardized tests for oven-heat distribution, using baking-powder biscuits, tests for low- and high-temperature baking, roasting, and broiling. Besides all this the range is put into daily use, and you would probably be surprised to know all the interesting points that develop. When we find difficulties that need to be cared for to meet our approval, or where we have suggestions for improvements, we pass along this information to the manufacturer. As a result many products now on the market have incorporated in them ideas that are the result of our thorough "two-viewpoint" testing at the Institute.

To detail all of the facilities we now have for doing our work at the Institute would take much more space than we have available. We can only assure you again that nothing has been forgotten or left undone to make our testing service and editorial research service increasingly valuable to you. Come in and see for yourself the many interesting things always going on at the Institute.

The First Children

(*Continued from page 34*)

the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such as have cattle."

His brother, "Jubal: he was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ."

Their half-brother, "Tubalcain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron."

To these three descendants of Cain we owe the beginnings of our modern world, which is built upon the division of labor and the exchange of services. Jabal began the organization of the food business. Jubal was the father of music. Tubalcain was the first blacksmith, the founder of industry. It must have been good blood that produced such a brood. The sin of Cain was washed out in the wide river of good works which flowed from his descendants. Yet, such is the perversity of our human nature, we remember the stain on the family name and forget the splendor. For every person who has heard of Jubal or Tubalcain there are a hundred who know Cain and know only that he committed murder.

Adam and Eve had other children, but we are interested only in the first two, the good boy and the bad boy, as they are popularly regarded. Perhaps the good boy was not so good and the bad boy not so bad as the scanty record would seem to indicate. But they remind us that every experience which life holds for any family occurred to that very first family. The rosy start; the mistake, followed by hard times; the hard struggle for a living; the birth of children; the hours of hope mixed with fear; catastrophe; mature courage; and old age! The dreams of Adam and Eve for their first two boys did not work out, and yet, if they could have looked a few generations into the future, they would have seen proud things done by the descendants of their "black sheep."

And their hope that their children should be wiser, happier, and better than they themselves had been—it was well worth while in spite of the disappointment. For that hope is still the lever which, across the cradle as its fulcrum, is prying the old world forward.

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333 Wall Street Seattle, U. S. A.

The Lost Legion

(*Continued from page 77*)

told her he'd be home by Christmas this year—saving it for a surprise.

Jenny touched his shoulder. "Philip, what's the trouble?"

His hand slid forward. His fingers uncurled on a crushed piece of paper. His voice—broken—came from under the pillow. (One could always tell Jenny things.)

"She—she wants to marry a—a—feller that's been rooming there—some while. She says she'll furnish grounds for divorce."

What words are there for a man on whom fate has played so grotesque and irremediable a trick? What can one say? "Oh, Philip." This could happen to a hero—to Philip. Oh . . . oh!

Jenny was an even-tempered girl. She had a soft voice and a tender smile and a gentle touch. But let anything or anybody do an injustice to one of her boys, and Jenny was white-hot dynamite.

"If you'd give me leave of absence," she blazed at Dr. Huffy, "I could do something. I can go to her—put the case up to her. If she knew—if she *knew* . . . It might not help, but at least I can give her a bad half-hour. *I've got to give her a bad half-hour.* Philip won't be able to stand this. Nobody could."

Dr. Huffy found Jenny almost as pathetic as Philip Wallace. It was hard to break the spirit of youth, dash its eager faiths, let it into the sorry secret that a brave fight can go unrewarded; that justice is a term of idealism, not necessarily a reality; and that the good do not inherit the earth. But he spoke sternly, banging his fist on his desk.

"Jenny, it's come to the point where, when anything happens to one of the boys, I've not only got to worry about him, but I've got to worry about you. Can't you see the harm is done? This letter—"

Seeing her stricken face, he finished more kindly: "We can't order life to our liking, my dear. We can't regulate people and their conduct. Women will always be like that—some of them. Let a man work his fingers to the bone for her, let him put up a brave fight, and while he's working and fighting she's found some one she likes better. Yes, this will play heck with the boy—" bitterly—"but what can we do?"

"You won't give me permission to go?"

"Absolutely, no."

Jenny turned without another word. She'd broken rules before, and—she'd got to go!

But in the night, while Jenny composed her speech to "that woman" and brandished her fists in the dark, and while Dr. Huffy paced his floor unable to sleep, Philip settled things easily for every one. He stepped off the third-floor fire escape.

JENNY wandered around all day, first out on the grounds, because inside the hospital it was unbearable. But here, too, things reminded her—the days she had read to him, and the days she might have and had neglected to. ("God, help me to forget about Philip some day!") So she wandered out the gate and down the highway, never hearing the furious shrieks of cars that must swerve to keep from running down a small, lost figure in a white uniform and a white sweater and a wild expression.

The hills were beautiful today. They could flaunt their autumn loveliness in the face of grief. Jenny shook a fist at them. Cheats—liars! Promising things—lifting the heart to rare heights of faith and courage—only to drop and break one against the rocks. Some day I'll forget about Philip—some day it won't be this bad . . . Jake came in a truck and picked Jenny up and carried her back, still wearing that dry-eyed, hard-fisted look.

The boys made a last ceremony. Vesper services at sunset. Jenny would not go. She locked her door and would not go. But through the many walls, and the corridor that led from the nurses' home to the hospital, she heard their distant voices singing,

"Soldier, rest, thy warfare ended;
Huntsman, sleep, thy work is done."

Warmth crept up about her cold heart; she had a vision—or was it a conviction—of reward, and youth again, and retribution beyond the last call of the bugle's notes.

She did a strange thing then. She rose and went straight to Windy's room.

Dusk was gathering the shadows home. The skies gave up their colors to the night. Out in the hills a coyote sent a cry across the lonely space, seeking his mate. The hour when all the world turns home. And Jenny had come home. The only one she had. Something in this room, known but to her. Love—and the things it fills the heart with. Firelight, and little sleepy heads, and night pulling down the shades of day and shutting families into a cozy space of peace and love. Some one whistling at the gate—bounding up the steps—opening the door—in one's arms. Some one brisk and eager and unmutilated.

JENNY stood in the door of Windy's room with its bare, white, clinically-clean walls, and the narrow, iron bed, and the slim, broken body under the sheet—and Jenny saw all these things . . .

"I came, Windy . . . I—I—came . . ."

Emotion surged about her, engulfed her, had its way with her. Suddenly giving up, she dropped on her knees by the bed, buried her face in the covers at his feet, and cried her heart out.

Windy closed his eyes, unable to endure the sight. If only he might lay his hand on her head. But he couldn't reach it. He couldn't reach—anything.

Peace came at length to the shaken figure. The sobs grew quieter.

He asked, "What has hurt you, Jenny?"

She couldn't tell him. It would open an old wound for Windy. Last year he had passed through his own Gethsemane.

She said, "Talk to me."

Windy talked. Of life. That mysterious spark. Its ability to suffer, to believe, to create, to erect gods. "And each person has it as much as another. It does me good, Jenny, to know that this is not so much my fight—my individual problem—as the fight of the human race. Somewhere all the tangles will be straightened out, and the scales balanced."

"Oh, Windy, *do* you believe so?"

"Don't you?"

"Yes, but tonight I need some one to believe it with me."

And of war. "We came through according to what was within us. It isn't that good results from the evil that is war, but we—as individuals—can grow on tragedy, or we can drift with the tide, taking the line of least resistance, crying out at the injustice. Wouldn't we, perhaps, under ordinary circumstances be doing one or the other? I mean, a fellow who hollers that the war took away his chances, side-tracked him—wouldn't he be saying that of any adverse fate? And you can't get through life without adverse fate. We have to take the thing allotted and make our advantage of that. This is how I see it. The war didn't so much matter. What does matter is—what you do with the thing you have. Perhaps it's as difficult to overcome the obstacles of, say, being wealthy and having everything come too easily, as overcoming physical handicaps."

"What if there had been no war?"

Tremendous, awesome thought! Not for the men who had had the war as an incident, but for these whose bodies were broken upon it, and the shattered pieces of those bodies returned to them to be lived in as best they

The Lost Legion

could, bearing the burden of the mind's unaltered ambitions, the heart's dear plans.

"If any god should say
'I will restore
The world her yesterday
Whole as before
My judgment blasted it'—who would not lift
Heart, eye, and hand in passion o'er the gift?"

"Would you, Windy? Go back—wipe it from the records?"

He looked at that bowed head, an expression on his face that Jenny would never see. "I don't know . . . I don't know."

HICKS had gone. Philip—had gone. Bunk was going.

The boys would line up and give a round of cheers for his great good fortune. They would pound him on the back and send words of howdy-do back to that engaging world of men and affairs, and they would use their racket to cover up their own chagrin at being left behind.

And Bunk didn't want to go. The hand that tightened the straps about the little bundle which contained all his worldly possessions, shook. Here in this quiet place he had found kindness and understanding and security. He had found friends. It wasn't like a hospital; he had come to look on No. 80 as home.

A phonograph record in an adjoining room ground out its endless tunes. "Song of A Wanderer." Where could he go? Where indeed?

Outside the wind stirred the ivy on the wall, and shadows moved upon the windowpane. Bunk turned quickly, thinking there were people at the window. He wished he wouldn't do that. They were only shadows, and he knew it, yet he could not get away from them. Fogs and clouds, or the dim hours of twilight or dawn, were always peopled for him. Gray shapes that drove forward, their steel helmets forming a steel ceiling, and below that another ceiling of bayonet points. He was one of them, fighting his way up through the stifling smoke. Then—the curious thing happened. He shut his eyes against what he couldn't quite remember. A crisis—something he had done—an accusation hurled at him—the thing that shut him off . . .

He shook his shoulders, brushing the shadows from his mind. Picking up his bundle, he walked out.

Jenny went as far as the big gates with him. He looked down at the hand Jenny had slipped through his arm. A little trump was Jenny. There was something mighty straight and fine in the look she gave you; it put courage and strength into a fellow. She was steadying; this was her gift. He wished he might do something for her, something big.

He asked abruptly: "Windy—is he better? Improving?"

"Oh, it's so hard to tell!" More went into that cry than Jenny knew.

"You always pause before you go in there. I've watched you."

Jenny looked at him quickly—looked away quickly.

"Jenny—he doesn't return your love?"

After a time she shook her head.

"You can't be sure." He took a picture from his pocket, gazed at it hungrily, handed it over. "She thinks the same of me."

Jenny saw a face of loyalty and sweetness. "Why, Bunk—and you let her?"

He threw out his hand in a helpless manner. "I can't . . ." and through his eyes, elbowing him aside, that other face peered out—uncertain, afraid, bewildered.

Jenny waited, hoping against hope that he'd say more.

The moment passed. "Well, good-by, Jenny. It's been like home here—it's been right sweet."

"You'll come back to see us, Bunk? You'll write?"

"I expect I will."

He lifted his cap gravely, shook hands, and limped off. Whatever he had been or had done was lost to them.

Jenny leaned against the stone pillar, watching him limp away in the direction of the car line.

"We didn't help him. I'm always failing with the boys. Those who need it most."

There was no time for moping, once she was back in the hospital.

"Got a new customer up in Cell 15, Miss Jenny." (The boys called all the rooms "cells".) "I'll say he's a poor fish."

The Chief Nurse, looking harassed, came to find her. "Do go up, Jenny, and make him feel at home. It looks as if we'd had our share of troubles for one week."

The new customer in Cell 15—his name was Parker—was speaking loudly and without intermissions. "Hell's bells, they've put me in a bed without a mattress. Nothing but slats. I had a better one in a field hospital in France. Can't the government give us beds to lie on? I'm gonna write the head of the Veterans' Bureau tomorrow."

"Cut out the loud-speaker," called a veteran on crutches. "Brother, there's some of us plenty healthy to lift you right up and take the mattress off that bed and let you have a taste of what it's like to lie on slats. And it'd be agreeable to us to do it."

"Have a cigarette, friend. Say—you've not been treated right, and you know it. They snatched you away from your job—sent you to France—blew you up, sent you home crippled—and now what? What've they done for you? Can't you see the government owes you something? You take me—I was earning $500 a month—*five hundred*—I must exchange it for a private's pay. Where's my commission? I'd have had that but for a lot of useless government red tape and a second lieutenant who had it in for me. And over in France I'd 'a had the D. S. C., but the other fellow got it. See this wound? Know how that happened? A skunk deliberately did it. Saw a load of Jerry shell headed our way, leaped behind me to shield himself, and shoved me forward right into it. *I* got hit—where's he? Out enjoying life—making money—growing rich—and look at me."

Mutters from the crowd. "I hope we don't have to look at you long."

"I bet he was one of them tough sergeants."

"I bet he was an M. P."

The officer of the day stopped Jenny.

"No place is fool-proof, not even a Veterans' Hospital. There's nothing much wrong with him, and we'll have him out pretty soon."

Jenny was easily imposed on, and Parker took advantage of it. Kept her jumping, complained about everything, accused Jenny of partiality, put a wrinkle in Jenny's smooth brow. Yet she could do more with him than any one, and so had him on her hands.

OFTEN, in the days that followed, as Jenny hurried on her endless tasks, she thought of Bunk. He hadn't written as he'd promised, and she worried. In the night, when the first "norther" covered the earth with a blanket of snow, Jenny lay awake—where was he tonight?

Autumn had passed in a succession of events—tragic, funny, pathetic. No. 80 had its moments of glory and its moments of despair. Jenny, unofficial cheer-leader, steered the boys past all those landmarks that made the fall of the year a season to be anticipated and dreaded. The annual Convention of the American Legion. Those who planned to make it this time—the few who actually did. Even these would pay for it, but on the whole Dr. Huffy considered it worth it. Three days of delirium. The crowds. Reunions. The old outfit. Mess hall again. Chow. Glimpses of mighty leaders. Speeches. The old songs. Parades. The band coming—"Over There." How it caught in the throat! The flutter of

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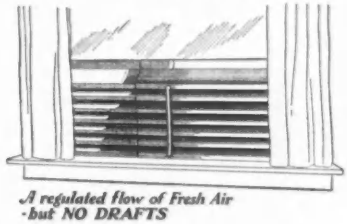

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The Lost Legion

flags—the measured tread of feet—that solid phalanx of khaki, and—the army marches by! Tears. What was it made you cry? Soldiers and soldiers (older now) marching under the shadow of another shrine to liberty—the Alamo. Long ago. A little handful of heroes, surrounded. Their farewell to the outside world. "We shall never surrender or retreat." There was dignity in being a soldier—an element indescribable and permanent. Nations were built by them. *We were soldiers.*

At No. 80 they had their radios—ringside seats, almost. They had their monkey-shines. They paraded when the bands played; they sang when the crowds sang; they bowed to admiring, adoring throngs (Jenny was the throngs); they kissed the ladies (Jenny was the ladies). Well—that was over.

Jenny piloted them gaily through Thanksgiving. Once more Jenny led them up to, and past, Christmas. Now, her smile a bit set but her courage unflagging, she headed them for New Year's.

SHE had an inspiration for New Year's Eve. She wanted to let the boys share a ray of light that had come to her.

Every man has a fire of accomplishment within him—some dream that has been buried underneath the urgent necessity of earning a living for himself and those for whom he is responsible. Few follow the trade or profession for which they are best suited. They take the thing at hand; take it gratefully, cling to it tenaciously. A job is the big thing in life, and what does a dream matter? Some day, perhaps, when middle-age brings well-earned leisure . . . War had snatched them from their jobs, had given them the necessary leisure, the necessary despair, had thrown them back on the one thing left—their genius. And behold!

This is how Jenny saw it, and she wanted the boys to see it that way, too. So she sent word of a Grand Whoopee on New Year's Eve up in Ward 11, and every fellow was to bring the thing he had been working on during the year. The staff had given her their unequivocal support, and the half of the party that couldn't navigate under its own power came up on stretchers. Carrying treasure.

It was astonishing. A book. "All my life I've wanted to write that book. Now it's finished." An invention already on the market and another being perfected. A collection of clay and wooden figures—cowboys leaning on the wind; breathing, living figures, motion imprisoned in clay. "I used to do them when I was a kid, but I dropped it after I went to work." A telescope, from gazing at the stars and wanting to know more about them. "Pass it around, let's have a look-see." "I'll risk one eye on Venus." That was old Pop Knute, the rascal. Pop had brought himself to the party—quite an accomplishment; he was going on ninety-four. A one-armed boy had learned some clever sleight-of-hand tricks. Fatty and his violin. He could play, too. He was on the radio programs regularly.

Frank, who had gone to the Convention, made them a speech.

"Here at the hospital we look back at the years since the war and we think, give us back those years and we'd be—President. Anything. At San Antonio we met the other boys—the ones who didn't get smashed up. Asked what they were doing. And they'd gone on pretty much as before; they hadn't done so much. Of course, some of them had, but what I mean—they weren't all sitting in the seats of the mighty. *And a lot of disabled vets were.* We heard of them on all sides. Lawyers, statesmen, famous writers, executives. It hadn't kept 'em back. No sir, they're still holding the old Hindenburg line."

The Whoopee was a great success. They drank to each other and to the staff. They drank to Jenny. They drank to health, pledging themselves, with reckless optimism, to meet again next New Year's Eve. Happy and

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proudful, the party was trundled away. And so to bed.

The Forty and Eight were staging a watch party at Skinny and Henry's Chow Shop.

"It'll be perfectly safe for ladies, Jenny. Come along."

The night was beautiful with snow and starlight. Jenny went, surrounded by escorts.

Tables had been pushed back against the wall and a space cleared for stunts, with Parker—noisy and boisterous—dictating orders, trying to be the whole show. ("Won't you be glad when that bird goes, Jenny?") They got off all the old gags. The ancient sentry act. The ghost act. Sang the old songs. "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," "Old Gray Mare," "It's a Long, Long Trail." And finally, "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Sounds of merry-making and music went out into the night. Again and again the door was shoved open to admit a freezing blast and a shabby figure—hobos, derelicts, those shadows from the hills—one by one they entered, stamped the snow from a broken shoe, edged toward the red-hot stove. Everybody was welcome tonight.

"Step up, brother. Have doughnuts and coffee."

One thing France had taught them—fellowship. I am my brother's keeper. Soon the broken shoe was tapping time to the music, the ragged shoulders swaying.

As the hands of the clock crept toward midnight, Henry suggested an experience meeting, everybody tell where he was this time ten years ago. So the trails of France went through the little restaurant. The Somme. Verdun. Belleau Wood. Cantigny . . .

Outside a shadow passed the window and passed again.

Skinny opened the door a crack's width and peered out. "Say, fellers, they's a sorta lonesome-lookin' guy out here—won't come in."

Voices rang in instant hospitality. "Hey, lonesome—we're havin' a remember-when. Want in?"

The shadow paused uncertainly, turned, and came back. At the door he hesitated before the glare of lights and all that sea of faces. Somebody shut the door behind him, and Bunk Kiper removed his cap and limped forward, an eager light on his lonely, wistful face. He looked pinched and frozen. He had no overcoat, and his face was lined with marks of weariness as if he had been walking days to get here.

"I'll be a horny frog, if it ain't Bunk himself!"

"Welcome, kid."

"Have hot coffee and doughnuts."

A CHAIR'S legs scraped loudly on the bare floor, and Parker was on his feet, head jutted forward, glaring at Bunk.

He bellowed: "That's him. That's the fellow I've been telling you about. That's the skunk. Hid behind me—shoved me in front of him so's I'd get hit and he wouldn't. That's the coward."

Every sound in the room blew out. Not a man moved. The remarkable stillness thundered and echoed.

Skinny found his voice. "Aw, cut it out, you. Gosh—it's been ten years. Might have been this kid's great-uncle."

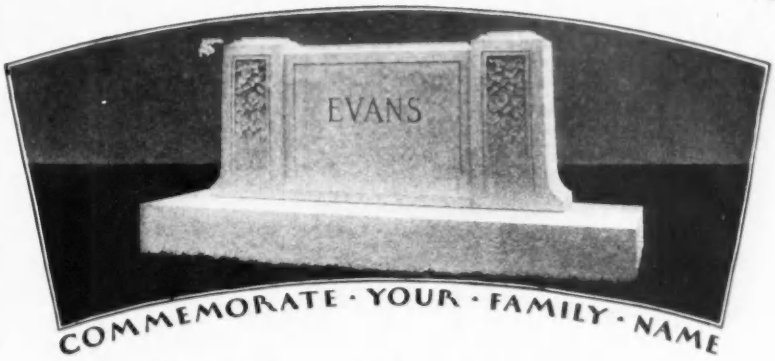
"Great-uncle, your grandmother! Ask him. Look at him. He remembers—he knows it's true."

Bunk stood holding his cap in twitching blue fingers, his eyes glued to the other's face, guilt written on every line of his figure.

There was one thing the boys could not tolerate, even in a friend. Cowardice. A wave of sick disgust swept the room. Unable to look, they dropped their eyes, turned away.

Bunk, quivering from the shock of coming face to face with the thing that had haunted him for ten years, saw them turn from him. Saw something else.

In the back of the room Jenny had risen. She put her hands on the table top and leaned toward him. Jenny's eyes—those candid, be-



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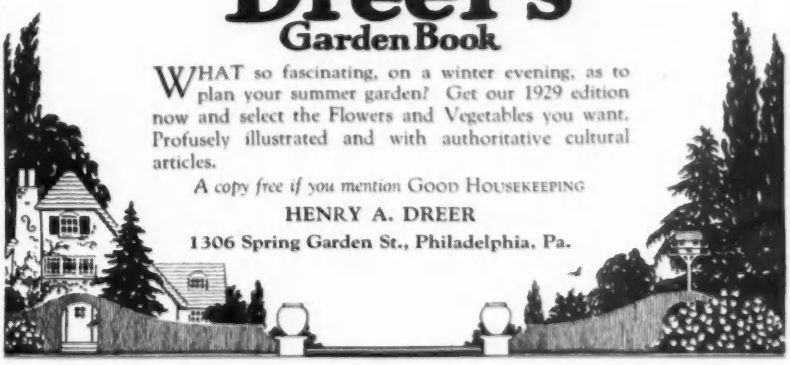

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In using advertisements see page 6

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THE HOUSE OF SHOEMAKER—TWENTY SECOND YEAR

The Lost Legion

lieving eyes of hers—wrote words there upon the tense, accusing silence.

"Something is wrong." An insight truer than evidence or proof. "This isn't so. Tell them it isn't. Think, Bunk—*think hard* . . ."

The clock on the wall chimed the quarter-hour to midnight, and Bunk clutched his shabby old cap and stared back at Jenny. "Think, Bunk—think hard." That fog. The dim hillside. Roar of cannons. The spurt of warm blood, and a savage instinct to push forward with his bayonet and do his work. Then this fellow's face jammed against his—right against his—*why was it so close?* The two of them grappling—a battle within a battle—the earth rising. As he floated toward oblivion, he heard words that he would never be able to forget—to live down . . . "He grabbed me and jumped behind me to save himself." Now, as clearly outlined as a steel engraving, he saw it all. He remembered.

His body snapped. His old cap came up in a sweeping, triumphant circle. His voice leaped through the bars that had imprisoned him and rang and rang in the room.

"You were running away! You turned right in front of me. I stopped you—whirled you about!"

It was not an accusation, but a shout of freedom—the striking away of fetters. Himself and all that life held for him, restored to him.

"JENNY, I shouldn't have spoken out like that before everybody. But it all cleared up—the thing I couldn't remember. He must have been afraid I'd tell what he'd done, and he began shouting this other. I don't know if it was as soon as we were struck or in the field hospital—it's rather dim—but I heard him, and all these years I've thought I was a coward."

"Don't worry about him. He's leaving soon, and he'll go where no one knows." She clutched his arm. "Listen!"

Bedlam had broken loose. Midnight. And the crowd that had been in the Chow Shop (they had slipped out unobtrusively to allow Parker to go back alone to his room) was expressing itself with tin cans, bells, tom-toms, and firecrackers.

"That's for you, Bunk; come to the door! They're happy. It's—it's fine to believe in the person you want to believe in!"

He took off his cap and bared his head to the heavens. The voices of a hundred bells showered about them, and the starlight made a splendor over all that silvered land. She knew he was thinking of a girl.

Jenny batted her eyes very fast, and let her own heart go out to meet its dreams.

The next Jenny story, "Un Soldat," will appear in the February Good Housekeeping.

Smart Fashion Details

(*Continued from page 71*)

are so easily made that no pattern is required, and this treatment may be repeated on the cuffs if desired. It may also be used for remodeling. Tiny tucks below a draped neck relieve the severity of the afternoon frock which is shown next. A shirred drapery adds interest to the hip-line and skirt of the frock at the right and also gives the uneven line which is so new.

A clever and easily made belt is shown below these sketches. Two shades of ribbon and interlocked rings in the same colors are used. If these are not obtainable, single rings may be substituted. Two lengths of ribbon, one of each color, are slipped through two rings. The rings are held a certain distance apart, about ten inches, and the two ends of the ribbons brought together and tied, catching in the back part of the ribbons. This is repeated between every two rings. The ribbon may be cut under one of the bows and arranged to fasten with hooks and eyes.

House Plants

(*Continued from page 36*)

the way of location and favorable conditions, will secure their finest development. The small sun-porch, plant alcove, or small conservatory naturally supplies such conditions most ideally. A glass roof spells perfection here, and with proper ventilation, heating, and intelligent care of well-selected plants, all sorts of beautiful flowers are possible.

I have recently seen such a small, glazed plant room added to one side of an ordinary sun-parlor, which was entirely planned—and partly executed—by a woman herself, and which, during the entire winter, was a blaze of color and beauty. The manual labor was performed by an Italian "hired man," under the direction, and with the aid, of the originator of the scheme. The expense was not great, as the flat stones for the floor were home-hauled from a near-by farm, the sash for the sides and roof picked up at a bargain, and the simple plumbing and heating apparatus connected with the existing sun-room system. It may add to the interest of the story to hear that the money required for the whole was saved by the flower-loving originator of the plan, who assumed, for the necessary time, the position of family cook! Most of us, however, must content ourselves with existing conditions; ordinary sunny windows, bay windows, sunrooms, which can give us not only green but bloom, and the interest of the growing.

Successful Window Gardens

The illustration at the top of page 36 illustrates the small conservatory type of window gardening in perfection, the entire window space including plants of great variety in full and luxuriant bloom. Hanging baskets and different vines and ferns supply additional grace and beauty. Blossoming annuals, started during the preceding summer, are featured extensively and include snapdragon, stocks, the exquisite lavender schizanthus — especially successful — much of the violet-like streptocelon, and also the interesting and effective calceolaria so frequently seen in English gardens, but seldom with us. Ivy, geraniums in full bloom—also much used in England—oxalis, and vinca variegata are abundant in the hanging baskets.

In the central picture is shown an especially successful window garden filled entirely with geraniums covered with masses of rich and vari-colored bloom. One amaryllis lily gives additional brilliancy to the group. I should like to call especial attention to the stand in which the pots are placed as being ornamental, cleanly, and easily moved. It consists, as you see, of a shallow zinc pan fitted into a frame on castors, enabling it to be moved conveniently from window to window, often an advantage. This particular stand is only a few inches high, fitting the low windows of the room. It is filled with seashore pebbles, in which the pots are set. Frequent spraying, one of the contributing reasons for the luxuriance and beauty of the plants, is thus accomplished with no danger of injuring the shelf or surroundings. The pebbles are all the prettier for being wet; they are kept from year to year, and may be the by-product of a seaside holiday.

A similar arrangement is seen in the especially lovely window garden shown at the bottom of page 36, the frame and pan being made to fit a small bay-window shelf in the same room. Here we see a variety of plants in full bloom, including a hanging basket filled with pink ivy geranium and the delicate German ivy, one of the prettiest and most rapid growers among indoor vines. This, toward spring, is covered with a mist of golden blossoms. Geraniums, mostly bright pinks and whites, are largely in evidence here also. The all-winter feature of this window is the French combination of pink with many pots of brilliant sky-blue streptocelon in full bloom; I know of no lovelier window garden combination. The latter is a long-season annual, and may be raised from seed or slipped. Toward spring flowering bulbs in abundance—narcissi, tulips,

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First sift together 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon salt. Beat 1 egg well, add gradually ½ cup milk, then ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Slowly add this mixture to sifted dry ingredients, stirring constantly. When smooth, add 4 tablespoons melted shortening. Lastly, fold in ½ cup grated cheese. Half fill greased muffin tins with the mixture and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with butter. Makes 16.

BRAN COFFEE CAKE

First sift together 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, then mix in 2 cups bran. Beat 2 eggs well, add 1 cup milk and 6 tablespoons Brer Rabbit Molasses. Combine the two mixtures, then add 3 tablespoons melted shortening and ¾ cup raisins. Pour into greased shallow pan. Sprinkle top with cinnamon and sugar mixed. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). If served warm, tear apart gently with forks.

These recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

★

SO tempting on a chilly morning—Brer Rabbit hot muffins or coffee cake—light textured and of appetizing brownness and flavor. Healthful, too, for molasses is rich in iron and lime, two tonics we need. Brer Rabbit is real New Orleans molasses—with that full, luscious flavor you remember from childhood.

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House Plants

freezias—are substituted for some of the geraniums. Many pots of the variegated green and white geraniums are used in both windows with great decorative effect. Luxuriant sprays of English ivy wreathe the sides and bottom of the casement.

Geraniums undoubtedly take the lead as easily-grown, free-blooming, and lovely; they are by far the most popular and valuable inhabitants of our window gardens. They are easily propagated by cuttings, and should always be kept well pruned; therefore, there is no reason why we should not at any time acquire a plant of any admired new variety. Pots in which geraniums are grown should be comparatively small, as the plants bloom most freely when the roots are somewhat pot-bound. Keep moist, but avoid over-watering; give all the sun possible, and do not overcrowd. Spray occasionally to keep the foliage bright and free from dust. They have practically no plant enemies. There are all sorts of beautiful varieties, but be sure to include the "Vernon" liberally, as it is a very free bloomer and its color is a particularly lovely shade of brilliant cherry shading to a white center. White geraniums are particularly effective among the various rich and glowing colors. We consider a pot of the tiny-leaved, sweet-scented variety a "must-have"; small sprigs of this are especially delightful in party fingerbowls.

Among other especially lovely and more unusual house plants are Fuchsias, favorites in our grandmothers' window gardens. Don't allow these to get pot-bound; repot them as they grow. Train on standards and prune into good shape; fertilize liberally. White fly is their main enemy; spray with nicotine solution.

Gloxinias: valuable for their extraordinarily brilliant bloom and velvety leaves; may be propagated by leaf-cuttings, rooting quickly in sand. Water liberally after buds appear, and give extra plant food. Let rest after flowering.

Plumbago: a graceful, beautiful plant, rooting easily from cuttings, with abundant loose clusters of lavender-blue flowers. Prune freely to secure new growth and liberal bloom; water and fertilize freely; set in the garden in summer.

Marguerite: beautiful, free-flowering, easily-grown. Let roots get pot-bound to secure bloom. The aphis likes this; spray often for prevention; immerse in suds, or dust with tobacco-powder for cure. *Pick off wilted blossoms.*

Euphorbia: an exquisite, graceful plant, seldom seen in window gardens, with clusters of lovely pink or cherry-colored blossoms. Guard from extremes of heat and cold; it chills easily.

Azaleas: always beautiful, but requiring special care and in a different class from the foregoing, as they must be purchased, instead of being home-raised.

General Care of House Plants

While it is true that different plants have different needs, there are many general rules which apply to the every-day care of all house plants. First, their foliage should be kept fresh and free from dust. A rubber-bulb hand-sprayer is almost a necessity in the successful care of plants, and the fine spray of tepid water, may be applied so as to injure neither paint, shelf, nor floor. If pots are set in pebbles, so much to the good; if not, give shelf or table a hard, waterproof surface.

Storm windows should not be used with plant windows, as double glass diminishes the value of the sun's rays; too low a night temperature, however, is a disadvantage, so slip newspapers between plants and windows on cold nights

Watering: One learns by experience each individual plant's needs. Over-watering is as bad as its opposite, as the soil gets sour and soggy if too wet, causing decay. Never let water stand in the saucers; this is always injurious, with one or two exceptions. The water should be tepid, and as a rule applied liberally each morning.

On bright, warm days open the windows near the plants a bit; and always keep the room well ventilated. Turn pots frequently to secure

symmetrical development. Remove yellow leaves and faded blossoms at once, that none of the plant's strength be drained by seed-ripening.

Plants used on the table should be frequently set in the sun for two or three hours. Plants look much better if pots are kept clean; glazed pots are usually not so successful as porous ones. On principle, painted pots do not commend themselves; last winter, however, intrigued by our recollections of the gay painted pots used so much in France, we painted our pots and saucers a warm, light gray, with simple conventional flower decoration. The result was charming, and our plants seemed as successful as usual.

The insect pests most common on house plants are aphides, red spider, white fly, mealy bug, and scale. I want first to emphasize the point that healthy plants are not nearly so liable to disease or insect attack; therefore, try to stress prevention rather than cure. Frequent spraying with a bulb hand-sprayer will go far to discourage all the above pests, as they dislike water. If aphides appear, dust with tobacco powder; also, all these common insect pests are successfully combated by dissolving shaved-off bits of fish-oil soap in boiling water, diluting to make a suds, and inverting and submerging the affected plant (hold the hand over the earth). After immersing, let the plant stand two or three hours, then spray with clear water. An easy extemporaneous remedy for aphides is to immerse inverted small plants in strong, ordinary suds (tepid), lightly rubbing infested sprays through the fingers, or using a soft brush.

In caring for window gardens you will find a watering pot with a long slender spout useful, while an old kitchen fork makes the best "cultivator."

We find that the early and regular use (according to directions) of some good plant food is helpful, indeed almost necessary, stimulating bloom and making the foliage greener and more thrifty. Much-diluted liquid cow-manure, a little bone meal mixed with the soil (acting slowly but surely), an occasional pinch of nitrate of soda to a pint of the water used in watering, Bowker's Plant Food, Fertiflora, are some of our helps in this direction. Select your favorite, or that most convenient, and apply according to directions.

Good Housekeeping Studio

(*Continued from page 39*)

let us now consider it in detail and in relation to the living-room from which it opens. As the plan shows, it is about 15 feet square, with a little jog on one side. The wall from which the doors open has to the right of it a comfortable willow chair of quaint, elongated shape which invites one to lounge; to the left a stone jar with the pyramidal ivy in the corner, a green iron table, and two yellow iron chairs. Directly opposite the door, so it can be seen from the living-room, is a fascinating little plant stand of iron, painted green, which holds five plants. This can be seen clearly in the photograph at the top of page 39, which shows what you see from the living-room door. The altogether delightful chaise longue on wheels is placed in a corner, with a metal lamp painted green to match the flower stand at its right, and a low table of black iron, with a glass top which holds a cigarette box, and a quaint little square china jar for a growing plant. This jar, by the way, is of yellow, and gives a bright note of color on the black table. The shade on the green lamp is of a yellow-orange. In the opposite corner is the stone jar with the pyramidal ivy and easy chair. The picture at the top of page 38 shows the rest of this group, and the wall to the left of the door opening from the living-room. Here we have the iron table and chairs of yellow, of which I have already spoken, a sofa which seats two, with a small green iron table in front of it which would be convenient for a tea tray, books, or magazines.

When Good Cooks Get Together

"A French Chef Told me" *Quick way to make meat sauce revealed to Mrs. John D. Bussell of Massachusetts*

"GOOD gravies and sauces can make or spoil the best meat dishes. Even so, when one is hurried, you can't spend too much time preparing them. A French chef from one of our big Boston hotels, however, told me how to save both the time and the sauce by using 'STEERO' bouillon cubes.

"Just add 1 cube to juice left in pan after chops (or steaks) are fried. About ¾ cup of water and 3 tablespoons of tomato soup complete the sauce. Thicken to taste. I use this sauce with all kinds of meat dishes. It's fine on the fish course, too."

Some call them "Magic Cubes"

"STEERO" bouillon cubes have been favorites for hot drinks since 1909. Today they are kitchen necessities in thousands of households—for soups, sauces, entrées, cocktails . . . even for sandwich spreads. Easy to use. Economical, too. But it costs you nothing to find out for yourself. Merely send the coupon below for a new cook book prepared by Bertha M. Becker, food specialist—

"STEERO" *bouillon cubes were introduced in 1909. They are now known to millions. Look for the name* "STEERO" *on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 50 and 100 cubes. Sold by grocers, delicatessen and drug stores.*

"101 new dishes" and samples of cubes FREE

American Kitchen Products Co.
278-A Water Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY & STATE

In using advertisements see page 6

If You Read to Learn

(*Continued from page 43*)

Easy enough is it to answer the correspondent who wrote: "Somewhere a long time ago I read a list of books which if read, said some well-known man, would equal a college education. I am sorry I did not keep that list. I wish you would tell me what books you would choose, and in what order you would read or study them, if you were to make a similar list. I want to read books that will show life from all angles and give me a knowledge of history, art, etc."

It is not for me here to give a treatise on education, what it is or what it means. But a better definition than that expressed by her words, "that will show life from all angles and give a knowledge of history, art, etc.," it would be hard to find, especially if we italicize the *etc.*

Five Feet of Liberal Education

Fortunately I had not lost my list. I knew she referred to a list prepared by Dr. Eliot of Harvard University when a publishing house asked him to name the books he meant when he said: "In my opinion a five-foot shelf would hold books enough to give in the course of years a good substitute for a liberal education in youth to any one who would read them with devotion, even if he could spare but fifteen minutes a day for reading." This publishing house then published Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books as "The Harvard Classics" (50 vols., Collier), including all these books, together with an outline for reading them. In making his selections for the Five-Foot Shelf Dr. Eliot was assisted by a large number of specialists. How many thousand or hundred thousand of these sets have been distributed I do not know. I should prefer to know how many of those sold had been read. For the trouble with sets of books like this is that it is so much easier to buy them, and even to pay for them, irritating as the monthly payment plan is, than to continue faithfully, day in and day out, to stick to their pages.

And yet for the persevering there is not to be found anywhere more easily available, better courses, more comprehensive, more scholarly in their outline and thoroughness, than those contained in "The Harvard Classics."

Fortunately the student who wishes to take his education in more homeopathic doses, and to find more variety in the prescriptions, will not have far to seek. The American Library Association has prepared a series of reading courses, forty-five in all, though some of them have not yet been published, under the general title, "Reading With a Purpose" (cloth, 50c each; paper, 35c each). Obviously it is impossible to list them here, but they cover a wide range of topics, including some few general ones like "Biology," "Philosophy," "English Literature," and a great many special ones like "The Europe of Our Day," "The Poetry of Our Own Times," "Conflicts in American Public Opinion," "George Washington," "Twentieth Century American Novels." Each course is outlined in a small pamphlet written by an authority on the subject, which serves as an introduction to the subject and explains why the books listed are recommended. Thus the course on "The Westward March of American Settlement" is by Hamlin Garland, who spent his boyhood with the pioneers of the prairie and who has written more than twenty books about the men and women who settled the West; and "The Founders of the Republic" is by Claude G. Bowers, the eloquent editor of The New York *Evening World* and author of several books on American politics, history, and biography. Each pamphlet includes also a foreword by the American Library Association, explaining why this course is published, and a few words introducing the author. The list of pamphlets so far published may be seen at any public library, and the pamphlets themselves used or purchased there. Those having no access to a public library can secure them by application to the American Library Association, 86 East Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois.

The books suggested for reading are also to be found in the library. This is a distinct advantage to the student who can not afford to purchase many books. I can not recommend these courses too highly. They are interesting and appealing as well as authentic. Yet naturally, since they are designed for a large public, that which asks the public librarian for assistance in planning reading, they are not deep or intensive.

For the student who wishes to read deeply rather than extensively on some one subject connected with English literature, the Oxford University Press (American Branch) has prepared three reading courses, one on "The English Novel," one on "The Essay," and one on "Biography." Each course, available in boards at one dollar each, has been prepared by a scholar who gives what might be called a "written lecture" on the nature and purpose of this particular form of literature to be studied, in order that the student may read more intelligently the books listed. There follow some remarks to the reader of the same nature as those made by a professor to his pupil when he assigns him the "required" reading, and some questions of the same kind as a professor would put to this student in class-room or examination after the reading was done.

The books suggested are all available in "The World's Classics" series (Oxford, 80c each). Each entire course, including the key volumes and the questions, as well as the complete set of books, and the opportunity to consult the Director of the course by mail, is to be had at the price of the books alone, "The English Novel" (20 volumes) at sixteen dollars, "The Essay" (15 volumes) at twelve dollars, and "Biography" (15 volumes) also at twelve dollars.

Organized Reading

The motive of the editors, as set forth by them, is to supply readers with adequate guidance for their appreciation of books. They believe that this can be done by directed, organized reading. They desire to serve not only those ambitious individuals who have not had educational opportunities, but also those highly educated persons who want to bring organization into their scattered reading. Their objective is "organized reading; reading that leaves us with a foundation and a structure; reading that guides us without spoon-feeding us; reading that makes us do our own thinking and create our own standards."

This is worth noting, for it indicates that they strive not only for education, but also for the stimulation of culture. For what differentiates education from culture is just this ability to think for oneself, to raise standards for oneself. An educated person is one who knows what he should like, who is acquainted with all the proper standards of value. A cultured person is one who likes the best, who is able to set standards of value. I stop to say this here, because so often my correspondents seem to think that culture is something they can don like a garment. They have only to read certain books, see certain pictures hear certain music, and accept the opinions of others with regard to them, and they will be considered cultured. But culture is not so easily come by. It is true that the reading of books, the seeing of pictures, and the hearing of music may help one to it, but only as they exercise one's thought, one's discrimination, one's taste. They are to the acquirement of culture what the exercise of the muscles is to the acquirement of a fine physique. Culture is that attitude of mind, that inner sense of rightness, that appreciation of beauty, that sense of values and many more things that may result from the reading and seeing and hearing. But they will result only if and when the reader and the seer and hearer is frank and honest about his own reactions. So long as he is willing to accept the reports of others as to what he should think and feel, he will be merely educated. Only when he is able to report that he actually feels these reactions may he lay claim to culture.

Of course, one must have some taste—one must have intelligence. Without these one should not hope to attain culture. But the only way to discover how much one has is by this experimental method.

"Tell me how I can appear cultured." How often I see this line! Dear friends, there is no easy way. The search for culture is the search for beauty, for truth, for wisdom. The simplest way is to lay hold of the beauty nearest you, enjoy that, ask yourself why you enjoy it, seek to discover through the recorded experiences of others why you enjoy it. You will find yourself going on from book to book. You will become so interested you will forget about being cultured. But some day you will find yourself formulating ideas, opinions, on this subject. You may even find yourself an authority on it. In "Ernest Harold Baynes, Naturalist and Crusader" (Houghton Mifflin, $4.00) Raymond Gorges tells the life story of a man who, from his early studies in his own back-yard, went on to further studies and experiments until he became an authority on wild life.

There are helps by the way—guide-books, one might call them, to culture. The best I have found is a little volume by Jesse Lee Bennett, "On 'Culture' and 'A Liberal Education'" (Arnold, $1.50), prepared in answer to "many scores of letters from men and women of all ages and classes requesting lists of books which could help them to these ends." It shows that there is nothing mysterious or artificial about culture. It shows what culture is and gives advice as to how one may seek it. The second section gives some lists of books, with comments, on the subjects of history, science, philosophy, belles lettres, travel, exploration and adventure, archaeology, imaginative literature, world politics, music, the fine arts, and comparatively recent books that will help one on one's way.

Since it covers the entire field of knowledge, the lists under each subject are short. It is the more remarkable, therefore, that they should be so excellent. Naturally I might have omitted some of those he has chosen, and placed others there that he has not. Each compiler has his own favorites. But it is doubtful if any one could have produced a more complete list.

One Book Leads to Another

Short though each list is, there is reading enough to fill the evenings of several winters. But one need not take them all. Nor should the reader begin with any such intention. Let him choose the subject that most interests him. Sufficient to the winter is the reading thereof. It may be that having read one list one winter, he will find his interest in that subject so stimulated that he will turn away from the others and seek further enlightenment on this. If, for instance, it is the list under the heading "Imaginative Literature," he may find himself wishing that he were more responsive to the beauties he feels there surely must be in these books, and turn to Arnold Bennett's "Literary Taste and How to Form It" (Doubleday, Doran, $1.50), and follow the advice offered by this master of English. He, too, offers lists. Out of all English literature, from its beginnings to the end of the nineteenth century, he selects 335 books which he recommends. He does not ask his pupils to read all of them but says,

"When you have read, wholly or in part, a majority of these three hundred and thirty-five volumes, *with enjoyment*, you may begin

If You Read to Learn

to whisper to yourself that your literary taste is formed; and you may pronounce judgment on modern works which come before the bar of your opinion in the calm assurance that, though to err is human, you do at any rate know what you are talking about."

I once knew a woman who followed this advice. To what extent this reading was responsible for it I do not, of course, know. But it happens that she is today editor of a much read literary column.

For a list from all literature, there is available only in one of E. Haldeman-Julius' Little Blue Books (Girard, Kansas) "One Hundred Best Books" by that sophisticated critic, John Cowper Powys, who has probably introduced more American women to "Literature" than any other lecturer in America. These little books, five cents each, have sold to the number of 100,000,000. Mr. Haldeman-Julius' ambition, as he outlined it to me, is to be the Ford of literature. In other words, he seeks by mass production to make the great literature of all ages available to the poorest pocket-book in the land. His catalogue reads like an Almanach de Gotha or a "Who's Who" of literature, and ought to be in the hands of every purchaser and reader of books for improvement.

Guides to Appreciation

A definite piece of study is offered by the course of "Creative Reading," published by the Institute of Current Literature, College House, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Massachusetts, which attempts to teach the reader how to get the most from what he reads through a series of objective reviews by trained reviewers. Each lesson, issued in pamphlet form, consists of the analysis of a work of fiction done after the objective method, which means done not from the point of view of its effect on the reviewer as my reviews in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING are done, which is the subjective method, but according to the canons of literature, as to whether the author succeeds in doing what he sets out to do, and a criticism of the methods he employs to this end; an essay on some phase of literary method, a discussion of a work of non-fiction, and a set of questions by which the student is to test his grasp of the lesson.

Another book that strives to lead the reader to an appreciation of literature is "Rewards of Reading" by Frank Luther Mott (Holt, $1.90). This book always fills me with envy that I did not do it first. "Intelligent pleasure-seeking," according to this intelligent, wise, and inspiring author, should be the spirit with which one sets out to read. In his introduction he seeks to show us how to find that pleasure. Like all the other guides to the enjoyment of reading or the development of taste, he recommends the process of trying by experiment and accepting on experience. At the end of the introduction he gives a short list of books and essays on reading. There follow chapters on the various forms of literature, each one listing books the author thinks "the reader may learn to care for." He does not ask him to work through all or any one of these lists, but he hopes he may choose from them some books to love.

An earlier and simpler book is one whose appeal has carried it through many editions, C. Alphonso Smith's "What Can Literature Do For Me?" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00). In a series of chapters he shows how "it may give an outlet, it can keep before you the vision of the ideal, it can give you a better knowledge of human nature, it can restore the past to you, it can show you the glory of the commonplace, it can give you the mastery of your own language." The books with which he would point his morals are referred to in the text. Because of this some readers may merely read their titles and no more. But not this way will they understand his points. To do that, they should stop at the end of each chapter and read the books mentioned. Thus this book, too, becomes the outline of a course, a chart leading the reader to the objective Mr. Smith set.

There is, in fact, no better way to acquire culture—and I use the word "acquire" in the sense in which the Christian saints did when they "acquired" virtue—than to sample, one by one, such examples as are set forth in some good book on criticism. I remember one summer starting out on Bliss Perry's "A Study of Prose Fiction" (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). I wanted to know how prose fiction was written, how it should be judged. In the appendix of this book was a list of books suggested for study. One by one I read each book suggested. Some of them were out of print and had to be advertised for, but I ran them down persistently. Many of these books in turn had other references. Those, too, I ran down and read. A year had passed, and two long shelves were filled with books gathered from the second-hand bookstores of the land before I stopped. One, C. T. Winchester's "Principles of Literary Criticism," carried me through the entire summer with the poems, long and short, by which he sought to prove his points. But I followed him, book by book. And though it was a hard-work way, a tedious way that I should not recommend in such severity, yet I have never regretted it, for I doubt if with any less concentrated effort I should ever have worked to the point where acceptance of criticism gave way to conscious, informed appreciation.

Another reason why I do not regret it is that it gave me a great and thorough respect for all study. In a new book, "How to Criticize Books" (Norton, $1.75), which, though written "for that constantly growing class of people who contribute in any way to the criticism, guidance, or even the description of what is going on in the world of thought," has much of value for the reader who would read critically, Llewellyn Jones says that "to be a competent critic, you should know one subject in detail—so that by personal experience one will know what scholarship involves and what research is."

Know One Subject

This may apply equally to the man seeking culture. It matters not how small or relatively unimportant the matter be—the Einstein Theory or the French Revolution, the editions of Izaak Walton or the habits of snails—detailed, accurate knowledge, comprehensive acquaintance of a subject, lifts a man out of the common run of smatterers and gives him a standard of thoroughness in all fields and a respect for knowledge. Once a country preacher who had spent thirty years studying the life and words of Patrick Brontë brought me the manuscript of his book to read. It was not worthy of publication. The manner was labored, and the matter sterile. As far as the manuscript was concerned, he had wasted his time. But what that manuscript had done to him! Shabby, old, worn, there was about him a certain dignity, a sense of importance, that seemed to spring from his own awareness of what he knew. When he preached, he did it with assurance. One thing he knew and knew that he knew. Great comfort that, though the world ignored it.

Not every one, of course, can spend the leisure of a life on one subject, but there are few readers who can not devote a winter now and then to covering a single author or a single period of history. Some of the new books not only point the way, but tempt one along it. Beside me now there are no less than nine recently read books, dealing in some fashion with the French Revolution. When I finished that absorbing study of "Robespierre" (Putnam, $5.00), a new edition of the book in which Hilaire Belloc strives to prove that "the man was killed for trying to do the opposite of the very thing which he was popularly supposed to be doing, and his death and removal largely achieved what he would have desired to achieve himself," I could not wait to go on to the same author's "Danton" (Putnam, $5.00), and to review his "Marie Antoinette" (Putnam, $5.00). I followed this with "Marie Antoinette" by the Marquis de Ségur (Dutton, $5.00). Louis Bertrand's "Louis XIV" (Longmans, Green, $5.00) next claimed my attention and, following that, "Jefferson—Friend of France" by Meade Minnigerode (Putnam, $5.00), "Voltaire, Genius of Mockery" by Victor Thaddeus (Brentano's, $5.00), "Thomas Paine, Prophet and Martyr of Democracy" by Mary Agnes Best (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). "French Society in the Eighteenth Century" by Louis Ducros (Putnam, $5.00) was not to be put by, and glad, indeed, I was that it was not. And if lack of time did not prevent me, I should be rereading Thomas E. Watson's "The Story of France" (2 vols., Dodd, Mead, $6.00) and Thomas Carlyle's "The French Revolution," and thence on to memoirs and source books and even to scholarly treatises on the subject.

Innumerable lists like this could develop out of any of the many fine biographies now written, such as one on German writers out of Emil Ludwig's "Goethe: The History of a Man" (Putnam, $5.00), or one on eighteenth-century England and Englishmen out of "Charles James Fox" by John Drinkwater (Cosmopolitan, $5.00).

Yet a specialist is not necessarily a man of culture. Who has not known a scholar learned in some dead subject who was an utter barbarian as far as all other subjects were concerned? This special knowledge of a specialist must have some relation to the whole body of knowledge. Yet, contrary to popular opinion, it is not necessary that this man of culture, like Bacon, shall have taken all knowledge for his field. One of the most sought-after lecturers in the field of belles lettres hates music, is tone-deaf, and boasts that he knows nothing about it. Yet no one can question his possession of "culture," though he himself would probably scorn the word. One of the harshest literary critics abhors paint and canvas. Which does not mean that the searcher for culture should not expose himself to these two mediums of expression. He may find that they appeal to him far more than literature. And the method of exposure is much the same as for literature. See the pictures, hear the music—read about the pictures and the music and strive to see in them and hear in them what the writers do. There are guide-books here, too. It is easy to name histories of art and music—that comprehensive and detailed work, "An Outline History of Art" by Joseph Pijoan (3 vols., Harper, $12.50 each; $36.50 for the set), or the more condensed history of "Art Through the Ages" by Helen Gardner (Harcourt, Brace, $4.00), "The Story of Music" by Paul Bekker (Norton, $3.50), "The Book of Musical Knowledge" by Arthur Elson (Houghton Mifflin, cloth $3.95; fabrikoid $5.00), "Music" by Ursula Creighton (Dutton, $3.00) in "The Simple Guide Series," which contains other books of this kind on architecture, pictures, English literature, and other subjects—but special lists would have to be made for books of appreciation.

Books of the World of Today

There remains for the seeker after culture knowledge of the world he lives in today. Although there are those of undoubted culture who are sequestered in the eighteenth century and some, even, who have not left early Greece, most of us try to acclimate ourselves to the mental climate of our day. Fortunately, there are many books to reveal it to us—mental geographies, mental thermometers, one might call them. But two stand out, at this moment, with particular aptness for this purpose. The first, "The New Universe" by Baker Brownell (Van Nostrand, $4.00), mentioned before, is a picture of the world as the modern man sees it, not overlooking but emphasizing the fact that man lives in three worlds at the same time,

New Charm, New Beauty New Health

DOROTHY KNAPP—*proclaimed "The World's Most Beautiful Girl," an enthusiastic Health Builder user*

NOW, more than ever before, the modern woman is intolerant of overweight. Not only because of fashion's decree, but more important, for radiant health and vigor, a figure of youthful slenderness is much to be desired.

Heretofore, distasteful diets, nostrums and punishing exercises made weight reduction unpleasant and unsafe! Now, with the new Battle Creek Health Builder, modern woman keeps physically fit, pleasingly slender, easily, quickly and in an amazingly simple natural and enjoyable way.

The Delightful Battle Creek Method

Only 15 minutes a day of delightfully soothing vibratory exercise and massage—the unique method devised in Battle Creek, world's health center—is the new way to discard that surplus fat on waistline, hips, thighs, legs and ankles. The rapidly oscillating girdles of the Battle Creek Health Builder improve blood circulation, tone up the muscles, aid elimination, stimulate metabolism and take off weight wherever you wish.

A Model for Every purpose

There is now a Battle Creek Health Builder for every individual requirement. The new Universal Home Model is ideal for home use. It may be used on table, dresser, or wall mounting—or with its special stand. The famous Athletic Model is very popular for home gymnasiums, schools, hotels, clubs, institutions, trans-Atlantic liners. The De Luxe Cabinet Model is the last word in beauty and utility.

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Sanitarium Equipment Co.

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The Battle Creek Health Builder Keeps You Slender

If You Read to Learn

the physical, the spiritual, and the practical. As Jesse Lee Bennett puts it, this book "never loses sight of the individual's relationship to the vast and complicated environment of which all knowledge, existing at any given time, is merely a more or less successful attempt at understanding."

The second book of this kind is "Whither Mankind: a Panorama of Modern Civilization" (Longmans, Green, $3.00), a thick volume edited by the historian Charles A. Beard, an attempt to "assess the values of civilization" and speculate "about its destiny." The several phases, such as science, business, labor, law and government, war and peace, health, the family, race and civilization, religion, are each dealt with by an authority "of outstanding competence." One does not agree with all the ideas presented, nor find them of equal interest. The chapters dealing with the arts, philosophy, and education, for instance, appeal the most to me. But one and all they have the virtue of courage, of a gallant intention to make the best of what is. Recognizing as they do that, for good or ill, science and the machine are invincible facts, they preach the doctrine that strength and glory will come out of them only by making use of reality and not by attempting to escape from it.

This book affected me profoundly—more profoundly than any book I have read for years. It was as if I had heard a sudden "Halt! Give the countersign!" and had stopped with the realization that I must know the magic words that would enable me to pass on whither I would go. It has started me to thinking—a hard process always. It has made me wish I could stop for just a moment from motoring, from radio listening, from traveling, and even from reading, and take counsel with myself. It gave me a fear that I might awaken from such an experience like Rip Van Winkle. All of which must sound foolish to those who have not read the book, perhaps to a few who have. But it is my belief that most of those who read it will, like me, be led to recapitulations, rephrasings, revaluations, making them as uncomfortable as do most growing pains.

For advice on books for yourself or to give to others, write Mrs. Blair, Joplin, Missouri. She will be glad to give you the benefit of her experience. Always enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply

The Realm of Winter Sports

(*Continued from page 61*)

other occasions. The imagination and personal taste in colors may run to brighter and more striking combinations than ordinarily.

For the winter traveler, the two coats from Schiaparelli and Irfé are ideal. Schiaparelli's is full of new ideas and combines two coats in one. The top section is of rough tweed, and the impression is that it is lined with black rabbit. The top or tweed portion conveniently peels off, however, and underneath is a black coat of wool silk. In this manner there is a coat to travel in and a dressier coat underneath for the required occasion.

That's Where Our Money Goes!

(*Continued from page 87*)

all, but the sacrifices required to get this thing must also be taken into account.

The question is inevitably propounded, when family finances are being discussed, What should the average family spend for food, housing, clothes, and so on? It is a question

that, frankly, I dislike very much even to try to answer. Every family has its own individual living conditions, its own individual problems, and no standard set of figures or table of averages will meet the needs of any one household.

A rule that seems to work out with a fair amount of certainty is that the lower the income, the greater is the proportion of it that must go for the bare necessities of life—food, clothing, and shelter. It is a grim fact that the family with a small income must spend most of it for the privilege of living, and can afford few of the trimmings of life.

Generally—very generally—speaking, on a rather moderate income, about a quarter of one's total income can be spent for housing, from a fifth to an eighth for food, depending on the size of the income and the number of people in the family, and slightly less for clothes. Most so-called "standard budgets" demand a savings account amounting to at least one-tenth of the income. I think that in the case of the family with a limited income and young children, most of the savings should go into life insurance. As the income drops below $2500 or $3000 a year, these proportions tend to rise. As it approaches the $10,000 mark, the percentages for food, shelter, and clothing tend to fall, while savings may shoot up to a fifth or more of the total income.

Our Winter Guests

(*Continued from page 27*)

was not. Think of that first winter! How desolate it was, with no birds at all for company!"

The winter in question was only a few years back. Prior to that, we had spent only the summer months at Three Brooks. And when we came from the city for the Christmas holidays, or for an occasional week-end in January or February, we found a lonely and deserted territory. We counted ourselves lucky to see half a dozen tree sparrows in the alder thickets by the lake, and possibly a bevy of chickadees and a woodpecker or two near Altar Rock, or in the woods beyond. Often it happened that we did not see a single bird of any kind from morning till night.

And now our winter guests average at least a hundred day by day. There is hardly an hour of any day, from October till April, when you may not see from half a score to half a hundred birds from any window, in the shelters or in neighboring trees, if not actually in one or another of the window pavilions, within hand's reach at the other side of the pane.

They are all welcome visitors, and "guests" in the full sense of the word, in that they are here by express invitation. For several years we have been broadcasting to the avian world that at Three Brooks we provide ample shelters, set a liberal table, keep no cats, and aim to please. The response shows that in the bird world, as elsewhere, it pays to advertise.

You must not suppose that we began by putting up such window pavilions and shelters as I have described. These were final developments, which we planned from the outset, but could not attain in a single season.

Our initial announcement consisted in the distribution of samples of the fare we had to offer, up at Altar Rock at the border of the woodland, and at various other outlying places —including, of course, the alder swamp at the outlet of our Lake of Dreams. Then we nailed small food-boxes against tree-trunks nearer the house, and adjusted barrel-covers or other platforms on the branches of neighboring pear trees and apple trees and against poles of the grape arbor.

These various tables, and many spaces under bushes and along stone walls, were kept supplied with liberal sprinklings of food-stuffs, ranging from mixed grains and chicken feed to finely ground corn, oats, wheat, and grass seeds.

Baskets of chicken-wire, to hold suet, were adjusted about limbs of trees or swung from

Are your door-knobs safe for little hands to touch?

HAVE you killed the germs on them with "Lysol" Disinfectant?

No matter how thoroughly you clean, with soap and water, the places little hands touch, germs remain to do their deadly work—to spread the common diseases which every mother dreads.

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Sole distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

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From door-knob, to fingers . . . to mouth!

In using advertisements see page 6

Patapar
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Parchment gives delightful results!

PATAPAR cookery parchment offers you a delightful, easy way to excel in cooking instantly. Just wrap your vegetables, meat, or fish in its clean white folds . . . and cook as usual. No juices escape. All the natural, mouthwatering flavors are kept inside.

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More or less flavor?

Depends upon what flavor you use. If it's *vanilla*, the chances are more will taste better. If *almond*, you may be using too much. If you would know the secrets of flavoring with just the right amount, SEND 10c for "Doubly Delicious Desserts of a Born Cook," to Joseph Burnett Co., 1 D Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

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Dept. 67 Springfield, Mass.

Our Winter Guests

convenient branches here and there, from the border of the woodland to the immediate vicinity of the house. These were designed to appeal primarily to the woodpeckers, but are highly appreciated also by chickadees, nuthatches, and jays; and on occasion are visited by brown creepers, kinglets, and cedar waxwings, as well as by various summer birds, including the orioles.

Our object, it will be observed, was to make the appeal as comprehensive as possible. The effect, as with other advertising, was cumulative. As more and more birds appeared, feeding places were provided nearer and nearer the house, culminating in the window shelves and the elaborate shelters surrounding them, which are now so enthusiastically patronized.

Our appeal was made primarily to the birds, of course, but response came also from various members of the four-footed fraternity, ranging from the largest of our mammals, the deer, to the smallest, the least shrew. In particular, from the squirrels, who, when the right provision was made for them, came to be among the most attractive of guests. Also among the most numerous, especially when the nut crop fails, as it did last year. Then they came in almost overwhelming numbers. A dozen or fifteen of the gray-furred beauties might be seen any morning about the shelters, with two or three occupying each of the pavilion compartments available for their use.

Squirrels have marked personalities, and with several we came to feel on terms of intimate acquaintance. The two favorites were an old friend, always referred to as Lady Jane, who has lived for several years in a hollow in one of the big apple trees near the house; and a new friend, who came late in the season from his cleverly built home of twigs and leaves in a tall tree by the old mill dam, and who was christened D'Artagnan at sight, because of his cavalier manner toward squirrels already here.

This manner, we found presently, implied only the momentary irritability of an amiable person who had not known a square meal for weeks. The manner changed, but the name clung.

Lady Jane and D'Artagnan soon became boon companions, and were usually to be found together, dining—for hours at a time—in the lower compartment of the north window pavilion, quite at our own table. When we would attract their attention, as by tapping on the window, they would both stand erect and fold their arms across their white aprons in the most engaging manner.

Lady Jane, her head turned coquettishly, reminds me then irresistibly of a charming waitress ready to take your order; while D'Artagnan, I insist, pantomimes a smiling but dignified *chef* about to carve the roast.

Felicia protests, but admits a certain measure of verisimilitude in the interpretation.

THE value of the protective screens of hemlock branches and juniper trees that fringe the shelters was illustrated tangibly one January morning, while we were at breakfast at the north window, somewhat as the utility of the wire netting had been shown when the sharp-shinned hawk was foiled earlier in the season.

The assailant this time was a no less fierce marauder of quite different type. Unlike the other, he did not come unheralded. We had noticed a group of tree sparrows diving headlong into the shelter as if terrified, and were peering from the window to see what might have frightened them, when we caught sight of our lone song sparrow madly hurtling toward us, pursued by a gray vandal, with wings and tail flashing black and white, that we knew for a butcher bird, or shrike.

The song sparrow is at best a feeble flyer, with relatively heavy body and small wings, and this particular individual was far too fat for racing. But he volplaned for the shelter, with sudden downward lurch, just as he seemed lost, and the pursuer, snapping with that vicious hooked bill, caught tail feathers only, and stripped out every one, while the sparrow was safe in the impervious depths of the evergreens, just beneath the window where we watched with bated breath.

The shrike dropped the tail feathers disgustedly and perched in the apple tree. He regarded me for a moment with an air between doubt and defiance, as I came to the door. Then with long, powerful swoops, he flew swiftly down into the valley. Fortunately, we never saw him again.

The song sparrow which thus suffered humiliation, and so narrowly escaped disaster, had been for three seasons a marked personality, because of the singularity of his taste in choosing to stay with us throughout the winter. There are scores of song sparrows among our summer guests, but they disappear to a feather in early December at latest. Then, about mid-December, appears this hardier individual, presumably from the north, to mingle with the tree sparrows and remain till spring, regardless of the weather. We speak of him always as "little Spi," which is short for "*Spizella*," the generic name of his tribe.

For several days after this perilous adventure, little Spi disappeared altogether, and we feared that he had suffered injury beyond the loss of feathers. When we next saw him, his manner suggested that he realized how odd he looked.

Whereas he had been quite cock-of-the-walk before—jaunty and militant, bristling up even to house sparrows, let alone tree sparrows and juncos—he was now humble and retiring, keeping out of the way of other birds instead of driving them before him.

"The uses of adversity may not be sweet," Felicia commented, "but apparently they may be at least temporarily corrective."

SHRIKES and hawks are rare visitants, fortunately, and at worst they take toll of relatively few victims. But there are weather conditions that may destroy the winter birds by thousands. There is one type of storm in particular that may spell disaster for whole populations, unless such food-supplying shelters as ours are available.

It is not a mere snowstorm that is most dangerous. Nor is cold weather in itself a great menace. The winter birds are well bundled, and have little fear of the weather, if their food-supplies are not cut off. The deadly type of storm is one that does cut off the food-supplies. It is a storm which usually begins with a rain, in relatively warm weather, and ends in sleet and snow with dropping thermometer.

Such a storm, by far the most menacing of the season, came last year late in March, after the calendar winter was over, and when the troops of juncos, song sparrows, and fox sparrows that make a southern trip in midwinter had just come back to us. It began as a summer-like tempest of rain and ended as a blizzard. It put a coating of ice, snow-frosted, on everything in the landscape—earth-surface, weed and grass stalk, tree trunk and branch and twig.

Hemlocks and junipers were arabesques in marble; white birches, bowed to the earth, were like gigantic ostrich plumes; the infinitely reticulated twigs of the great white oak across the way, and of the sugar maples, were miraculous scrolls of silver filigree, damascened against a metallic sky of incredible blueness. The trunks and larger branches of the trees might have been carved from rock crystal.

If Nature designed this spectacle as a miracle of fantastic beauty, her success was triumphant. If she designed it as a barricade of every form of food-supply for every bird, her success was no less triumphant. With the cold biting, and the mercury still falling; the sun more like any icy disc than a heat-giver; the wind freshening from the north, and more snow in the offing—the outlook was worse than menacing. There was certain augury that, left to their own devices, hundreds of birds must starve.

Our Winter Guests

But, of course, our guests were not left to their own devices. The artificial conditions of our shelters were the antithesis of the natural conditions. Long before dawn the snow had been cleared from the ground in the shelters; the pavilion compartments at the windows had been abundantly stocked; the suet at the cages cleared of ice; hemlock branches and tree trunks and arbor poles to some extent divested of their crystal covering.

Long before sunrise there were troops of birds on the ground in the shelters, ankle deep in mixed grains and seeds and corn-meal, instead of snow; still as ghosts as they feasted. By their forms rather than colors, I could make out innumerable tree sparrows and juncos, half a score of song sparrows, a pair of splendid fox sparrows. A little later a company of house sparrows appeared, and there were starlings and jays at food shelves in the pear tree just outside the shelter, and crows under the apple trees not fifty feet away.

The chickadees, coming from the woods in somewhat leisurely fashion, did not arrive quite so early, though they came not long after sunrise, by which time the nuthatches were also in the window pavilion, gathering sunflower seeds with customary avidity; and at least a dozen woodpeckers, downy and hairy, jaunty as always in their black and white regimentals, were hard at work at the various suet baskets.

Soon the cleared spaces at the food of the pear tree and under the arbor were alive with squirrels eagerly eating corn, while droll little shrews, like big mice in moleskin jackets, popped their heads from underground burrows to snatch kernels of corn from under the noses of their relatively gigantic confrères. By the time we came to the breakfast table, Lady Jane and D'Artagnan were busy in their usual compartment, and four other gray squirrels were in compartments of another window pavilion—including "Houdini," whose specialty is entering rooms reserved for sparrows, through wire meshes obviously too small to admit him.

While we breakfasted, an unending succession of sparrows and juncos and woodpeckers came and went, and the chickadees and nuthatches were perpetually with us, or made tentative journeys of exploration to the inhospitable branches of the neighboring apple trees. A little later, two red-breasted nuthatches and a brown creeper came to the arbor and found the ice-cleared poles and the suet supply so much to their liking that they remained there throughout the day, amusing us with their fly-like capacity for running along the under side of branches, as if oblivious of gravitation.

The cold held, the sky clouded, and soon snow was again falling; but this mattered not at all to our guests, except that they kept more persistently in and near the shelters than they would have done had outside conditions been more attractive. Nor did it greatly matter that two days more passed before the temperature rose to the melting point and released the ice-cased natural food-supplies of seed-head and bark-crevice and fruit bud.

Meantime, we who supplied the artificial food substitutes had the most enjoyable days of the entire winter, with interesting guests from morning till night. So far as we could judge, the satisfaction was mutual.

WE TRY often to make an exact census of our winter guests, but never succeed. The tree sparrows in particular are so numerous and so perpetually on the move as to make exact counting almost impossible.

It is certain, however, that not far from a hundred individuals may be in the shelters at one time. The total census, on a stormy day, is probably at least twice that.

Such an estimate is confirmed by the records of the amount of food consumed. A quart of ground grain spread over the floor of each shelter disappears like magic. The total amount of such "sparrow food" consumed last winter was more than five bushels. Of course the squirrels and shrews got some of it—though their own supplies of corn and wheat are elsewhere distributed—but the major part of it was taken by the little seed-eaters for which it was intended.

Meantime the chickadees and nuthatches disposed of two bushels of sunflower seeds; and many quarts of corn and "scratch" feed, later in the season, when the sunflower-seed supply ran low and could not be replenished. The nuthatches store seeds in every available crevice of bark on all trees within a hundred yards or so of the house. Whether they ever find them again, for later consumption, is a question that Felicia ponders often but has been unable to answer.

The commissary department further reports the consumption of about thirty pounds of suet, chiefly requisitioned by the woodpeckers, but highly appreciated also, to the extent of their small capacities, by chickadees and nuthatches, and by a pair of tiny, golden-crowned kinglets that visited us on rare occasions.

SO MUCH for the debit side of the ledger. The credit side records, of course, an inestimable fund of pleasure that we experience in watching our delightful guests. But there are more material elements that must not be overlooked. Indeed, it is well within bounds to say that every one of our guests pays his way in the equivalent of coin of the realm. In a quite literal sense, they are all "paying guests."

The sparrows' money equivalent consists in the destruction of the seeds of weeds and wild grasses that invade our lawns and gardens. It has been estimated that the tree sparrows alone, within the confines of a single state, may destroy more than eight hundred *tons* of noxious weed-seeds in a winter. We estimate that our sparrow-guests secure at least half their food-supply away from the shelters; which implies that they eat several bushels of weed-seeds in the neighborhood.

"There are plenty of weeds left," Felicia admits. "But think what our gardening task would be if the tree sparrows had not aided."

Just what the difference would be, one can only conjecture. But there is more commensurable evidence of the aid which the chickadees, nuthatches, and woodpeckers render, in their different fields of endeavor.

Our apple and pear trees bear fruit of a quite different order from that which they bore a few years ago, before we began spending the winter at Three Brooks and inviting the birds to cooperate with us.

Prior to that time, we endeavored to save the fruit from insect pests by the customary process of spraying. But the old fruit trees are so tall that efficient spraying is hardly possible, and we were lucky if we got a few sound apples to the bushel of injured ones.

The change, after the birds were invited to spend the winter with us, was spectacular. The chickadees in particular are busy from morning till night in the tree tops, fluttering down momentarily to the window pavilion for a sunflower seed or a dab of suet, but returning to round out the dietary with eggs of cankerworms and caterpillar moths, or such noxious insects as could be dug out from crevices of the bark, or extracted from fruit buds.

It has been estimated that a chickadee may destroy five thousand cankerworm eggs in a day! Multiply that by ten or twelve, the number of our chickadee guests, and then by about two hundred, the number of days they spend with us each season, and we gain at least a general notion as to how the feathered midgets pay their way.

More tangible still is the evidence when you examine the fruit the coming autumn, and note that sound apples, instead of being the rare exception, preponderate.

You understand then why it is that Felicia, when she sends a crate of apples to some friend in the city, is likely to append this legend,

"With the compliments of the chickadees!"

The Chef's flavoring for home cooking

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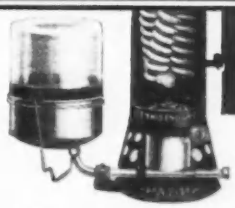

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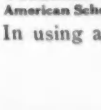

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In using advertisements see page 6

The Gentleman Janitor

(*Continued from page 46*)

years old and that, happily, they were no novelty at all, Miss Keeping waited. It was not a busy time either at the office or in her apartment. Miss Keeping had already wrapped the lovely gifts she had so carefully selected for her unappreciative family, and sent them off parcel post. The gosh-present—from her family—had arrived shortly after the first of December—so promptly, in fact, that it was a positive hint.

The day before Christmas Miss Keeping would reluctantly take a train to spend the holiday in the remote and unimportant town where her people lived. Well she knew that when she came back she would be lean of pocketbook and spirit.

So she couldn't help rejoicing when the little girl four years old proved to be a legitimate excuse for her staying in New York for Christmas. The child's name was Grace, and she was the daughter of Theophylact's old college room-mate, who had known and loved Theophylact before Theophylact had built up the impregnable wall which scared every one. Grace's mother had died when she was born, and now Grace's father had died and left Grace and a neat three million for Theophylact to look after.

"If she'd been a boy, I'd have taken her home to live with me, but I never could get on with small girls, and my wife's afraid of 'em."

Mrs. Theophylact Farr was afraid of everything, beginning with her husband. It would be a sad fate for any child to live with that tremulous apology.

"I've thought and thought, and I guess Grace will just have to go and live with you, Miss Keeping," said Theophylact irately, when there didn't seem to be any one more logical to mother and father Grace.

"SHE must never know how rich she is!" commanded Miss Keeping, who, after her first look at Grace, decided that if any one else got the child, it would be over her dead body.

Grace, seeing that she was loved at first sight, instantly adored Miss Keeping.

"You'll have to move!" warned Theophylact, his tone painting movers and moving vans in their blackest colors.

"Not at all," said Miss Keeping calmly. "I shall just take the second floor, too. It happens to be empty."

So Grace and all her belongings arrived, and Miss Keeping gaily and guiltily telegraphed her family that she could not come home for Christmas this year. Then she set to work to give Grace the right kind of Christmas. In the rush of interviewing half a hundred women before she found a nurse with whom she could trust Grace, she told the little girl the real significance of the greatest of all birthdays.

"We must have the prettiest Christmas wreaths in Manhattan and all its five boroughs!" declared Miss Keeping. "The wreaths themselves, Grace, will be made of the kind of fine, green stuff that doesn't drop off. Shall we adorn them at intervals with little lady apples and with cumquats, now and then? And instead of the usual garish red bow, Grace, shall we have a golden ear of ripe corn, tied with a smashing bow of larkspur blue?"

Grace was entranced by all this, as she was by everything Marjorie Keeping thought, said, or did. So down to Washington Market they drove in a taxi—Miss Keeping insisted that a private limousine and chauffeur would put ideas in Grace's head—and they walked through fragrant avenues of Christmas trees, past festoons of laurel and great heaps of holly, which you mustn't be lavish with because it is giving out, Miss Keeping said.

When the wreaths were finished and hung in the windows, *then*—great moment!—Miss Keeping and Marjorie ran out in the street to see how they looked. And those wreaths were such a triumph of color that they had to keep right on running out and admiring them. In between times it was fun to stand behind the curtains where you couldn't be seen, and watch total strangers pause, with their arms full of bundles, and stand there and admire them.

"I'm afraid, almost, to have Christmas come, it's such a holy day," said Grace, when Miss Keeping tucked her up on Christmas eve.

Which lovely speech Miss Keeping cherished as her rarest gift.

And now—Christmas was here, and it was two o'clock, and dinner was ready, and the gentleman janitor had not arrived. Somehow everything now seemed to hinge on his coming. For it's hardly Christmas—unless some one is coming. And then—

"That's him," muttered Hannah, as the doorbell rang.

The janitor was all gentleman now. In the buttonhole of his cutaway was a gardenia, which he later said that the florist had given him. In his hand were two bouquets, one of superb Russian violets for Miss Keeping, and the other the infinitesimal variety of roses known as sweethearts. These were for Grace. It seemed that he had sold the gosh-present for twenty-five dollars.

"Here are your twelve dollars and a half, Miss Keeping," he said. "I invested a part of mine in the two bouquets."

"I'm afraid you invested it all," said Marjorie severely. Inwardly, she gloried in his foolishness.

"I went straight to the house to which you directed me, rang the bell, and a man rushed to the door. As soon as I displayed that fish set, he whispered in my ear and said he had forgotten to get his wife a Christmas present, and asked if I would mind pretending that this was something that he had ordered for her. When I agreed, he wanted to give me his roll. I hadn't the conscience to take more than twenty-five dollars."

"What did the man look like?" inquired Marjorie Keeping incredulously.

"Just as you'd expect from the front of his house. Diamond horseshoe stick-pin, solitaire on his little finger, a velvet waistcoat, and red-plush slippers."

"Did you see his wife?"

"I saw her go into ecstasies over the present. She had three chins and spotty black velvet trimmed with soiled ermine."

"Dinner is served," said Hannah, fearfully correct at the great moment.

When they sat down, Grace surprised every one by repeating unintelligibly a couplet which was embroidered intelligibly on her bib.

"IthankttheLordforallIeat
Formushandmilkandbreadandmeat."

THEY had eaten their oyster soup—Grace took hers oysterless, for she was not pleased with the personal appearance of oysters—and the gentleman janitor had carved the national bird, and Hannah had passed the squash, the creamed onions, the candied sweet potatoes, and the fluffily mashed whites, the gravy had been richly poured and the cranberry color, fully placed, and the first taste of turkey taken—had ever turkey been so succulently delicious before?—when the doorbell rang. Imperiously! As if it had a perfect right to ring at such a time!

"No matter who that is, Hannah, say that I am out," said Miss Keeping, as the ruffled Hannah went to see who was having the effrontery.

At the curb stood a large, unutterably shabby, old seven-passenger car filled with red faces of all ages. On the top step, so close to the front door that he almost fell in when Hannah opened it, was a vast, wheezing, middle-aged man with a determined expression.

"Dinner ready?" he inquired surprisingly.

Hannah did not reply. Dinner *was* ready, of course, but—

"Miss Keeping lives here, don't she?"

"Yes, but she's out!" lied the valiant Hannah.

"Oh, no, she ain't. Or she won't be when she knows who's here. I'm her father. We've all come down to the city to have dinner with her and surprise her." He turned to the carload. "Come on in, folks. I knew this was the right place the minute I saw them crazy-looking wreaths in the windows."

Every word had been audible in the dining-room. Miss Keeping's face was so white that she looked as if her blood had turned to water.

"It's my family," she whispered. "And being my family, I must be nice. Today, of all days, I must be nice. Now, Hannah," she turned to the maid, who stood in the door regarding her with an expression of utter hopelessness, "Hannah, this means an extra ten dollars for you. You'll see me through, *won't* you? It never occurred to me that—Oh, mercy! They'll expect to see that fish set."

"Would you rather I'd go?" whispered the gentleman janitor.

"Please stay and help!"

"My last name is Thorndike," he whispered. "I'm an old friend. I'll help you through—it will be fun. Your first name is Marjorie, isn't it?" How had he known? "I think I'd better call you that."

"If only Grace doesn't give you away! Hannah, don't let my family know that Robert is the janitor."

"Am I crazy?" whispered Hannah with fine scorn.

NEITHER Hannah, nor Grace, nor the gentleman janitor named Thorndike ever had any coherent idea of exactly how many Keepings came in and flung their things down here, there, and everywhere, depositing red mufflers on apricot chairs and lightly tossing peanut shells and banana skins on the white birch logs.

"Here, we'll help!" said Mrs. Keeping, donning a gravy-streaked colored apron Hannah had intended for the wash.

Nothing annoyed Marjorie Keeping more than to have her three sets of china mixed.

"My Lord, a plate's a plate, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Keeping, when her daughter said,

"*Please*, Mother, I'm using all white Wedgwood."

" 'Swhat's on a plate that counts!" announced Mr. Keeping, as he carried in a pile of Canton china plates and put them on top of the pink Spode which his wife had placed by the turkey. "I'm so hungry I could eat up Manhattan Island. Driving that car full of kids a hundred and twenty-five miles over them slippery roads, and Mother on the back seat yelling all the time I was on the wrong road."

It was too bad that the movie men had to miss such an opportunity. For never before, within four walls, had there been so much "action." Goaded by hunger, every Keeping set out to help. When he didn't see what he wanted, he ran out in the kitchen and located it. The gravy boat was tipped over only twice, however, and Mr. Keeping was fortunately in the kitchen when he dropped and broke the vegetable dish full of hot squash.

Such was the noise and confusion that if it hadn't been for the gentleman janitor, Marjorie Keeping could never have survived. The gentleman janitor was affable, but he retained stern and complete possession of the turkey and resisted all Mr. Keeping's suggestions that *he* could hack it off quicker. The gentleman janitor explained pleasantly, but finally, that Grace was an abnormally shy child and was not to be tickled or dandled or thrown up in the air by *anybody*.

He was so charming to every one, however, and interspersed his disciplinary measures with so many amusing stories, that the Keepings rolled in their chairs with happy laughter.

"Say, you make me laugh so, I can't hardly eat," said Mrs. Keeping hoarsely. "More

The Gentleman Janitor

white meat, please, and don't care if I *do* have some of the dark. That stuffing's good, so don't be so stingy with it. Got any more cranberry and vegetables in the kitchen, Hannah?"

By five o'clock the Keepings had finished everything in the house except what Hannah had hidden in her bedroom. Back in the apricot and silver room, Mr. Keeping lit a match and started to "burn up the rubbish."

"Those birch logs are much too pretty to burn, sir," said the gentleman janitor, just as if he had known about the chimney.

"Didn't see any stove—'fraid we'd be cold."

"There's steam heat."

"Where's the radiator?"

Whereupon the Keepings settled down in a half-circle round the radiator, after some jeering at Miss Keeping for having it concealed.

"Well, Marge, that was a grand Christmas present we sent you, wasn't it?" inquired her mother.

"Why—er—"

"You see, Mr. Thorndike," explained Mrs. Keeping, "Marge has such elegant things that we always club together and give her one swell present. Something fit for folks that live better'n we do. Where *is* that fish set, Marge?"

"Poor fishes—all got hurted," said Grace, her eyes swimming in tears.

Being tired by the noise and confusion, she began to cry and was taken away by Hannah for her nap.

"Yes, where's the fish set?" asked Mr. Keeping.

"Why—"

There really didn't seem to be any way out. Marjorie envied Grace her tears and retirement.

"The fish set?" asked the gentleman janitor animatedly. "Shall I get it for you, Marjorie?"

"Never mind, Robert. It is safely put away."

"But I want to see it," insisted Mrs. Keeping.

"I'm sure I can get it for you, Marjorie," offered the gentleman janitor.

"Well, then, Robert, if it isn't *too* much trouble."

The astounding man said cheerfully, "Be back in a minute!" and left.

The Keeping family at first waited expectantly. What a moment of triumph for them when they should see this fascinating Mr. Thorndike and their daughter admiring and exclaiming! But the fascinating Mr. Thorndike did not come back. In fact, he was gone so long that the silence grew a little anxious. Then it began to be ominous.

Marjorie sat tense with nervously twitching fingers. It was increasingly evident that the gentleman janitor had no intention of returning. Probably she would never see him again. He had chosen this convenient way of escape from her and her terrible family. This was what she deserved, of course, for acting on impulse, and for liking him so much when she knew nothing at all about him. Never again would she have anything to do with any one whose history she couldn't trace back to Adam. What a hideous ending for Christmas!

"Only thing is, that fish set will make all your other things look cheap. Where *has* that man gone, Marge?" inquired Mrs. Keeping.

JUST after Mr. Keeping had insinuated that, for his part, he didn't trust any one of the six million inhabitants of New York City, the hall door opened, and the gentleman janitor returned, bearing the prize. Mrs. Keeping pressed the spring with her fat, red thumb, and there the thirteen pieces lay complete, shinier and uglier than ever. Mrs. Keeping sighed with rich repletion.

"It's the loveliest thing I ever seen in all my life," she rhapsodized.

Caught by something in her tone, Marjorie glanced suddenly at her mother. And in Mrs. Keeping's eyes she detected the same sort of ecstasy she herself had experienced when she bought the silver andirons for her fireless fireplace.

"Mother, dear," she said gently, "would *you* like to have the fish set? As you yourself said, it doesn't go with my other things. Let me give it back to you!"

Mrs. Keeping tried to speak, but couldn't. She was too deeply moved.

"Well, Marge, you've tickled your mother half to death!" said Mr. Keeping. "Why, our whole town wanted that fish set the minute the jeweler put it in his front window. If I hadn't been going by and grabbed it, you'd never have got it. Your Ma wanted one, but they couldn't get another. We left it in the store window a while for folks to admire, before we sent it to you. Well, Ma, I didn't think Marge had so much sense, did you?"

"If you want, I'll send you back all those dingy linen things you sent me," said Mrs. Keeping brokenly. "I see you use 'em here."

And then Marjorie knew that the Italian linen she had sent her mother was regarded as a gosh-present!

"Say—can I send back that dull-looking dress you gave me?" asked the sixteen-year-old Keeping girl. "I'd rather have a bright pink taffeta."

The hand-made Georgette was another gosh-present!

"Say—we've got to start home!" announced Mr. Keeping with breath-taking suddenness.

They all kissed Marjorie resoundingly. And their faces were naively happy as they formed a line in front of the gentleman janitor and one by one almost shook his hand off.

At last they were buttoned and hooked and tied and zippered into their garments, and after much sidewalk arguing about its being "my turn to sit there because you had that place coming down," Mr. Keeping took the wheel, and they were off, Mrs. Keeping rapturously clasping the fish set.

MARJORIE went slowly back into the apricot and silver living-room and sank down on the davenport. Hannah, with the aid of her devoted sister, had just finished clearing up the dining-room.

"Don't explain yourself to me yet," said Marjorie, as the gentleman janitor sat down opposite. "I've got to think—first."

"Go ahead! Do you mind if I smoke?"

She shook her weary head. When she spoke, it was in snatches, which the gentleman janitor received without comment. For Marjorie was in no mood for argument.

"I've never been fair to my family. I've given them things, but I never tried to get their point of view."

Troubled pause.

"They are just as sincere and eager about what they like as I am. They want it just as much."

Another pause.

"And they aren't snobbish. I am! I feel superior and think I see beauties other people miss. They are perfect dears—odd, of course. But so am I."

And then she took refuge in woman's most ancient form of comfort. This seemed to embarrass the gentleman janitor. Anyway he rose and began to pick the peanut shells and paper bags from the white birch logs. Finally Marjorie spoke again.

"There wasn't any man with a diamond horseshoe stick-pin."

"I know it," said the janitor humbly.

"So he couldn't have had a wife with spotty black velvet."

"I know that, too."

She went and got her purse. "Here are your twelve dollars and a half, Mr. Thorndike."

"Thank you." The gentleman janitor pocketed the money casually.

"And you aren't a janitor. Of course, I knew it—all the time."

"But I was a janitor—for ten minutes."

"Before you tell me who you are—which will probably spoil everything—I want to tell you the one real thing that has happened. No matter who you are, you have made me appreciate and understand my family. I never did—until I saw them blossoming under your kindness."

"I didn't do anything. It's simply that an outsider can often manage other people's difficulties better than he can manage his own."

"What are *your* difficulties? I'd like to help."

"You did, when you took me on faith and asked me to dine. You didn't believe that the florist gave me this gardenia. He did. He always gives me one—every Christmas. We have been buying flowers from him for nearly twenty years. And the reason I was so interminably long getting the fish set back to you was because our cook had found it in the trash, and was serving Christmas dinner on it—to her relatives. It was quite a stunt to transfer all those separate Christmas dinners to other plates, and wash all those scalloped dishes, and put them back in the box."

"Your cook?" repeated Marjorie. "Who are you? And where do you live?"

"Across the street."

"In the big house?"

"It belongs to my father and mother, so don't blame me. They're abroad. As it happens, they own all these apartments, and when the agent informed me, by chance, that the janitor was leaving, I told him that *I* was going to collect your garbage and rubbish today."

"But—but how did you know of my existence?"

"Now you have come to the terrible, unforgivable part of the whole business. You see—you never pull down your living-room shades, and from where I sit, after dinner, I can look across and see everything you do. I'm ashamed to say that I have been watching you for over a year. Silly of me, wasn't it? Such a risk, too, to get fond of some one you don't even know. Yesterday—when you hung up those charming wreaths, and then kept running out every few minutes to admire them, I decided that I was going to have Christmas dinner with you if it was humanly possible. I began the absent treatment on the spot. When I saw your maid, I tried to work on her feelings. Then, when you came down cellar, I endeavored to look just as tragic and lonely and utterly desirable as I knew how."

"My word! What's that?" asked Marjorie, as the radiators gave a loud vibration.

"It's probably the new janitor getting acquainted with the furnace."

"Well—I suppose it was all right for you to play janitor. I have always liked queer ways of doing things." Her delightful voice was a little incredulous. "But—"

"But what?"

"I can't think of a single 'but.' That's what disturbs me. This is the first pleasant situation I ever was in where there wasn't some damaging old 'but' to be reckoned with. Do you think—"

Marjorie's question was drowned and forgotten in the sudden uproar which rose from the cellar. Yells of rage were followed by shouts of "Help! Help!"

"He sounds slightly incongruous on Christmas—even for a janitor!" said the gentleman janitor with a chuckle.

THE noise grew. Milk bottles and empty ash cans, used as weapons in a cemented cellar, make a noise that stands out even in New York.

"I'd better go down and see what's the trouble," said Thorndike.

At the hall door he met Hannah.

"Don't let him hear your voice, Mr. Thorndike, or see your face!" warned Hannah. She had evidently been listening again to what took place in the apricot and silver room. "It's our old janitor back, full of that varnish stuff he drinks on holidays. The captain of that

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The Gentleman Janitor

Florida boat wouldn't let him in the engine-room, so he decided to return to his old job here. He's mad because we've got a new janitor. He's laid out the agent, and now you can hear him laying out the new janitor. He's after you next, Mr. Thorndike, being the owner."

The gentleman janitor stepped to the telephone and summoned the guardians of the law, with the result that when the drunken Irishman reeled forth, he was met by three large, strong men in blue apparel whose first words did not even remotely resemble "Merry Christmas."

And as Marjorie and the gentleman janitor went down to see just how badly the new janitor had been hurt by the old janitor, the gentleman janitor said:

"You see—you needn't have worried! There always is a 'but.'"

"Yes," Marjorie said delightedly. "And it's the only thing that would ever have convinced me that this lovely thing that has happened to me is true."

Abraham Lincoln Was a Lee

(*Continued from page 21*)

1653. Was he the same Thomas Hanks who paid taxes in Malmesbury, England, in 1642, joined in the rebellion under Cromwell in 1643, and was captured in that year and deported with a sentence of seven years hard labor? We can not be sure, but it seems decidedly probable. In that case he presumably reached Virginia in 1643, served his seven years' sentence, worked two years for wages, and then, having saved some money, bought his first hundred acres in Gloucester County, land lying on "Hanks Branch." For twenty-one years, from 1653 to 1674, he bought land in contiguous tracts. While he never owned so much as Colonel Lee, he was a prosperous man, possessed of more than two thousand acres.

As his domain widened, his patents began to state where his land adjoined that of his neighbors, and two of his patents describe his land as adjoining, in certain specified boundaries, the land of Colonel Lee! That belligerent old royalist, foremost in Virginia in support of Charles I and one of the first to hail Charles II as the lawful sovereign of England, lived for many years a near neighbor of Thomas Hanks! The loyalist ancestor of Robert E. Lee and the rebel ancestor of Abraham Lincoln were next-plantation neighbors in Gloucester County!

That generation in Virginia passed away amid the red conflict with the Indians, followed by Bacon's Rebellion. The Rebellion hit Gloucester hard and caused a considerable exodus to the other side of the Rappahannock. There the Lee family established itself during the lifetime of the old Colonel in a home called "Stratford." Thomas Hanks, who was still buying land in 1674, as the records show, disappears from sight, but in 1679, William Hanks, presumably his son, and his wife Sarah presented for baptism in the North Farnham Church their eldest son William. They lived near Warsaw, only a few miles from the new home of the Lees, and there the Hanks family continued to live, surrounded by Lees, for a hundred years.

William Hanks had two other boys besides the eldest whose baptism we have already noticed. John, the youngest, married a wife named Katherine, who lived to a great age. Of their family of nine children their son Joseph, born December 21, 1725, interests us most. He was grandfather to Nancy Hanks, who married Thomas Lincoln, June 12, 1806, and became on Sunday, February 12, 1809, the mother of Abraham Lincoln.

Now, having settled the geography and discovered the Hanks family living in close contact with the Lees, and having traced the Hanks line down to Abraham Lincoln, let us go back again to the grand old lady Elizabeth Taylor, whom we found, at the beginning of our story, signing her will. We remember that she had two daughters and that one of these daughters, Dorothy, married a man named William Lee and had by this marriage a son named William, who was the only grandson mentioned in the will. He was appointed her executor and her residuary legatee. His four children were likewise the only great-grandchildren named in the old lady's will. To her great-granddaughter, Betty Lee, she left her bed-rug-blanket, three pairs of sheets, her prayer-book, one cow and calf, one ewe and lamb, one pewter basin, her Great Trunk, her long-handled pot-ladle and frying-pan, her little salt cellar, and her looking-glass. Betty was her namesake and fared best in the old lady's will.

To William Lee's other two daughters, Ann and Sarah, she gave each a cow and calf, a ewe and lamb, a small trunk, and a pewter basin.

To William's son, Richard Lee, she bequeathed her Great Chest, and evidently there was a considerable estate which William Lee inherited as residuary legatee.

William Lee died in 1764, seventeen years after the death of his grandmother. In all those seventeen years he had not finally settled her estate. If he had done so, we might never have come into possession of the interesting information which connects Lincoln with the Lees. As it was, each of William Lee's three living grandchildren (Sarah apparently had died) was mentioned in the settlement of William's own estate as entitled to sums still due them under the will of their great-grandmother, Elizabeth Taylor. To Richard Lee, one of the grandchildren, was payable four shillings. Betsy Lee and Ann Lee did not receive their inheritance directly; *it was paid for them to their husbands, who are named in the accounting of the administrators, Thomas Hanks and Joseph Hanks.* These two young men, cousins, married the two Lee girls, as we discover through these ancient wills and reports to the probate court and probably never should have discovered otherwise. And Ann Lee, by her marriage to Joseph Hanks, became President Lincoln's great-grandmother.

In my hunt through musty records in the courthouses and garrets of Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois—all the places where the Lincolns lived—as well as in England, whence both the Lincoln and the Hanks ancestors came, I have encountered other side-lights on the history of our ancestors which have their own special interest. We think, for instance, of the Puritans of New England as far removed from the Cavaliers of Virginia; but how many of us know that not a few of those same Puritans went South and mingled their blood with that of the first families of Virginia?

A number of Massachusetts folks of the second generation, finding the winters cruelly severe and possibly not entirely enjoying all the features of Puritan discipline, left the Old Bay State and founded new homes in Virginia. There they left their family names of Broughton, Lord, Dewey, Smalley, Sturgis, and Washburn. Not only so, but the Virginia girls began to be named Prudence, Patience, and Temperance, with a sprinkling of Priscillas! Colonel Isaac Allerton of Plymouth, whose father was Isaac Allerton of the *Mayflower* and whose mother was Fear, daughter of Elder Brewster of Plymouth, moved in and made his home among the Lees. His daughter, Sarah Allerton, became the second wife of Colonel Richard Lee's son, Hancock. Perhaps, if we knew all the maternal lines, we should find that both

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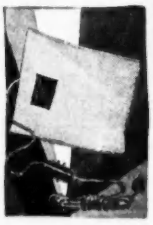

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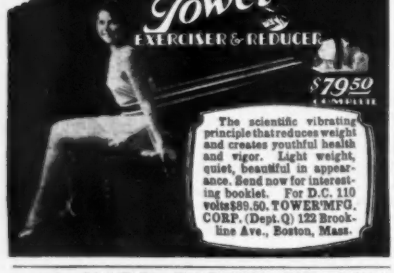

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Abraham Lincoln Was a Lee

Robert E. Lee and Abraham Lincoln were *Mayflower* descendants!

We have knowledge of a quadrilateral agreement made March 31, 1670, between John Lee, Henry Corbin, Thomas Garrard, and Isaac Allerton, to build together a banqueting hall. They did so, and, until the hall was burned in 1714, they there feasted annually with their clans, one Puritan and three Cavaliers; and once in four years they rode in procession round their boundaries, renewing the old landmarks and feasting merrily when all was done. One would like to have attended one of those quadrennial festivals; there was doubtless abundance to eat and quite enough to drink.

Even the *Mayflower* is connected with Virginia. It will be remembered that the Pilgrims set out in 1620 in two ships, the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*, but that the former was overmasted and sprung a leak, and the two ships had to put back into port. Those of the passengers who were not disheartened by the delay were crowded into one ship, the *Mayflower*, which sailed alone. Captain John Smith, who was disgruntled because these "humorists," as he called them, meaning "blunderers," had not employed him to convey them to Virginia, recorded that "after being pestered nine weeks in this leaking, unwholesome ship, lying wett in their cabbins, most of them grew very weak, and weary of the sea." We may be sure he told the truth.

Tracing the *Mayflower*

What became of the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell?*

There have been many inquiries, but no one has known. I think I can now tell this much about these two ships: that both were afloat many years afterward and that they made other voyages. The *Mayflower* crossed to New England and coasted on to Virginia, and the *Speedwell* also went to Virginia whether by way of New England or not I do not know. After the New England colonies had become fairly well established, there was an active coasting trade combined with a transoceanic trade, and I find in the Virginia records references to "our dear brethren in New England," whose interests were one with theirs in these voyages.

But here are two amazing discoveries, now published for the first time. On a recent journey to Virginia my attention was called, by Mr. E. Carter Delano, Deputy County Clerk of Richmond County, to a paper recorded at Montross, the county seat of Westmoreland, the next county north and the home of Washington and the Lees. A ship had crossed to New England, done business in Boston, and sailed on to Virginia, dropping anchor in the Potomac River within sight of the homes of Lee and Washington. As was customary, the captain of the vessel acted as agent for various shippers, and he had occasion to file his credentials for record at the Westmoreland court. Here is the document which Mr. Delano showed to me, and of which I possess a certified copy under seal of the court:

"Boston in Newengland ye 17th
Septr. 1658

Know all men by these Pr. Sent to whom it may Concerne yt. I William Brenton of boston In newengland Marinr. do apointe and order my trusty and beloved friend Mr. Daniell Hute Master of ye Mayflowr, my true and lawfull Attorney in my name and for my use to demand and receive all such Soms of Money goods and Tobaccoes as are due to me from any man or men in Virginia or in any other parts thereto belonging

Thomas Michell William Brenton
John Lee Recorded Apr. ye 10 1661."

We have no difficulty in locating this William Brenton. He was a Selectman of Boston and the purchaser of a large tract of land from the Indians. The city of Taunton now occupies a portion of this land. He was engaged in extensive trading operations; a man who might have been expected to consign goods either to London or Virginia, and his power of attorney to Captain Daniel Hutt is quite in line with probability.

While we are talking about the *Mayflower*, we may as well note that her Captain Daniel Hutt later either married a Virginia wife or brought his wife across and lived and died at Nominy; and his widow, with that promptness which was characteristic of the time, married a second husband before the estate was settled. There appeared with her in court "Jno. Crabb married ye Relict Extrx. of Danll. Hutt, late of Nominy, deceased."

But that is not all. One of these ship captains got into a dispute over one of his agencies, and there is record of the court at Nominy, in Westmoreland, in February, 1684, of Nicholas Spencer vs. John Julian, and it appears of record that John Julian is "Master of the Shipp *Speedwell* of London and now riding att Anchor in the Port of Nominy."

How many voyages did the *Mayflower* and *Speedwell* make, and how many of the early families of Virginia, as well as of New England, crossed in them or moved up and down the coast in them as they wove their shuttle-web that bound together the people and interests of the two colonies?

The tombstone of Hancock Lee, at Dichley, is an eloquent reminder of the Massachusetts blood that mingles with that of early Virginia, not only in the Lees but of many other proud Southern families.

"Here Lyeth the Body of Hancock Lee Seventh Son of Honnourable Richard Lee Departed this Life May the 25th Anno Dom. 1709 Aeta 56 years

"Also Mary his first wife only Daughter of William Kendall Gent. Who Departed this life December. The 24th Anno. Dom. 1694 Aeta 33 years.

"And Sarah his last wife Daughter of Isaac Allerton Esqr. Who Departed this life May the 17th Anno. Dom. 1731. Aeta. 60 years."

His first wife was a Virginian, his second wife a granddaughter of the minister of the *Mayflower*, and there were children by both wives—good, respectable, and aristocratic Lees, all of them. We can not distinguish the northern Lees and the southern Lees. We are one people.

In the minds of many readers there inevitably will be a further question, Can we conclude that the two outstanding figures of the Civil War were directly related? Did the same blood flow in the veins of Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee?

The Line of Robert E. Lee

We have the genealogy of Robert E. Lee straight back to the original Colonel Richard. It may be epitomized conveniently thus:

I. Richard Lee, arrived in Virginia in 1642 and died in 1664.
II. Richard Lee, born in 1647, and died in 1714.
III. Henry Lee, born in 1691, and died in 1747.
IV. Henry Lee, born in 1720, died in 1787.
V. Major-General Henry Lee, born in 1756, died 1818.
VI. Major-General Robert E. Lee, born 1807, died 1870.

Unfortunately we do not know, and there is apparently no way of finding out, the name of the father of that William Lee who was the executor of the will of Elizabeth Taylor and from whose own will we find the facts that have herein been set forth. Old Colonel Richard Lee was the father of seven sons and two daughters. We do not know all their names, much less the names of all of their descendants. All of them bred mightily in the wilderness, and from some one of these seven sons, possibly from Hancock Lee, the seventh,

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"Harsh toilet paper may cause serious trouble"

How important, then, for you to choose always these softer, more absorbent tissues for the home

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Yet 580 physicians and 223 hospitals throughout the country, when recently questioned, agreed: "Harsh or impure toilet paper is unsafe and may cause serious trouble."

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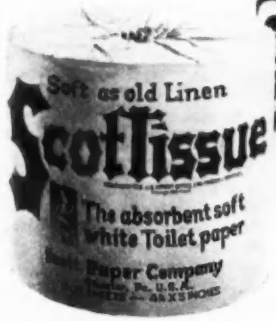

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Famous specialist tells why coarse tissues are dangerous

The famous intestinal specialist Dr. J. F. Montague *of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College Clinic, says in his recent book,* Troubles We Don't Talk About (*Lippincott*):

"It is not generally realized how important the matter of proper cleansing material is in the matter of personal hygiene, yet the fact remains that by the use of too coarse a tissue, much harm may be done . . . the slightest irritation will, in the presence of germs, be liable to be followed by infection.

"We can, at least, adopt for such use a tissue, such as ScotTissue, which is soft and free from alkali bleaching material. By its gentle use we can accomplish cleansing without damage to the skin, and in this manner maintain local hygiene."

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In using advertisements see page 6

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Abraham Lincoln Was a Lee

who had a son William, came the William Lee of our story.

I have answered the question with which this article began, Was Lincoln a Lee? He was a Lee, a lineal descendant of William Lee and his wife Dorothy Taylor, through their eldest son, William Lee, Jr., who was born May 14, 1704, and died at the age of sixty, in 1764. Their daughter, Ann Lee, who married Joseph Hanks, was President Lincoln's great-grandmother.

Here we might stop, for no record that as yet has been discovered enables us to disentangle the older William Lee from cousins and uncles and nephews of the same name and so justify us in declaring whose son he was. So this is as far as I go in direct assertion: Lincoln was a Lee.

But I am willing to go further in an opinion, which has a very high degree of probability merely stipulating that if any uncertainty attaches to this portion of the article, it shall not be carried back into what has preceded.

It is my confident belief that the family of Lees from which Abraham Lincoln was descended was the same family from which Robert E. Lee was descended, both men being descendants of old Colonel Richard Lee. This opinion I advance as a probability, and these are my reasons:

First, while there were three original immigrants named William Lee, the dates of their arrivals and the locations of their land-warrants make it clear that no one of them was the William Lee who married Dorothy Taylor. These William Lees, therefore, must be eliminated.

Second, the William Lee whose children were born about once in two years, from 1704 to 1711, if married to Dorothy Taylor about 1702, must have been born, at the latest, soon after Bacon's Rebellion, just at the time when the sons of the old Colonel were moving over into the northern neck. They were not only the only Lees, but almost the only white people of any name, there. The Lees were literally the first settlers.

Third, the marriage of William Lee to a daughter of the Taylor-Tayloe family indicates something of the social standing of that family, and there was just one such Lee family at the time in that immediate vicinity.

Finally, the descendants of Colonel Richard Lee had a notable and very small group of Christian names. Richard was the first favorite, and after that there was in almost every strain of the old Colonel's descendants, as a distinguishing mark, a group of Williams, Henrys, Charleses, and Johns. The two names of the famous general are marked exceptions, and for this reason: his mother, Ann Hill Carter, was a second wife of the general's father, and the ordinary Lee names had been used on the sons of her predecessor, so she named her own first baby with two Carter names, Robert Edward. But there were no Roberts or Edwards among his American Lee ancestors; he was descended from three Henrys and two Richards.

Of the Lee family from which President Lincoln came, we know the names of the sons, or at least of some of the sons, of three successive generations, and we find the recurrence of four or five of these same five names: Richard, William, Henry, Charles, and John, and no others! William Lee, husband of Dorothy Taylor, had one brother, whose name was Richard. He had four sons: William, Charles, Richard, and John. Had he had a fifth son, his name almost automatically would have been Henry. And William Lee, Jr., had one son, and his name was Richard. In every one of these three successive generations we have a Richard Lee. Can any one doubt that these were descendants of Colonel Richard Lee?

I call this an opinion of my own, and I am using conservative language. But whose else descendants could they have been? No one's, so far as we know.

Robert E. Lee was born January 19, 1807. His father was the brilliant and improvident "Light-Horse Harry." His mother was of the proud stock of "King Carter." A little more than two years later, on February 12, 1809, in Kentucky, late a county of Virginia, in a log cabin, Abraham Lincoln was born. His father was the good-natured and almost impecunious Tom Lincoln, and his mother the gentle and intelligent Nancy Hanks. All were native Virginians. And Nancy, as this story shows, was a descendant, not of a "second" or "undistinguished" family, as Abraham Lincoln supposed, but had in her veins the proud blood of the Lees.

The Paris Openings

(*Continued from page 65*)

revers and form a handkerchief in back, or do something else totally unexpected and yet conservative in feeling. Much red is used, much blue, and a lot of black for both day and evening. Nearly all her evening gowns dip either on both sides or else in the back with a slit up the back that gives the effect of being short in the back when one is in motion. At this house there is an average number of lace frocks for evening, and a slight increase of moiré.

Chéruit

At Chéruit's, where the models were also limited to some thirty numbers, there were several minor points of interest. They use scallops a great deal to edge the bottom of the blouse of a two-piece costume, also occasionally for the bottom of skirts—scallops that are big, but shallow. Chéruit also continues the marked use of ciré and shiny materials, ciré chiffon, satins, etc. Quite a number of straight dresses, with a belt either all around or half-way around, appear in the collection, as well as a number of caped coats, and two with one-sided capes that are interesting but not graceful. Chéruit is one of the masters of evening ensembles. Her scarfs, small jackets, are always important, therefore it is worth noting that she continues the short, long-sleeved paillette coat for wear over evening gowns. She shows one of white velvet embroidered in pearls that is lovely. Again at this collection red is much shown. It is handled most discreetly, and in these small collections it stood out and was used in beautifully designed dresses.

Lenief shows a decided tendency to princess lines and tight hips. Afternoon gowns are inclined to be narrow in front with fulness in back given by godets. There is also an upward motion to both afternoon and evening gowns, and an uneven hemline. Coats are straight, often longer on one side. Sports skirts are cut circular or with godets, and show fewer plaits. Crêpe satin, velvet, and kasha are the materials most used. Black, red, and slate blue are the most popular colors with this designer.

Redfern

Redfern also shows a marked princess tendency, especially in the fit of evening gowns and of all coats. On coats there is much fulness in the back and less in front. The shoulder line is noticeable, too, sometimes marked by a division of colors, sometimes by a change of material, or merely a seam. In all cases the impression is of the dropped shoulder. There are no particularly new materials, and red and green seem to be the most popular colors in this house, with various shades of slate blue and gray.

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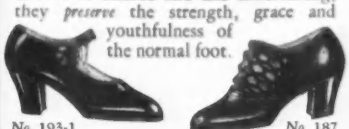

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In using advertisements see page 6

Rhinestones

(*Continued from page 90*)

"You know the Hodgsons—more vitality and endurance than any family in town. Father always said that a Hodgson would last through what would kill three normal people. I know the child's been through a lot of sickness lately, but he'll come through even if Renshaw has to operate."

"I wasn't thinking about that. I was thinking what it meant to you to lose the Hodgsons."

"Hodgson's a good advertiser," David admitted, smiling grimly. "He'll sell Renshaw to everybody, once he has him himself. And he has more influence than most. Part of the family toughness, I suppose!"

He stopped to let her out at her own gate.

"Oh, I wish something would happen—I don't care what!" said she feverishly.

To sensitive and desperate people it sometimes seems as if a wish had had the force of a curse. Thelma shivered afterward at the thought of what she had said. For at one that next morning David's telephone rang. Mr. Hodgson spoke, hoarsely and imperatively.

"Can you come over, Doctor David? The boy—"

"Isn't Dr. Renshaw—"

"He won't act; he refuses to operate. He says the boy's dying anyway. For God's sake, Davy—"

Hodgson was an elderly man; Merritt was his youngest, born long after the others, adored as such children are always adored.

"I'm coming," David answered. "But I can't cut in on Renshaw."

"Etiquette with my boy dying! Come, I tell you—he won't do a thing!"

DAVID arrived with a doctor's promptitude and hurried upstairs to the only lighted room. The boy lay there, half-conscious and moaning a little. Hodgson, scarlet and desperate, was arguing with Renshaw. Mrs. Hodgson was crying in a rocker by the bed.

Renshaw was immovable. "There's one chance in a hundred for this boy to pull through," he was explaining with the weariness of a man who has made the explanation many times before. "If I operate, it takes it from him. He is too pulled down from that attack of flu to recuperate from the anesthetic, or indeed from the shock of the operation."

"But I know he'd recuperate," pleaded the father. "He's very strong."

"It would be outside nature."

"Renshaw," David interposed, "I think Mr. Hodgson is right. There's a family history of unusual vitality."

"I can't fly in the face of all the medical precedents. The course of the disease has run too far."

"The child's constitution is unusual—an idiosyncrasy," urged David. "I know the normal boy wouldn't weather it, but this one will."

"He has a chance if he's left alone, none if he's operated," Renshaw repeated immovably.

"Will you do it or not, now David tells you he knows it's safe?" demanded the father half beside himself.

"I didn't understand you were putting Dr. Hutchinson in charge of the case," Renshaw said icily. "And I can not take the say-so of a man whom I myself taught what he knows."

Hodgson turned to David.

"David, will you do it?"

"Yes, if—there's professional etiquette, Mr. Hodgson."

"I resign the case, if that's what you want," Renshaw said, his anger breaking bounds.

He looked pulled down, David noted, remembering that he'd heard Renshaw himself had been through a sharp attack of flu recently.

"David!" Hodgson appealed.

"Will you telephone to Miss Nason, and ask her to come immediately?" David said. "Tell her to borrow the Dorrances' car, and bring everything needed for an operation. And, Mrs. Hodgson, if you'll get me some boiling water—There's no time, I'm afraid, to take him to the hospital."

MR. HODGSON was a violent man; perhaps an unfair one. David's knowledge of three generations of the Hodgson family had not deceived him. Little Merritt lived through the operation and began to mend. But nothing David could tell the Hodgsons about the facts on Renshaw's side—that he was correct in saying that no boy with only normal vitality could have lived through the operation—meant anything to them. They turned on Renshaw. As they saw and told the story, he was a narrow-minded coward. And Miss Nason did not scruple, unknown to David, to follow up the tide of gossip by telling every one within her reach her version of what he had done to David.

All this might have done little more than give David back a fair share of the old doctor's practise. But Renshaw had been overworking and unhappier than even he himself knew over Thelma. And his own attack of influenza had tired him past resistance. He was a nervous, high-strung man, and another attack of influenza came to him just then and found him without strength to throw it off. He went on working, and the next thing was pneumonia. A violently hot day followed by a cool one finished him. He went unwillingly to bed in his great, empty house, telephoned the State Hospital to come get him, and that was the last he knew for some time.

When he came to, he was not in the State Hospital at all. His office nurse was in the room, but the room was the old one he had occupied at the Dorrances', and Thelma was there, Thelma without the unfriendly look on her face. Weak as he was, he was himself still.

"In the enemy's country?" he whispered. "How did it happen?"

"The State Hospital was full," Thelma answered coolly, "and as they couldn't take you for three days, it was more convenient to have you here next door to David, where I could see to you. Miss Vance has had her hands full without you, naturally."

"I—like it," said Burton weakly, smiling with some of his old mischief.

"That's just as well," said Thelma. "You can go marry Iva Pennewill when you're up and around, you know. But I'm going to look after you till then: you aren't fit to take care of yourself."

He laughed a weak, contented laugh. "Nurse, I want to see Miss Dorrance alone," he commanded, and she went docilely out.

Thelma came close. "For goodness' sake, don't talk," she said, and he saw she had tears in her eyes. "We all thought you wouldn't pull through."

"I only want to say that I never did intend to marry Iva," he murmured, and fell asleep from weakness.

NEXT day he demanded Thelma again, got her, and began to ask questions.

"Who's taking my practise?" he demanded. "Your pet? And how are things? They must be bad; you wouldn't be so angelic to anything but an under-dog."

"David has your practise, but only till you're well," she said.

"Hodgson still raising Cain?"

"Yes, but he's like that. Nobody minds him."

"Don't cry again," said Burton. "You ought to be delighted."

"Don't talk like that," she said fiercely. "You know I adore the ground you walk on, or I wouldn't have you here."

She looked at him with a lingering resentment.

"Oh, *please* come here, darling! I can't come to you, and I can't stand it if you don't kiss me."

She came over and put both arms around him, kissing him with an intensity of love that, weak as he was, he returned.

"It's all right, then," he said. "I have you back."

They both laughed a little for sheer delight and content.

"I shan't kiss you any more till you've shaved," Thelma said with a bad imitation of a last defiance. "You look like one of the early apostles, with that blond beard. Oh, Burton, darling, I can't be self-respecting any longer. They thought you were going to die."

They were silent for a while, holding each other's hands tight. They had never needed many words.

Finally Burton spoke. "I give in, my dearest. You're worth more to me than worldly success. I'll go away and make another start and leave the field to Hutchinson, though I still think you are a little fanatic. And now I do hope you'll let your hair grow."

"I don't want you to go away," said Thelma surprisingly.

"Great guns, what *do* you want?"

"Couldn't—couldn't you both stay, and go into partnership, and work into specialization together, like the Mayos?" she asked.

He looked at her, she said afterward, as if she had several heads. Then—

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings!" he said. "I always worked well with the boy. Though if things are going with me here as you hint, it might not work so well."

"He'll be in to see you presently," Thelma said eagerly. "I've talked to him about it."

"Sweetheart, do you intend to manage me for the rest of my life?"

"Of course. For your good," she said, the demure mischief that had been hidden so long flashing out.

SO the trouble which had made three people so unhappy for such a long time was settled in a half hour. There were obstacles, of course. But in the end they actually decided to make a partnership affair of the two practises and the projected sanatorium. David would still be able to shepherd his father's beloved people.

"We must write and tell Janet all about it," Thelma said suddenly from the midst of her happiness. "Tonight. Don't forget, David—I will, too. She'll want to hear all about it."

"I never told her much about there being any trouble, did you, Thelma?"

"No," she said thoughtfully. "Somehow, we always felt as if Janet ought to be given only the bright side. I think maybe we've been wrong. Well, there's no dark side now."

Thelma went out of the sick room singing to herself. The men fell to discussing professional details in what, to Thelma, was a curiously friendly fashion. But the two men had always been congenial. They were slipping back without effort into an old relationship.

Thelma forgot all about writing to Janet, after all. This, for Thelma, was unprecedented. But she was really not quite the everyday Thelma just now. David, on the other hand, always did what he planned though the heavens fell. So it happened that only he wrote to Janet that night, carefully as usual leaving out all that Thelma was to tell her, so as not to repeat anything. He was not very happy in spite of his bright prospects, as he sat and clicked out his letter on the little office typewriter. There was an emptiness, an ache, in his whole self. Things were so sunless without Janet: he was afraid they always would be. And there was no hope.

"Thelma will have told you about Renshaw's generous change of plan," he wrote. "I never expected him to give up his own ideas so completely and kindly. And I never realized before how fond I was of Thelma. To know that humanly speaking I'm sure to see that dear

Rhinestones

little face of hers about the house all the rest of my life makes things seem very pleasant." (He mustn't be mournful, writing to Janet.) "And I want to tell you, dear, that I can honestly say I am glad you are happy. No matter whom you marry, I have been your big brother too long ever to feel that you don't belong to me still in a way."

It was a letter he tried to mean—intended to mean. And it would have been clear to Janet if Thelma had written as she had said she was going to, telling her sister that the two men were to settle in the big house on the outskirts together, as soon as Thelma and Burton married, which would be soon.

JANET found David's letter on the hall table when she returned from the office that last noon, to meet Craig in the park. She was in a hurry, and she did not read it then. She saved it. It would be something happy and comforting to come back to that evening after the dazzling strain that Craig was sometimes now.

She found that she was the first to arrive. She settled herself on the trysting-bench and tried hard not to begin reading David's letter. Craig never liked to find her doing that. She looked around to find something else to think about. A child laughed in the distance.

There were two of them, giggling under a tree—a boy with big, dark eyes and a solemn, intent, little tanned face, and a girl a year or so younger, very blond and round-faced this one, with pale hair cut straight across her forehead and a bonnet which made her look like an adorable little bunny-rabbit.

"Le's hide, then Delia won't know where we are!" said the little boy to his sister. "Then she'll go home, and perhaps we can stay here till tomorrow, like in Kensington Gardens."

The adventure did not quite appeal to the less courageous little girl. "What would we eat?" she asked doubtfully.

"Oh, we can buy things with my five cents. Come on."

If Janet did not interfere, there might be trouble for the nurse pretty soon. She could see her on a bench a little way off, buried in a novel with a gay picture on the cover. Janet called to the children.

"Don't you want to come here and talk to me? I haven't anybody to talk to for quite a while yet. And I feel just like telling fairy-tales."

The boy lingered aloof, but the five-year-old girl lifted her face eagerly.

"Do you know Three Little Pigs?"

"I should think I did! And Sleeping Beauty and White Cat and Cinderella—"

The boy abandoned his pretense of male indifference and came close, leaning on her knee. "I never heard about White Cat. Does it have fights in it, and a prince?"

"Yes, indeed, and a fairy godmother and a performing dog and a princess—"

"Oh, tell us that! Tell us that! And then tell us Three Little Pigs and Little Red-Riding-Hood with the *regular* ending, not the silly one where the Wolf doesn't eat anybody."

"I don't *want* the Wolf to eat anybody," said the baby girl, her mouth quivering.

"Well, I don't know whether we'll have time before luncheon for any more than White Cat, and maybe Three Little Pigs," Janet said tactfully.

She was enjoying herself very much. It was nearly like having her own babies back. The children scrambled eagerly on to the bench, one each side of her, and the little girl demanded to be taken on her lap.

"She always wants laps," said her brother scornfully. But he pressed close to Janet on the bench, curling himself up with his elbow on her unoccupied scrap of knee. "We have lots of time before luncheon," he said firmly. "Now go on. Keep still and not interrupt, Katherine."

"She won't," Janet said warmly, hugging the little, soft body close.

She began as she had so often to her own little brother and sister, "Once upon a time there was a king who had three sons." She had not realized how hungry she had been for the society of children, for their little confidingnesses and demands.

The story came to an applauded end.

"More!" they clamored. "Three Little Pigs now."

"Just one more. Then somebody will come for me, and I must go."

"But you promise to finish this one?"

"Oh, yes, I promise."

She embarked on that dramatic tale, The Three Little Pigs. She had been always considered by connoisseurs to do this especially well. But she was scarcely through the huff-and-puff of the Wolf's designs on the ill-fated Second Little Pig, when she heard a man's laugh and looked up to find Craig standing over them.

"Started a kindergarten?"

"Oh, just wait, Craig, I've promised them to finish this."

"Nonsense!" said Craig. "Run away to your nurse, children."

"But Craig, *nobody* breaks promises to children. You liked Little Pigs yourself when you were small."

"Not this kind," he said immovably.

He was smiling, but none the less did he remove the protesting Katherine from Janet's lap and set her on the ground.

"I promised!"—"She promised!" Janet and the children cried together.

But to Craig this did not matter, it seemed. "Here, nurse," he called carelessly to the girl, who was hovering near by now, "your children are becoming a nuisance. Take them, will you?"

The nurse, offended for her charges, called them to her sharply and swept them off. Janet could hear her muttering to herself about nobody needing to tell her something or other, and Katherine's shrill weeping.

"Oh, Craig, how could you!"

He only laughed. "My lady, the carriage waits. I didn't know you were such a *diseuse*, darling!"

He steered her toward the car. "Where do you think we're going this time?" he teased her, leaning toward her, his black eyes smiling into hers.

"I don't know," she said spiritlessly. "Oh, Craig, you shouldn't have done that. They were disappointed."

"Better they than I," he said lightly.

JANET never exactly knew how the afternoon passed. They drove, after luncheon and the matinée, a long way; out into the setting sun, sweeping down the width of Bronx River Parkway, the elfin runner on the car's hood thrown forward against the air like a guide; the lights, as it grew darker, racing by, converging ahead in a magic pathway. The great car moved like a flight, like an enchanted chariot. Janet sat by her fairy prince, being carried forward to a new merrymaking. It was the dream. And yet her heart sank.

Finally she broke her silence. "Don't you like children, Craig?"

"Why, they're all right when they're not underfoot."

"But I mean to play with, and enjoy, and—have." The last word came shyly. But—she must know!

He laughed a little. "Why worry about such things? Aren't you having a nice time, dryad?"

"Yes. But—wouldn't you . . . want children . . . ever?"

"Oh, I suppose so. But not for a long time."

"Why, Craig?"

His voice suddenly turned decisive. "You foolish child, you don't know what you're talking about. I've wasted too many years of my life being a responsible Babbitt. We won't tie ourselves down with anything. We'll sit here in the car with your silver elf guiding us, and drive down a new magic road every night in the sunset, and find the end of the rainbow, and put salt on the Blue Bird's tail—"

She leaned back to stare at him, incredulous under the passing lights.

"But—that isn't *living*, Craig. It—it's reality, after all, that we're hunting at the end of the rainbow. And we—we can't live to hunt for the rainbow after—we've found it, Craig! Don't you want children and a home, and us building for them as our parents did for us?"

She stared at him with sharp anxiety. But he only laughed again and managed to kiss her quickly while he drove.

"I want the shining things with you—you little shining thing!"

His arm pulled her passionately close. But in spite of its warm encirclement she shivered. Was it only rhinestones he had for her, not realities—shining rhinestones?

"I don't believe you and I want the same things out of being married," she said in a low, frightened voice.

"You're low in your mind tonight," he parried. "Heavens, Janet, what an adorable thing you are! You're my youth come back, as I knew you would be from the moment I saw you across that tray of trinkets, smiling at me. I believe I could enjoy a prayer-meeting, with you beside me thrilling over it."

She looked at him and suddenly saw him without glamour. A boy who had never grown up; who had refused to grow up. Who was unwilling to make life play-time and work-time turn about, as responsible men and women must. Who had never wanted anything but—rhinestones. He had played till his old play-things bored him; she had been able to offer him a new set. Perhaps they, too, would tire him in time. And yet—if she loved him . . .

Did she? For steady and clear in her mind she knew what things were to her the real shining things. Lights, sparklingness, glamour were good. But real lights. Lights to make a little house gay. Glamour to give delight to homely pleasures, to children's yellow heads.

> ". . . to barrows, trays and pans
> Grace and glimmer of romance."

Did she love Craig enough to give up her own vision of life and marriage for his? Or did she even love him enough to try to turn him into the kind of man who would want her real shining things? . . . Without knowing why, she reached into her pocketbook and stealthily touched the stiff paper of David's letter. Oh, if he were only here now to tell her what to do!

The real shining things. She learned them suddenly. Thelma's sort of love, David's. Steadfast, all-hoping, all-believing, all-patient. Not this tinsel playing about with fairy-tales and rainbows' ends. She spoke to Craig quietly, steadily.

"Craig, this thing we have for each other—it isn't love. It's playing at it. We don't want the same things or even enjoy them. I think we'd better stop being engaged to be married."

SHE never remembered afterward much about the place where their drive ended. It proved to be a more or less under-cover place where something exciting was going on called a black-and-white dance, in a hall at the other end of Westchester. They met Marion and George there, and there was laughter and excitement. The thrill was people who were of different color dancing with each other. Craig danced and danced again with a sumptuous quadroon girl: Marion danced with a tall mulatto man: while Janet and George danced once together, and then he stayed with her at a little table, talking to her slowly about ordinary little things and seeming to want to hear a lot about her father and her town and such as that. And always over everything there was Craig's hard, smiling, scornful look, as if he were King Cophetua and she the beggar-maid become unexpectedly rude.

She heard dimly that Marion couldn't have

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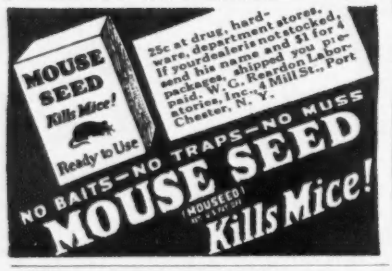
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Rhinestones

her at Seastones for three days more, which Craig said was just as well, because then they would have had to drive in to a family dinner at his aunt's, which he had forgotten to tell Janet about—hoping to get out of it. He had not replied to her words. Only that high look had come on his face, and he had put them aside as if she were silly or overwrought, a child to be punished a little, but almost forgiven.

When finally he dropped her at her door, she tried to speak of it again. He smiled and kissed her silent as if she were still a foolish child.

"Get a good night's sleep now, because I want you to be pretty for tomorrow night," he said, and was gone.

She climbed to her room slowly. She felt chilly and tired and weighed down by that self-distrust and shame which come when one has been ridiculed for some emotion one has thought real. She only wanted to sleep and stop thinking. As she undressed, she thought of David's letter again, but she was too sodden with sleep to read it. Nevertheless it brought her comfort. She gripped it tight in her hand for a talisman, and slept.

She woke, still feeling half-ashamed of herself, as possibly Craig meant her to feel; a silly little romanticist. She tried to see why she had said what she had. He had helped Bobbie and Frank and tacitly admitted doing it to separate Bobbie and Janet—perhaps she had misunderstood that . . . He had not felt that promises to children need be kept—perhaps nobody had ever taught him better . . . He had made arrangements about her stay at Seastones without consulting her, because Marion demanded it—lots of men were as dictatorial as that . . . He had told her she must give up David—perhaps he didn't mean it . . . He wouldn't ever meet her seriously when she tried to tell him anything she believed or wanted or expected, and he didn't seem to want a home or children or anything but being amused—perhaps she exaggerated that . . .

And yet, with all effort to see him fairly, with all the self-distrust he had forced on her, the sum kept adding up the same way. They had been drawn together by their delight in rhinestone glitter. But underneath Janet knew there was better, and wanted it. She had always had the real things, too, so that she'd taken them for granted. Craig didn't want them. Didn't even know they were there. She turned restlessly in bed and touched David's letter with a little surprised feeling of safety and happiness. Yes. There—

She loved David. Suddenly she saw that under the self-centered restlessness, the demand for what he couldn't give her besides what he could, she had always loved David and all David stood for. She liked the rhinestones of life, but she didn't need them. She did need reality, honesty, steadfastness, and an unselfish love which, because it was founded on a sense of duty and responsibility, would never fail her in essentials. And she knew how to give it, wanted to give it—to a husband, to children, to the community. Craig did not want anything that was really Janet Dorrance.

SHE clutched David's letter, sitting up in bed.

"He'll understand," she said half-aloud. "I'll tell him how going away made me know how to love him and appreciate him."

As lovers do, she was saying long, loving phrases to him in her mind, while she lingered over the pleasure of opening the letter. "I never knew how much I loved you, David . . ." And the touch of his check on hers—she thrilled and flushed at the thought of that touch, so long known, so wonderful to remember now!

She opened the letter, tremulous and flushing, and began to read.

"Thelma . . . that dear little face of hers about the house all the rest of my life . . ."

He was going to marry Thelma! Just as, wakened by life out in the world, by a knowledge of real values, by the sight of real love—by Craig's own kisses, even—she had been matured into the woman David wanted and who wanted him . . .

She did not cry out. It was beyond speech or tears. She loved him, and now he had stopped loving her. There was nothing left anyway.

And then the other Janet, the pupil of Craig and Marion, took charge, a little bitterly.

"There's Craig left," said this Janet. "He happens to want me still. He can give me—rhinestones. I'm young and pretty and sparkling, and he'll like me as long as I can make life exciting and keep him from being bored. I can learn not to want David—and babies—and real love . . ."

Then mercifully the tears came.

THE day dragged through somehow. She walked and tried to read and tried to sleep and finally made ready for the dinner where she was on exhibition to the Erwins. She made herself up delicately, painting her cheeks to cover the tired pallor, outlining her eyes with black where she'd been the silly Janet who cried. Perhaps she was prettier this way. Certainly more sophisticated—that was what they wanted, wasn't it, Craig and Marion? She put on her peach-colored taffeta that her mother had made and outlined with rhinestones so long ago, back home.

Craig liked her. He held her off to look at before he kissed her, and said:

"You little beauty! All over your little temper, sweet?"

The new hard Janet smiled. "Oh, yes—and ready to bow to my lord's commands," she mocked.

"You've been taking lessons too fast from Marion," he laughed. "Your lord now tells you to lift up your face again like that, and kiss him, and come along. It won't be very bad. They're not really boring except Uncle Duncan, who stopped living without knowing it around the time they shot McKinley."

"Was he so fond of him?" Janet asked.

Craig laughed aloud. "You're priceless! No, baby, the wheels of progress happened to check for him about then, that's all I mean. Dislikes this wicked modern pace and all that."

It was a big, old-fashioned house. Her own slim, peach-colored figure fitted well among the massive, walnut furniture which was a part of Uncle Duncan's checked progress, she could see in the long ceiling-to-floor mirrors of the double parlors. The others teased him about his objection to apartments—the pretty aunt with white bobbed hair whom she had seen before, and the older aunt with the iron-gray pompadour and the deep voice. They were friendly and kind enough to her, though a little watchful. They talked to each other and her about their own and their relatives' affairs, taking it for granted Janet must like this. Once in a while old Uncle Duncan, who looked a little like a nice old mastiff very well-groomed, paid her a heavy compliment or made a heavy joke about Craig settling down. And they all, too—or perhaps it was Janet's imagination—seemed to expect her to amuse them, as if she were a sort of professional jester.

It was over at last, and all the welcoming speeches had been made, and the nice things said through Janet's stiff lips. Craig and she went.

"You've passed the censors with flying colors, to mix a few metaphors, sweet," said Craig with a sigh of relief from boredom. "Thank the fates, that's done! Now let's go dance somewhere. I always need at least three drinks after family functions."

But suddenly, for the first time since their engagement, she did not feel she must live up to his demands.

"I'm too tired. We were up very late last night."

Somehow she didn't at all mind displeasing him or—what had always seemed worse—boring him. And he surprisingly seemed to

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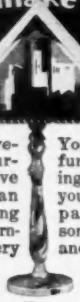

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Rhinestones

value her the more for it. He followed her upstairs instead, and there ensued an hour of lovemaking on his part, endured quietly on hers. David didn't want her—well, then, as well let this man, who did, kiss her and own the surface-Janet he knew.

Finally Craig was gone with his lovemaking, his touch of condescension, and his expectation of being obeyed and amused. And tomorrow was to be got through somehow, and then Southampton, and then marriage.

The mood carried her through the next day; she planned the expensive clothes she would buy, the parties she would give, the presents she could send home to dazzle Thelma and David, showing them how much better off Craig's wife was than David's. Make the most of the goods and glitter of this world, if it's all you have left!

And then, coming home from a reckless shopping expedition in preparation for Seastones, she faced David's photograph unexpectedly as she entered her bedroom to pack. She'd been too proud to take it down.

It faced her, steady, kind, loving. Before she knew what she was doing, she had dropped her parcels and thrown herself across the bed, burying her face in the pillow not to see his eyes. But she could not escape them. They stared at her still, making her see herself as she was, see what she was doing.

She was marrying a man who would not make her happy, for shame and pride. Rather than go loverless while the man she did love married her sister, she was marrying things to show off to Thelma and David with. Things that were—rhinestones.

"But if I gave Craig up—and went home—they'd see I'd failed. There wouldn't be anything. And seeing them—seeing Thelma—Oh, I couldn't!"

But if she stayed here, she must go through it all—marriage to Craig, whom she did not want or love.

It was perhaps three in the afternoon when she threw herself down. It was dark when she finally lifted herself from the pillow, steady and resolved. But she walked up to the photograph and faced it proudly.

"I won't be a fool and a coward, David. You brought me up better than that."

She went to the little table in the corner of the bedroom and sat down. She wrote three letters and a telegram. One letter to Craig, one to Marion, one to her mother. The telegram was to her mother also. She packed her trunk, but not for Seastones. Then she went downstairs, mailed her letters, and telephoned her telegram and for her reservation.

THE train was nearly in. Janet sat close to the pane, pressing her cheek against it, staring out to see how near home she was. It was dark outside, the far gleams of small, yellow squares that were house-windows lighting the black now and again. She pushed her window up suddenly to get the fresh night-wind. It struck her lips and cheeks, cold, caressing, clean. She had smelled that wind off the lakes all her life. She was at home.

Her heart beat suffocatingly as they slowed into her station. She felt like a little frightened thing of five, the little girl who had wanted to be led to school by the hand. If she were only really that now, with David close to comfort her and laugh at her and be her protection and defense . . .

Then she saw him. He stood under the light on the platform. She peered into the dark to see if Thelma was beside him, but she could not tell. Only David was in the light ray, looking just the same. The eyes that had given her mute counsel all the long months were blue, living, real, smiling at her. David, just as he had always been, waiting there to take care of her, looking out for her.

She forgot he was Thelma's. She forgot he did not love her any more that way. She forgot everything except that he stood there, holding his hands out to her. She ran forward into his arms there on the dingy platform, dropped her handbag and suitcase and clung to him. His arms closed tight round her, feeling as she had never known arms could feel. Heaven would be like that sometime, years from now. David's face looked down at her, joyful, adoring, gladdened, and as always comforting, reassuring.

"Why, darling!" he said. "Why, Janet dear!"

SHE was stowed competently in his little car, with the rain beating on the windows in a way that made the shut-upness like more heaven, before she remembered anything but the happiness of being with him once again. She drew herself away, the sharp pain of recollection stabbing her as she asked,

"Where's Thelma?"

"Waiting for you at home," he said carelessly, as he started the car. "Renshaw's up and around now, but she can scarcely leave him for a minute. What she'll do when he's practising again I can't imagine."

"Renshaw? David, why is she with Renshaw?"

"Why, you goose," he answered in the old brotherly way, "didn't you get our letters? We told you."

"Thelma didn't write," Janet said, scarcely able to move her lips. "I got yours. Aren't you—isn't she—"

"Yes, she is," David misunderstood her. "She's engaged to Burton Renshaw, as I told you, and they are nearly impossible to live with on account of it."

"*Not you?*"

David's heart beat wildly, but he managed to answer with his accustomed quiet. "Not me. I suppose I'm a fool, but—well, it'll be some time before I get over you, Janet. I am a fool, but—when you ran into my arms that way . . . Oh, Janet, I've hoped so, since you wrote home, that you weren't marrying that man!"

The car stood still. The station arc-lights gleamed through the little window, blurred into rainbows by the rain. Janet remembered the look of those lights as long as she lived. She could not speak—Janet, the gay, the talkative. She only held to his arm like a child and looked up at him. And at her look David knew. He bent down and took her tight in both arms, close, as he had done when she came. But this time he did not let her go.

"*Do* you love me now the right way, the way I love you?" he demanded. "You must be sure this time. I couldn't stand it—"

She clung to him happily, returning the kiss he gave her.

"Oh, David," she whispered joyfully, incoherently, laughing for sheer delight. "Oh, David, darling, I know now. I'm home now for always, to the shining things—that are true!"

[THE END]

AN OLD GARDEN

By Nancy Little

I WALKED *in an old, old garden*
Made sweet with years of care
And fragrant with the tenderness
Of those who wandered there.

I WALKED *in an old, old garden,*
And none but the roses knew
I walked in the quaint old garden
That I might think of you.

. . . . The modernistic spirit has been expressed and permanently accepted . . . in art . . . in architecture . . . in furniture . . . in dress . . . AND NOW

ART MODERNE *at the* WINDOW

Again a style trend born of this swiftly moving age finds beautiful expression at the window, with the timely introduction of the Modernistic line by Kirsch . . . drapery hardware that interprets the spirit of today in new and fascinating designs . . . vibrant, colorful . . . yet harmonizing with all that conservative taste approves.

Many and charming are the drapery effects made possible by these new Kirsch creations . . . offered in both wood and cast aluminum Atavio Work. They illustrate well Kirsch's responsiveness to the modern note in home decoration . . . and emphasize once more the leadership that has placed Kirsch Drapery Hardware at a hundred million windows.

New, and exquisite too, are the Empire paneled wood poles . . . calling to mind the stately elegance of an older day . . . a notable addition to a line distinguished by beauty of design and variety of rich color combinations. Exclusive in Kirsch Better Wood Poles is the feature that permits rings to glide silently over poles of any design without marring the finish . . . a feature also embodied in all Kirsch cut-to-measure hardware.

There is a new 1929 Kirsch Book which will give you the key to successful drapery treatments for doors and windows of any type, in rooms of any period. It is a practical guide to the selection of correct drapery hardware . . . the first essential in obtaining the effects you desire. It will aid you in the choice of materials and colors.

Here are pictured many of the charming effects inspired by Kirsch Atavio Work . . . lovely ornamental designs in cast aluminum. And Kirsch Wrought Iron Drapery Hardware . . . each piece forged by a master of hammer and anvil.

You will find pages devoted to the possibilities of the ever-popular flat extension rod . . . originated by Kirsch . . . the rod that will not sag, rust or tarnish . . . now offered in creamy old ivory and rich statuary bronze (as well as brass) to harmonize with your woodwork . . . and at no added cost.

The 1929 Kirsch Book is a mine of useful information . . . on how to make your own new curtains . . . how to dye and launder draperies . . . how to hang them. A copy is yours for the asking. Just mail the coupon today.

KIRSCH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
502 Prospect Ave., Sturgis, Michigan, U. S. A.
Kirsch Manufacturing Company of Canada, Ltd.
Woodstock, Ont.

You may send me the *New Kirsch Book* without charge.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(129)

- Kirsch -

Drapery Hardware

In using advertisements see page 6

YOUR POCKETBOOK

How Good Housekeeping Protects It

IN THE lower right hand corner of every odd numbered advertising page in Good Housekeeping you will find the legend: "In using advertisements see Page 6." Page 6 is Good Housekeeping's *Index to Guaranteed Advertisements*—one of the handiest buying guides you have. On Page 6 you will find the money-back guaranty that makes it safe to buy anything and everything you see advertised in Good Housekeeping.

Before it may be advertised here, Good Housekeeping makes sure, by careful examination of claims and values—by laboratory tests of certain classes of merchandise—that the product will give you satisfaction in every sense of the word. Household equipment must not only do its work well, but economically. Foods must be pure and wholesome. Toilet articles must be free from harmful ingredients. In short, there is no compromise. Every product must give sound value at a fair price or its advertising is not accepted.

Good Housekeeping foregoes many thousands of dollars of advertising revenue to maintain its high advertising standards. It does so cheerfully, for it is the only way its advertising pages can merit your confidence when you buy for your home.

Yet this does not limit your choice. It merely limits the chances of costly mistakes. There are few magazines which give you a larger, more varied array of merchandise. A glance at Page 6 in this, or any issue will tell you that. In the course of a year almost every worthwhile product you need, and which is sold nationally, is advertised here.

Manufacturers of good merchandise find it advantageous to advertise in Good Housekeeping. Its guaranty helps them to win the recognition and confidence of the 1,600,000 and more readers who depend on Good Housekeeping for their wants and the wants of their families. Dealers, too, stock this merchandise because it has the qualities careful buyers want. You will find it in most of the better stores.

It will pay you never to buy an unknown, untried article without first consulting Page 6 to see if it is advertised in—and guaranteed by Good Housekeeping. If, by chance, you do not find it there we are always glad to tell you if it is eligible for Good Housekeeping's guaranty.

An advertisement about Good Housekeeping

Your Money's Worth

(*Continued from page 96*)

are redeemable at from 2½ to 7½ points above par, which makes several of them selling at 90 or so especially attractive. The cost of the fifteen bonds, at the time the list was made, was $14,347, and the yearly income $775.

The second list was prepared for us by a woman employed by a conservative investment house. While she was anxious to recommend only the best securities commensurate with a fair yield, she also especially wanted to include some which give definite promise of increasing in value. Her list therefore includes stocks as well as bonds.

She suggests an investment of $11,000 in bonds, two of which are convertible, and the balance in the preferred stocks of two public-utility companies and the common stocks of a copper company and a railroad. Her bond recommendations are distributed as follows: $3,000 in public utilities, $4,000 in railroads, $2,000 in foreign governments, and $2,000 in the three-year notes of an oil company. The stocks she suggests are ten shares each of the preferred stocks of two large holding companies controlling many gas and electric properties, five common shares in a copper company, and five shares of common stock in a railroad which is not only strong in itself but has large investments in other great roads covering other sections of the country. In September, when the list was made up, the total cost of the securities at market prices was $14,426, and the yearly income from the list was estimated at $805. At first glance there appears to be somewhat more risk in this group of investments than in the first one, but it happens that a larger percentage—about half—of these are rated "High Grade," so that the risk is about the same. The woman expert who prepared this schedule emphasized the need of supervision.

"Warn her," she said, "that she must not sit down and forget these securities. She must watch them, or have some one do it for her. I believe, and my firm believes, that they are good, but no one can be sure of anything less gilt-edged than Liberty bonds."

After studying thoughtfully the lists submitted to us by the two financial houses, we also decided to suggest putting $11,000 into bonds, choosing the issues of three public utilities operating in different sections, two railroads, two industrials, one European and one South American government, and we suggested adding a high-grade real-estate mortgage bond, which neither of the other lists had mentioned. The remaining $4,000 we should divide among the preferred stock of a growing electric company, the common stock of a great railroad, and the common of a telephone company which practically has a monopoly in its field. At the time the list was studied, securities like these would cost approximately $14,755, and the income would be 5.54 percent, or, in dollars, $807.50 a year.

We like this combination because it has a good balance of stocks and bonds, because eight of the eleven items selected rank as high-grade investments, and because it is well diversified. It gives the buyer a chance to share in the growth of the country, because it includes one convertible bond and a substantial investment in good stocks. Finally, the income, considering the conservative nature of the securities, is excellent.

The analysis of these three lists was an impressive lesson. It showed beyond a doubt how difficult it is to get a regular return of 6 percent, if one sticks to securities of sound investment value.

Apparently, if one can not take undue risk, as is the case of the widow who wrote to us, an average return of five to five and three-quarters percent is the highest that can be hoped for. And even if she buys only those stocks and bonds recommended by astute and conservative advisers, she must remember that constant supervision and watchfulness are necessary to keep her investments sound and lucrative.

Christmas Gift Insurance

(*Continued from page 83*)

become dry. This safeguards the heating element. Should this happen, replace the blown-out fuse with a good one, and the percolator is ready for use.

"Well begun is half done" is surely true with regard to the breaking in of a waffle-iron. The difficulty experienced with waffles sticking is due many times to the incorrect use of the iron the first time. Proper greasing and preheating are necessary. Although all manufacturers do not agree as to the need for greasing, Good Housekeeping Institute prefers to do it the first time to avoid all danger of sticking. In using a new waffle-iron, we pre-heat from five to eight minutes (the exact time varies with different irons), then brush the top and bottom grids with hot, unsalted fat, close the grids, and heat about two minutes longer. The iron is then ready for use. When this procedure is followed, we are never troubled with sticking, and further greasing is not necessary, provided, of course, the recipe used contains enough fat. Because many waffle-irons have a protective coating on the grids, we usually discard the first waffle.

In cleaning your waffle-iron, don't be too anxious to keep the grids spotless. As your iron becomes seasoned, the inside will darken, but remember that if this is scoured off, it will be necessary to reseason the iron. This means greasing again to avoid sticking. When you finish using the iron, heat it for a few minutes to burn off any excess fat which might cause rancidity. Wipe off the grids with a clean cloth wrung out of hot water and leave the iron open to dry and cool. If your appliances have a non-tarnishable finish, the care of the outside surface is merely a matter of wiping with a damp cloth and rubbing with a clean, dry one. Those that do not have this finish should be wiped off with a cloth wrung out of hot water, and when dry rubbed with a polishing cloth. Should the surface become badly tarnished, a metal cleaner will have to be used.

The fuse of an electrical appliance is really a safety valve, as was illustrated in the case of the percolator. Generally speaking, when a fuse blows out, it is not enough to replace it. Find out why this happened and correct the cause to avoid future trouble.

An important part of any electrical appliance is the cord, for this carries the current from the outlet to the device. If you would have uninterrupted service, see to it that your cord is in good condition. To keep it so, hang it up when not in use. Avoid knotting, sharp bending or twisting, and tramping on cords, as this is apt to break the fine wires of which the cord is made. The plug at the end of the cord is made of composition which may break if carelessly handled. Be careful not to drop it on the floor or knock it against a hard surface.

Although proper use and care will prolong the life of any appliance, no piece of mechanical equipment will wear forever. Many manufacturers guarantee to keep some devices in repair for a certain length of time. Obviously, they could not do this forever and stay in business. It is only right, therefore, that you should pay for repairs when this period expires. Try to keep your equipment in such condition that you are always getting one hundred percent service from it.

The famous Maternity Center of New York—where mothers learn the best methods of baby care—uses Lux for *all* baby's things. The experts at the Center say: "Lux has *no harmful alkali*—little garments washed in Lux never irritate tender skin. With Lux, baby woolens do not shrink through *hundreds* of washings . . . And Lux is truly sanitary: *unlike cake soap*, the same Lux is never used twice."

"It's the Prettiest Dress I Ever Had"

"AND I made it all myself! Thanks to the Woman's Institute, I can now make all my own clothes and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on *one!* For the first time in my life, I know that my clothes have *style!*"

No matter where you live, you, too, can learn at home to make stylish, becoming clothes and hats at great savings and earn money besides.

Write for Free Booklet

Mail coupon for 32-page Free Booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes." It describes the easy, step-by-step courses of the Woman's Institute and tells how it has solved the clothes problem and brought happiness to thousands of women and girls.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 8-N, Scranton, Pa.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of "Making Beautiful Clothes," and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked—

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name .....
(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

In using advertisements see page 6

Marching On

(*Continued from page 33*)

its work has jumped in five years from $125,000 to $7,000,000!

Bearing all this in mind, I am sure you will not find it difficult to understand why I felt so deeply honored that Mrs. Walbridge should wish me to be a guest at the Annual Convention of the Legion and the Legion Auxiliary; and, a day or two after receiving her invitation, I was on my way to San Antonio, which is, without any shadow of a doubt, one of the most charming and distinctive cities in the United States.

A City of History

It has been aptly called "a place of fascinating contrasts," where "Romance of the Latin, pride of the South, industry of the Yankee have all had their share in the composition of a metropolis." I can not imagine a better description. Here, unmistakably, we are on the soil over which the gold and crimson banner of Spain once floated; the notices in the old cathedral of San Fernando, facing the plaza, are in Spanish as well as English; the ancient palace of the Spanish governors, though scarred with age, still reveals in its noble doorway the remnants of past "pomp and majesty"; and bells still ring for services in ancient missions founded by Franciscan Fathers more than two centuries ago—Concepcion, with its cloisters and library and battered frescoes; San José, with the wonderful door and window which were twenty years in the carving; San Francisco de la Espada, with its exquisite belfry, its calm remoteness from haste and congestion—how permeated with the odor of sanctity they all seem! No less sacred is the Alamo, in the heart of the city—"the Thermopylae of America"—where the cornerstone of Texan independence was laid at the cost of the life of every man who fought within the fortress. It is gray and peaceful now, bright flowers bloom in its gardens, and fruitful pecan trees shade its quiet walks; its walls echo with the sound of happy voices. But all who enter it do so with reverence; for this, too, is holy ground.

We can not forget—since we are made subtly aware of it at every turn—that this is a city of history. Five other flags have floated above it since that gold and crimson banner was first planted there—the flag of France, the flag of Mexico, the flag of the Texan republic, the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy, and now the Stars and Stripes. Here Robert E. Lee formed the great decision which made him the leader of "The Lost Cause"; here Theodore Roosevelt organized the Rough Riders; here John J. Pershing left his station at Fort Sam Houston to take command of the American Expeditionary Forces. Could any city provide a more suitable setting for a "gathering of the clans" of the American Legion?

But it is not only from the historical point of view that it seems so fitting; its beauty, its spaciousness, its cosmopolitan progressiveness all contribute to this also. And it is in holiday attire to greet the Legionnaires, with bells ringing, and lights twinkling, and flags fluttering, and the proverbial hospitality of the region breaking its own exalted records in the heights which it reaches! This hospitality was so all-embracing that it provided—among many other blessings—a "sponsor" for every special guest; and under the wing of my own kind sponsor, Mrs. Ralph Durkes—met by her at the very door of my own room, conveyed hither and yon in her motor, guided swiftly and safely by her to platforms and parties, meetings and functions—I escaped all the confusion, all the delay, and all the bewilderment which are apt to disturb the stranger in a strange land. So the morning after my arrival in San Antonio saw me spirited, as easily as if the Magic Carpet had been mine to command, straight from my "billet" to the First Baptist Church, where the meetings of the Auxiliary took place.

Having been led to the platform, I found myself in most delightful company. My old friend Mrs. William H. Schofield—looking lovely in white—was there in her capacity of National Chairman of Distinguished Guests and American Chairman of Auxiliary to "Fidac" (*Federation Interalliée des Anciens Combatants*)—the great international organization to which the Legionnaires and Auxiliaries of *all* the Allied Nations belong, and of which I shall have more to tell you. Mrs. Adelin Wright Macauley was there—slim, stylish, gracious, efficient—a former Legion Auxiliary President and the first American woman to be elected President of Fidac Auxiliary, who had come directly from the Congress in Bucharest where this honor had been conferred upon her, and who is so preeminently deserving of it and fitted for it. Lady Edward Spencer Churchill was there, the President of the Woman's Division of the British Legion, and a former President of Fidac Auxiliary—a noblewoman to her finger-tips, and, withal, a devout patriot, a tireless worker, and the best of "good sports," ready to enter whole-heartedly into the spirit of any occasion, be it grave or gay.

After being presented to Lady Edward and Mrs. Macauley, I was introduced also to several of the National Vice-presidents who were seated near us, among them Mrs. Belle G. Simpson of Alaska—dark, handsome, straightforward, and eloquent—becomingly dressed in dark red, with a quaint necklace of deep-blue stones set in heavy gold clasping her throat; and Mrs. Rosa S. Townes of Virginia, slim and cool in her sheer, sleeveless dress of dark blue, elegant and exquisite, the fine flower of the South . . .

There was the pleasant murmur of subdued conversation which presages the imminence of an event. Then Mrs. Walbridge rapped with her gavel. "The colors will be advanced," she said in her charming voice. And down the aisles, borne by white-clad pages, came the Stars and Stripes and the Auxiliary flags from all over the nation. "The Star Spangled Banner" was beautifully sung; a welcome was extended by Mayor Chambers of San Antonio and by Mrs. F. M. Hardin, General Chairman of the Convention and President of the Texas Department—a lovely-looking woman with soft, curling hair and pleasant eyes. The special guests were asked to greet the assembly; and at the conclusion of her speech Lady Edward—who some time ago was decorated with the Order of the British Empire for her services in converting her home into a hospital during the war—was presented with the Distinguished Service Medal of the Legion Auxiliary, hitherto given to only two women—Mrs. Calvin Coolidge in recognition of her work at Walter Reed Hospital, and Mrs. George R. Crosfield of England, a former head of Fidac.

An Invitation from the Legion

This presentation was beautifully acknowledged; then, in the midst of the first preliminaries of business, there was a slight stir, and a tall, erect man in uniform appeared on the platform and whispered to Mrs. Schofield: The escort had arrived to conduct the special guests to the opening meeting of the Legion Convention, held in the magnificent auditorium of which San Antonio is so justly proud. Their arrival was awaited. Were they ready to go?

They were entirely ready. And soon Lady Edward, Mrs. Macauley, and your own unreliable friend having been duly "escorted" from the church to the auditorium, and placed in a box upon another platform, were presented, one after the other, by Commander Spafford to that vast assembly of 6000, rising row upon row, and dimly seen—almost as if it were enveloped in some mystic gloom—beyond the blaze of Klieg lights—that multitude of Legionnaires who "serve in peace as in war," who are dedicated to the task of smoothing the path for their broken brothers, of "visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction," and of helping to pave the way to a permanent and stable peace, that those dead whom they commemorate "may not have died in vain."

As I bent my head to acknowledge my own presentation, I thought of other places where I had been presented to other persons—of courts and kings and queens, of audience chambers and princes and premiers and potentates; and with a thrill that flooded all my being I realized that this was the greatest presentation of all.

The Legionnaires were in a joyous mood, and this mood was reflected in the heartiness of the welcome with which they greeted their guests; they gave a rousing tribute to Major Georges Scapini, the blind French veteran; they rose as one man to cheer General Pershing with a resounding roar; but to no one did they accord a more moving ovation than to Field Marshal Lord Allenby, the conqueror of Palestine, who is so often and so beautifully described as "the last of the Crusaders." His speech was one of the outstanding events of the entire convention; and I am going to venture to include in this letter the part of it that seemed to me the most significant.

Lord Allenby's Address

"I have seen orator after orator come up here and speak to you," said he. "I can not follow those floods of oratory. I can merely tell you from my heart what I feel, and that is gratitude and a sense of great honor conferred upon me today. I came over to your country not long ago, . . . and I was honored by this invitation to come and be a part of this great reunion of the American Legion. I am a member of the British Legion, and I feel drawn to you by that magnet, as well as by the magnet of respect and esteem for your great country, with which we had the honor to stand side by side in the great war for liberty and the freedom of the world. Now nearly ten years have passed since that war was fought, and since victory crowned our associated armies, and we have had time to sum up our gains and our losses . . . In estimating these, we feel that the gains far outbalance the losses. I think that the great gain, to us at any rate—that is, we English-speaking nations—has been the birth of those two great children of the war—the American Legion and the British Legion. Our ideals are the same, comradeship and patriotism, and those go hand in hand on each side of the Atlantic . . .

"Now we comrades of the war, you of the American Legion and we of the British Legion, working together are men who knew war, we experienced war, its sufferings and its horrors. . . . I am no pessimist, and we must defend ourselves, every nation must look after its own interests, but we must remember that by guarding those interests we are guarding civilization . . . One does hear very foolish things said sometimes, and I heard one yesterday. I was talking about the Kellogg pact, and I was asked what I thought of it. I said I thought it was the finest achievement of modern times, and that while the wedge had not split the log, the pressure on the blunt end of the wedge would go through that log and it would be split and peace would in time result; not in our time possibly, but some day surely; probably not for many years, but meanwhile we could be looking forward to it, hitching our wagon to a star, as one of your great philosophers has said. Well, the man to whom I was talking said to me, 'Don't you think a little healthy blood-letting is a good thing occasionally?'

"I was horrified. In the surgery of one hundred years ago, blood-letting was quite a common thing, but that surgery has ceased to

Marching On

exist. When you come to think of blood-letting, what does it mean? Devastation, ruin, misery, cruel death, mutilation, paralyzation of trade, setback of civilization. No, do not let any one think that a 'little healthy blood-letting is a good thing.' Blood-letting can not be healthy. It has been abandoned by the surgeons; let it be abandoned by the nations. No wars among great nations can be restricted as they were in the past. We are too closely allied, we are too closely held together by virtue of all the modern inventions, by the easy means of communication by air and by sea, by steam, electricity, wireless telegraphy, aviation, and so on. In the Napoleonic wars Great Britain was practically as far away from France as you in America are from England. What time did it take your gallant hero, Colonel Lindbergh, when he flew to France? Thirty-six hours. With a strong east wind blowing, it took much longer than that to go from England to France a hundred years ago . . . One great war would bring us all in again. If it is necessary, let it do so—but pray God it may not be necessary, and don't let us talk about the possibility of blood-letting!"

About the time that this letter reaches you, the Kellogg pact—the multilateral treaty through which fifteen nations have "renounced war as an instrument of national policy"—will be coming before the Senate for ratification; and therefore I believe you will wish to know not only what Lord Allenby said about it—and I hope you will remember that he called it "the finest achievement of modern times"—but how others in San Antonio outlined their views concerning it. Almost every important speech included some mention of it; and all these expressions were most significant.

Commander Spafford called it "a magnificent gesture." "I would hate to think that the people were lulled into a false sense of security or fooled into thinking that war is a thing of the past by such measures," he said, "but I am a man of peace, and everything that makes people think in terms of peace is valuable. The Kellogg treaties have done that."

Secretary of War Davis, declaring that "the multilateral peace treaty is an expression of the will for peace on the part of the great governments of the world," warned the convention that "the value of this step will be lost if we conceive it to be a *definite assurance* of the permanent establishment of world peace." "Unfortunately," he went on, "some of our citizens have thoughtlessly jumped to such a conclusion. Contrary to the advice of President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg, there are those who even advocate an immediate reduction in our modest defense forces. *It is obvious that any disarmament, to be effective, must be universal* . . . The treaty detracts nothing from the right and obligation of ourselves or the other high contracting parties to maintain an adequate defense against attack, but it does pledge ourselves not to attack others in consideration of their agreement not to attack us, and to seek a settlement of our controversies, one with another, through peaceful means."

General Pershing Speaks

General Pershing said: "The world knows that we are a peace-loving people. We covet nothing that belongs to another nation, and we would suffer no encroachment upon that which belongs to us. We stand for the maintenance of peace with honor. Ours is a sentiment of good will toward all peoples, which the American Legion has done much to promote, especially by its visit to Europe last year. Out of a general desire for peace and upon the broad initiative of our Government, a treaty was recently signed at Paris by representatives of the leading powers condemning recourse to war for the resolution of international controversies and renouncing it as an instrument of national policy. In my opinion this is merely an expression of the spirit that has always prevailed in the minds of the American people, and on last Memorial Day I spoke in France in favor of such a general understanding.

"If the other signatory powers have entered into this agreement in all sincerity and without reserve and without ulterior motives, and we have no reason to think otherwise, then it is an important step toward peace. But only time can tell, for there are many correlative questions to be determined. In the meantime, it does not of itself signify that war will be no more. Human nature still remains the same, and envy, greed of gain, national and racial prejudice, and the ambitions of rulers will always play their part in international relations.

"Such a treaty ought, at least, to prevent the calamity of war appearing out of a clear sky to shock mankind as it did in 1914. But it does not give sufficient assurance, if such a thing were possible, to warrant the conclusion that we are safe in scrapping our modest plans of defense on land or sea. Relatively speaking, our country maintains today the very minimum of forces necessary for security. And it should continue to do at least this much, regardless of the views of some uninformed and inexperienced citizens who seem to think that this treaty will end war. Americans who served as soldiers, and all other thoughtful citizens, know too well the cost in human life and the excessive expenditure of treasure that came to us in the World War because of lack of preparation, and none of them have blind faith in treaties."

Mrs. Walbridge

"There are no women so desirous of peace as the women of the American Legion Auxiliary," said Mrs. Walbridge. "Our interest in national defense is solely from the defensive point of view, and as a resort when arbitration can not settle a problem. Therefore, I am delighted with the effectiveness of the Kellogg pact, and I am hopeful for its ratification, though not at the expense of the Naval Building Program. *We are not for one against the other, but for both.*"

Mrs. Macauley expressed herself no less emphatically. "The value of the Kellogg Peace Treaty is that in itself it is an expression of the desire of the United States for World Peace," she said. "Thus it counteracts the feeling among the peoples of the European nations that we are not interested in this great program. While the Kellogg Peace Treaty will never in itself eliminate war, it is developing the right line of thought."

As you watch the fate of this pact in the Senate this winter, remember how these men and women who have known war, and therefore long for peace, feel about it; for from their experience and their expression I know you can not fail to find guidance and enlightenment.

But meanwhile let us return to the auditorium and join in the cheers that greeted Lord Allenby as the Distinguished Service Medal of the American Legion is conferred upon him; and from there let us go to the Fidac luncheon, at which Mrs. Schofield was hostess, and which was held in the palm-bordered, flower-scented patio of the charming old Menger Hotel. A great oval awning in stripes of orange and tan was spread over the long central table, surrounded by small round tables, at which the guests were seated; and the decorations were porcelain swans, resting lightly on glittering mirrors, and filled with pink roses and that delicate clambering plant known variously as Mexican vine, coral vine, *ligne d'amour*, or *cadena d'amor*, according to the locality in which it is found. It was by the last of these names that Lord Allenby chose to designate it, when, at the end of the friendly little speech in which he greeted the other guests, he picked up a branch of it and reminded us that we are all bound together by a *chain of love!*

It was a delightful occasion, this Fidac luncheon. Lady Allenby, recovered from the fatigue of a long journey which had prevented her from attending the morning sessions, was present, dark and graceful and lovely, the personification of distinction. Major Scapini, seated beside Mrs. Macauley, hardly betrayed the cruel handicap of his blindness, so skilful was his handling of the delicacies placed before him, and so merry was the grace of his manner. General Pershing was in holiday humor, quick, as always, in his repartee, alert, animated, and handsome. Your unreliable friend, seated between F. Trubee Davidson, Assistant Secretary of War, and General Henry T. Allen, found it hard, in such company and amid such surroundings, to tear herself away, even to go to the equally delightful reception at the Country Club, where Commander and Mrs. Spafford and Mr. and Mrs. Walbridge were acting as hosts. But it had to be done, for one festivity followed another in quick succession.

There were so many that I can not even mention them all, much less describe them in detail. But there is one more "function" to which we *must* go, before we turn to other things, and that is the States Dinner held on the third evening of the convention, at which two thousand guests were present. As the name of the dinner implies, every state brings in its own special message on this occasion, and every delegation has its own table, beautifully and appropriately decorated. A prize is bestowed upon the one which, in the opinion of the appointed judges, is the most beautiful of all; and the California table, adorned by a great golden "horn of plenty" overflowing with rich fruits, carried off this coveted award. But the decision of the judges must have been a difficult one to make; for the Nevada table, with its cloth-of-silver tissue edged with deep silver lace, and its massed fragrant sagebrush, was exquisitely lovely, too. The painted wigwam of soft chamois skin rising in the middle of the Oklahoma table; the tiny Navajo rugs and coy little Indian dolls encircling Arizona's table; the slim, graceful palmettos surmounting South Carolina's table—all these, and many others, were most attractive. The infinite variety of the beauty which is ours to offer in love and service throughout our great country was symbolized at this States Dinner as I have never seen it symbolized before, and I realized how freely both love and service would be given to all who stand in need of them.

The Eight and Forty

It was at a "function," too, that I made acquaintance with that thriving organization within an organization, the "8 and 40." In the American Legion the "40 and 8"—reminiscent of the days when *quarante hommes et huit chevaux* (forty men and eight horses) represented the capacity of French cars—has won a well-deserved place for itself not only as a "source of innocent merriment" but as a powerful channel of welfare work; its sister society, the "8 and 40"—*Boutique de huit chapeaux et quarante dames*—the shop of eight hats and forty ladies—has done no less. Very fetching its members look in their pretty uniform, fresh white dresses, graceful scarlet capes, and jaunty scarlet caps, and at no time more jaunty than at their annual dinner, when they give themselves over whole-heartedly to the festivity of the occasion.

Besides the "functions" there were quieter gatherings, too, the memory of which I shall always treasure. I shall—for instance—remember with deep and abiding pleasure a visit with Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr., the incoming National President of the Auxiliary, late one afternoon during a "pause in the day's occupations"—a visit in the course of which I discovered for myself the charm and distinction of this "typical woman of the modern South," as she has been elsewhere described. Emulating the devoted service which the men of her family have always rendered their country, she was active in Red Cross and Liberty Loan work during the World War; and after becoming a charter member of the Auxiliary Unit in her own home, she served as Unit

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Marching On

President, as Chairman of several State Committees, as President of the Department of Georgia, as National Executive Committeewoman from Georgia, as Chairman of the National Finance Committee, and as Chairman of the National Legislative Committee, one of the most important posts in the organization. During her last term as Department President a great tribute was paid to her work through an "Appreciation Week" in the course of which the Legionnaires in Georgia devoted their efforts to securing members for the Auxiliary, as a mark of recognition of her services and success. Bringing, as she does, devotion, ability, and experience to the all-important office to which she has now been elected, she seems ideally fitted for the position, while the grace of her personality will inevitably make itself felt and recognized in her every undertaking.

The New Fidac President

I had a quiet visit with Mrs. Macauley, too—a breakfast visit this time, for which I slipped across the hall, and sat consuming cinnamon toast and coffee, and chatting with her about many things, until a jangling and relentless telephone reminded us both that another day's activities had begun. Mrs. Macauley is a most remarkable, as well as a most attractive woman. A graduate of Rockford College, she has done executive and organization work throughout her adult life. Becoming "National Poppy Chairman" of the Auxiliary in 1923, she "has directed the Legion and Auxiliary membership in a procedure of comfort and alleviation of untold value to disabled men by promoting the poppy industry"—the industry of poppies made by disabled soldiers, and not commercially manufactured. In 1926 she became National President of the Auxiliary and in this capacity led the members of her organization to Paris. Her slogan during her administration was "Publicity, cooperation, and a square deal"; and there seems no doubt that she will carry forward this same watchword in assuming the reins of government for Fidac, for she spoke with enthusiasm and earnestness of the responsibilities before her.

"I am sailing almost immediately for France to take up my residence in a French family," she told me, "for though I have the usual grammatical background of school and college French, I do feel that it is not enough to enable me to preside properly over Board meetings and conventions which are, necessarily, conducted entirely in French—the common language of the ten different countries which belong to Fidac—Belgium, United States, France, Great Britain, Italy, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Jugo-Slavia, and Czecho-Slovakia, though the women are not organized in all of these. The men's international headquarters are in Paris, but the women have never maintained any. So I am going to establish a central office, with a permanent resident secretary, in Paris for the women, where programs can be coordinated and efforts organized, and Board meetings, to which representatives from all the affiliated nations come, will be held there every three months. Later in the year, when it no longer seems necessary for me to be at the office every day, I shall do a good deal of traveling in connection with the work; and, when the next annual convention meets—in Belgrade—I hope to be thoroughly prepared for it in every way.

"You want me to tell you still more about Fidac? Well, it was organized directly after the World War by all the service men of all the allied nations, and its first purpose was to keep alive the bonds of friendship. The men seemed to realize that they would be taking their places in their respective governments more and more, and these governments now recognize Fidac as one of the greatest factors for universal peace in the world today. So many outstanding men are prominent in it that it is a great power.

"Every year the women in Fidac report what the different countries are doing for the service men, and what they are doing for the war orphans—there is an exchange of ideas mutually helpful to all the nations. Constant correspondence goes on, and the children of one country are sent to visit the children of another. In fact, the greatest work of all is that done among the children. It will be my task to see how we can develop a practical program for the education of youth, so that it may be trained to think in terms of arbitration rather than in terms of war. If we who know the horrors of war do not do this, we can not hope that the coming generation will profit by our own bitter experience."

This—in brief—is what Mrs. Macauley said to me before the telephone called us to another day of meetings and functions. All too swiftly they passed, those crowded, colorful days. The great parade went by—"an army of peace born of war," marching in bright and brave array through sunlit streets. The balloting began—and Mrs. Ficklen was chosen to succeed Mrs. Walbridge as National President of the Auxiliary, Paul V. McNutt was chosen to succeed Edward E. Spafford as National Commander; resolutions were adopted, reports were read, recommendations advanced. The gavels descended for the last time. The twin conventions were over.

And what—you may very logically ask—did all this seem to signify when, exhausted but triumphant, I finally started on my long journey north again? What had the conventions meant to me besides a succession of delightful experiences and an imposing spectacle? They had meant—and they always will mean—a great deal more. In the first place they meant enlightenment. Before going to San Antonio I had no conception of the nature and importance and magnitude of the work which the Legion and the Auxiliary are doing; I had never even heard of Fidac. And I am sorry to say that I believe my abysmal ignorance on these subjects is by no means exceptional. In the second place they meant inspiration—the inspiration which comes from the contact with noble men and women, whose lives are illuminated by that strong and steady flame of love which we call patriotism, and who pass along, to all who will receive it, the spark of that sacred fire.

The Keynote is Peace

"To promote peace and goodwill on earth" and "to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to community, state, and nation—this is to state the service of the Legion and its great Auxiliary—in the order of effect and cause,"—so runs an editorial in the *San Antonio News*—"Peace and goodwill can be promoted no more strongly and surely than through usefulness—a usefulness inspired and steadfastly guided by the highest character of patriotism; by 'the noblest motive, the public good.' This usefulness, unremitting in its kindness and patience is seen alike in what the Legion has done to assure the care and rehabilitation of disabled veterans; to provide for the orphans of its comrades who made the supreme sacrifice; to arouse fellow-countrymen to the realization and exercise of their civic obligations—their duty as electors—and to fend for the health and progress, the happiness and sturdy development of young America."

I am more than glad—I am supremely thankful—that I have learned to recognize the truth of every word of this editorial; and in my gladness and my thankfulness—which I have tried to interpret to you—I hope you will find the explanation which I promised you at the beginning of this letter.

With deep affection always,
Faithfully yours,
Frances Parkinson Keyes

Places

(*Continued from page 49*)

Poppa Coppa's of the famous frescoes. Solari's—where they have named a sweetbread after me! The question in San Francisco is never, "Where can we go tonight?" but "Where *shall* we go?" Not "What can we eat tonight?" but "What *shall* we eat tonight?" There are French cafés and Italian ones; Mexican and Spanish ones; Chinese and Arab ones; Portuguese and Greek ones; even an occasional American one. And the choice is delightfully bewildering.

The regular dinner at Julius's—he serves nothing else—is typical of two delightful features of San Francisco restaurant life—the really good *table d'hôte* dinner and the really low price at which it is served. Here is a banquet of seven courses, personally cooked and served by one of the master restaurateurs of our time—price, two dollars. And Julius's is considered expensive. I have eaten extraordinary dinners for a dollar and a half, a dollar, and even fifty cents. The chief difference between the more and the less costly is variety, not quality. One of the best restaurants I know charges five cents for its coffee. A sign on Market Street reads "Two Eggs Boiled or Fried, Ten Cents." I went in and tried them. They were real eggs. I have paid sixty cents in New York for the same dish!

But I warn you, it is not easy to be respectable in San Francisco. If the stimulating climate doesn't get you in the daytime, the private rooms in the restaurants will get you at night. There are almost as many rooms—"booths," they call them for politeness' sake—as there are tables; and behind the discreet curtains of each one of them some native or adopted son is dining *en famille* or without.

Which is not telling about my trip to:

The Yosemite. The lacy beauties of Bridal Veil. The sleeping waters of Mirror Lake. El Capitan, with its four hundred acres of native rock. The Three Brothers.

The Cathedral Spires. Yosemite Falls, fifteen times higher than Niagara. No other place in all the world is so prodigal of grandeur, so overflowing with sublimity, so intimate with God.

But what's the use? A world traveler, not a native son any more than I am—once said to me:

"California has everything to satisfy the mortal hopes of pleasure-seeking man. San Francisco is the gayest of cities. Los Angeles is the gladdest. Catalina is the most beautiful of islands. The Golden Gate is the loveliest of straits. San Francisco Bay is the safest haven God ever made. Los Angeles harbor is the greatest man ever dreamed. There are no trees like the Big Trees. There is no highway like the King's Highway. There is no playground like Del Monte, no mountain like Shasta, no lake like Tahoe, no sun like California's."

Speaking of California

Page Miami, Florida! Which is exactly what I am going to do. The last time I mentioned Miami, the mayor of the city and nearly four thousand realtors wrote to tell me that I had never been there. (That's the kind of place Miami is. The truth about it—either favorable or unfavorable—is quite unbelievable!) But that experience was during the boom—and here is where I make such obeisance as my conscience dictates.

Twelve years ago, Miami was a place where you stayed overnight if you missed your boat to Nassau. Now, Nassau, jewel of the Bahamas, one hundred and eighty-seven miles from the mainland, is proud to advertise itself as "Miami's Island Suburb." The giant causeways connecting Miami Beach and the mainland across the wide expanse of Biscayne Bay are monuments to the town's resourcefulness and courage; and so are the nerve and gallantry with which it has come back through tempest and flood. In spirit, Miami is more like San Francisco than it appears at first sight, and when "The Magic City" uncovers a restaurant as good as Poppa Coppa's, I'll visit it again and write gladly of its triumph!

And when I do, I'll go again to my beloved Deland, where, according to Mr. Foster, "several match games are played each year by tourists with the neighboring towns for honors in horseshoe pitching." Incidentally, Deland is one of the most beautiful places in the world—with a temperature that keeps the doctor away: 69.7. And a university founded by John B. Stetson which is almost as famous as his hats.

Not far from Deland is another of my favorites:

Orlando, citrus center and home of the poetic muse. I sent my shirt to an Orlando laundry one winter's week, and it failed to come back for Sunday. Complaints were unavailing so far as my own garment was concerned, but the genial washer-man was not cast down. "Perhaps," he said, "we can lend you one."

Beyond Orlando are hundreds of lakes, the bluest in the world: shining like deep-toned sapphires in settings of grass-green jade. Then comes the Gulf—and—

Tampa, the American Naples, situated at the head of a Neapolitan bay. Life in Tampa's great Moorish hotel—if you can dodge the blue vases and the green and yellow china dogs—is "just one continual round of dances, picnics, fish-frys, barbecues, strawberry and ice-cream festivals, get-together meetings, songs, excursions to near-by cities, and other forms of entertainment."

St. Petersburg—it seems to me there was once another important city by that name!—is still the only community in America which lines its sidewalks with mile after mile of comfortable green benches. The city is all waterfront, thirty miles of it, with dozens of sandy beaches on Bay and Gulf. And not far away is exclusive, expensive, incomparably beautiful Bellair.

Down the East Coast

But if I must go more directly to Miami, I'll follow the Sunday-paper trail down the glittering East Coast through—

Jacksonville, which has reached that point in Florida respectability where it boasts that the boom has passed it by. Just the normal American growth: Ten times as many automobiles as it had ten years ago; ten times as many safe deposit boxes in the bank; a flock of new tourist hotels; and the original supply of Confederate monuments and persimmon trees.

St. Augustine. Window-balconied and narrow-streeted, it hasn't changed much in three hundred and fifty years. Fort Marion still glooms above the sunlit waters. The famous "Ponsy" hotel, which must have been there when De Leon landed in the bay, still overlooks the square. The gateway to the city still stands—though the gates are no longer closed against wandering Northern tribes.

Ormond of the wonder beach. I don't suppose Rockefeller has ever seen it. The Beach, I mean. For his route, as I have seen him take it on many a winter's morning, leads over the bare, brown stretches of the Ormond golf links—a route that is baked by the Florida sun and cooled by Pelican Island breezes. An unchanging and wholly satisfying place, Ormond.

And at the end of a delightful ride through the Indian River country—

Palm Beach. That verdant playground, laced by broad, curving, hibiscus-lined avenues and narrow, scarce-discernible trails; enriched by comfortable homes, luxurious hotels, and exclusive clubs; aglow with restaurants and theatres and shops—a place of studied suavity, sophisticated loveliness, authentic charm.

I'll never forget it as I saw it last—from the lake. Palm Beach from Lake Worth—it is so soft, so green, so unexpectedly sweet that it takes the tourist's breath away: in the foreground, the shining lake; in the mid-distance, the towering hotels and towering palms; in the

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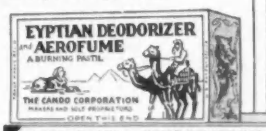

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Places

background, reflecting the depths of the invisible ocean, the pastel beauty of a Florida evening sky.

Most beach resorts crowd the sea with barn-like hotels. At Palm Beach, only one large hotel faces the ocean. The others face, but do not crowd, the unruffled lake. The narrow strip of land which intervenes is the most beautiful winter playground in the world.

There are interesting people at Palm Beach, too. And at the other Southern resorts. At one or another of them I have seen most of the nation's biggest men:

Thomas A. Edison, at Fort Myers, pencil in hand, scratch-pad on desk, old coat on shoulders, gazing in bewilderment at an extra logarithm which had wandered uninvited into his calculations.

John Luke, who made most of the paper on which magazines are printed and made a good many of the men who print magazines. Georgia was his favorite winter playground.

Everybody Goes to Florida

Charlie Dawes. Vice-president of the United States. But you'd never know it. You'd think he was President. Charlie's ancestor, William Dawes, made the midnight trip with Paul Revere, but missed out on the publicity. Charlie would have managed things differently: if he had been along, we never would have known that Paul was in the party.

Charles E. Mitchell, head of the National City, biggest bank in the U. S. A. He has branches all through the West Indies. A sturdy, robustious, bushy man, who stands with his two feet wide apart and tells the world. Less than twenty years ago he was earning ten a week copying orders with a big stub pen.

Mitchell is a character. If there is one thing he hates, it's a moth-ball. So, during the moth-ball period, when many New York business men are sniffing around in empty, half-closed city houses, he lets himself into his front hall with a latch-key, shoots up to the roof in an electric elevator, and walks into a freshly aired bachelor's apartment, consisting of a sitting-room, two bedrooms, a kitchen, and a bath. The sitting-room is furnished like the smoking-room of an ocean liner, and outside the port-holes there is a wide deck, several honest-to-goodness steamer chairs, and a life-preserver marked "The Crow's Nest."

Seward Prosser of the Bankers Trust, who can run a bank faster than Dr. Peltzer can run a mile. He *gave* me a million dollars once—in good advice. If I had known him ten years earlier, he'd have *sold* me a million dollars—in life insurance.

Nathan L. Miller of New York—the man who's governor when Al Smith isn't looking—a big business man who was lost among the booths and bazaars of back-street politics.

Charles H. Sabin of the Guaranty Trust. Tall, nervous, eager, and a darned good ball player. To swing along with him on a sprightly winter morning is the best way I know to begin a happy day.

John Jacob Raskob, financial head of the largest group of industries in the world. On his desk in Wilmington are the pictures of his twelve children, snapped at the tumultuous age of two.

It was in the courtyard of the Ponce de Leon Hotel in St. Augustine that Mrs. Raskob got the idea for the interior court which is the distinctive feature of their home on the banks of the Delaware. Northern architects remonstrated on the ground that Wilmington did not supply Spanish weather or even the Florida variety. But Mrs. Raskob, who has much of her husband's resourcefulness, found a way around that: she put a movable glass roof over her outdoor court. I have seen it work. When you enter, you are in Delaware. Then the butler presses a button—and you are in Spain!

E. T. Stotesbury. King of Palm Beach. Philadelphia partner of the house of Morgan. A little, smooth, mustachioed man of soft voice and gentle mien, who moves about among Mrs. Stotesbury's Palm Beach possessions like a guide in the British Museum. "This way, if you please" is his favorite winter expression.

Nicholas Murray Butler. Publicist and politician. "Mentioned" for the presidency more often than Bryan ran for it. Between campaigns he amuses himself by running Columbia University—and running it well.

Which reminds me that there are other places to go in the winter time besides Florida.

Savannah. What every Southern city should be and isn't: old, leisurely, and full of dialect. The shade-tree type. Tourists? Yes, but not in the foreground. History? Sure, but not so it hurts you. A mighty fine town, Savannah.

Augusta. A Northern suburb in a Southern setting. Big, smooth, rich and handsome. It lives for golf alone—and it lives well in big, comfortable hotels and substantial winter homes.

Aiken, almost across the street from Augusta, but really in another state, presents more social difficulties than any other town of its size in the world—and many perennial attractions: chiefly horses and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock and real pink coats and real beagle dogs. Polo and society are the chief games, and not many people can play either of them.

Charleston, the most beautiful city in America. It drips history and magnolia blossoms. Even the cemeteries are riots of roses and oleanders. And the women—who aren't remotely related to the cemeteries—ride up and down the sea-wall in a daily fashion parade that rivals that of the Spanish beauties through the Retiro in Madrid.

Asheville is where people get cured of everything except golf. The center of the town has suffered a good deal from improvements; but the outlying hills—which no sick man should attempt to climb—are as verdantly beautiful as ever. There's a hotel in Asheville where you can't do anything unless the proprietor gives you special permission. But the same man runs another place where you can do as you darn please!

Camden is a pretty little New England town that has gone astray, and set itself up as a Southern resort. It isn't that. It is still a New England town: very pretty, with a broad, shaded main street and many narrow, shaded side-streets.

Not So Far South

Southern Pines is Carolina headquarters for the rocking-chair chorus. And Pinehurst, its twin, is the business man's delight—not the famous T.B.M. of Ziegfeldian tendencies, but the real business man who works eleven months a year to chase a golf ball the other one. Pinehurst is sunny, rolling, stimulating country. Southern Pines is shadier, sandier, and much quieter. A mixed salad of the two resorts makes an ideal spring for creaking octogenarians.

North of the Carolinas come the Springs—Hot and White Sulphur. The first is rugged and invigorating; the second, smooth and soothing. Both are the nearest thing we have in America to the European cure. And next in line on the journey North, there is something which is not found, and never can be found, in Europe or Asia or Africa or Australia or South America—the capital of the United States.

I went to Washington first a good many years ago with my father. It was a big occasion. We saw the President. And Tom Reed. In fact, I met a number of people who loomed large on my school-boy horizon of greatness: a district attorney named Knox who became a congressman, a congressman named Greenhalge who became governor, a governor named Wolcott who would have become Senator if he had lived, and a senator named Lodge who died because he didn't become President.

As for Washington as it is now, with its great men of the present day—well, I am sure you will agree that that is another story!

(To be continued)